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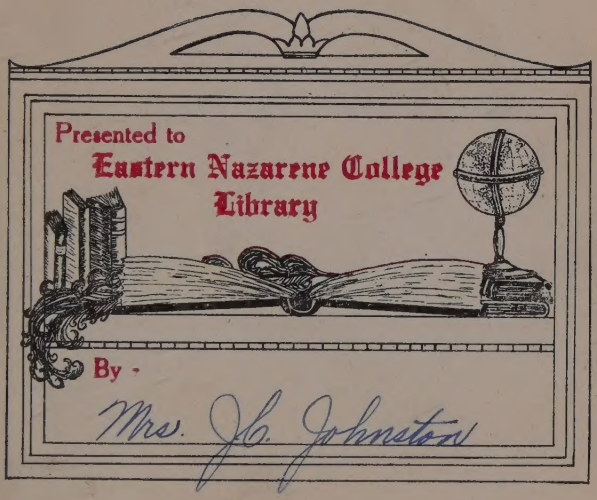
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PREFACE.

WHILE the demands of the Christian platform are constantly increasing, and, indeed, almost rival those of the Christian pulpit, it is remarkable that helpful books for speakers are exceedingly rare. The present volume is an attempt to supply a great and obvious blank. It contains speeches by the most eminent Christian orators of the present and recent times, and a selection of fresh, pithy, and sometimes humorous illustrations. The speeches are taken from reports in the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle*, the *Christian World*, and other journals, local allusions being, so far as possible, omitted.

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I. HOME WORK.

I. The Power of the Christian Press. *By* Dr. W. Morley Punshon.

I REJOICE in the operations of this Society because it affords one of those opportunities which are none too many in this age of ours, that tend to show how in our work for Christ all Evangelical Churches have a substantial unity about them which is the unity of the spirit kept in the bond of peace. I rejoice in the operations of the Society, moreover, because it is a sort of moral telephone that makes men heard at a distance from those to whom they are speaking, annihilating all distance, and, as Winter Hamilton said, "treading continents into contiguities, and making a neighbourhood of the world." I rejoice further, because it beats the telephone, inasmuch as the telephone can only reproduce the living voice; but by the operations of this Society the worthies of the former time, being dead, yet speak. I rejoice, too, because it asserts Christ's right to reign in the realm of literature. I wish it all success in its battle with impurity and evil for the supremacy of the literature of the world. I rejoice again because it seems to me to issue those publications which are exactly suited to the wants of this busy, bustling age. I am afraid that the remark made has a great deal of truth in it, that the age of ponderous tomes is gone. Men want something sharp and incisive—something that a wayfaring man can read as he runs; for running seems to be characteristic of the fast life which now-a-days most of us have to lead. It seems to me as though there were an exaggeration in the love of sharpness, and incisiveness, and earnestness, which is rapidly growing into an evil. Earnestness, especially, is the God of this age's reverence. It does not matter what a man may be; earnestness, like charity, is made to cover a multitude of

sins. But it is necessary to take hold of this, seeing that it exists, and endeavour to meet the popular hunger for something short, and sharp, and decisive, by the presentation of truth in a compressed yet attractive form. I fully coincided in a remark about the effects which in former times have been produced by these short treatises. I thought of Peter Waldo, for example; how he set to work with his cargo of tracts among the Piedmontese valleys; and how, from his evangelical and tractarian (in the proper sense of the word) labours, there sprang those Waldensian Churches which, through thirty-five persecutions, held fast the pure truth of Christ, although gashed by the spear of Savoy and scorched by the fagot of Rome. Then I thought of John Wycliffe, the grand tract-writer and distributor. And, my lord, I suppose you know that it is five hundred years this very year, almost this very month, since he was summoned by Bishop Courtenay to the Convocation at St. Paul's when good John of Gaunt stood by his side, and the controversy waxed so high as to whether he was to stand or sit during the trial that the assembly broke up in disorder. I thought of John Wycliffe as a tract-writer and distributor, and I saw in vision one of his tracts carried in the pocket of a Bohemian nobleman into Bohemia, and lent by him to a man whose name was John Huss, bringing him to the knowledge of the purity and power of the truth as it is in Jesus. Then I came a little further down, and I thought how the early champions of the Reformation prized this form of usefulness; and how Farrell, the first French Reformer, first formed a Tract Society in Basle, in order that he might thus gain a hold upon the understandings and consciences of men. And then I thought of Martin Luther, and of that remarkable incident when, in one of his melancholy moods, he thought the Author of Evil was present in bodily shape when he was confined in Wurtemberg Fortress, and how he vanquished the devil by flinging an inkstand at his head. I thought of the power of a sanctified inkstand in the hand of such a man as that, and although Luther's work will live as long as the world lives, and although some of his greater works are yet in the hands of students who know how to praise them, yet I remember that God has honoured some of his lighter and similar works for the advancement of His kingdom in the

world. Why, he wrote about the most uninteresting thing that could be written in all the world, surely, though it is a necessary sort of thing; he wrote prefaces to a great many of the works that he published; he wrote a preface to his comment upon the Epistle to the Galatians, and that preface found its way to the heart of a good Bedfordshire tinker, named John Bunyan. And he wrote a preface to his comment upon the Epistle to the Romans, and it was while reading that preface in Aldersgate Street that John Wesley became arrested. By the way, I had sent me at our Wesleyan Mission House last week a translation of "Pilgrim's Progress" into Chinese, with illustrations. There was Christian, and Christiana, and Mercy, and the rest all represented as Chinamen and Chinawomen, with the customary pigtails, and all. Then I thought again of that wonderful and bright succession which is noticed in your "Jubilee Memorial." Here I rather want the opportunity of saying that John Wesley was a zealous tract-writer, and an efficient tract distributor, fifty years before the Tract Society was born. Yet, strangely enough, the "Jubilee Memorial" does not mention his name—please in the next edition to put it in. I say I thought how an old Puritan doctor wrote a book years and years ago called the "Bruised Reed," which fell just at the right time into the hands of Richard Baxter, and brought him under the influence of the enlightening power of the Spirit of God; and then Baxter's ministry was like the sun in his strength, and he wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," which continued to speak long after Baxter himself had ceased to speak with human tongue. That "Call to the Unconverted" went preaching on until it got into the hands of Philip Doddridge (prepared by his pious mother's teaching) from the Dutch tiles of a mantel-piece, with very quaint Scriptural stories; and it was the means of enlightening him to a broader knowledge, and a richer faith, and a deeper experience of the things of God. And then I thought how Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," which, just at a critical period in his history, fell into the hands of William Wilberforce, who wrote a book called "Practical Christianity," which far down in the sunny Isle of Wight fired the heart of a clergyman, who has attained perhaps in

connection with this Society, the broadest and widest reputation of all—for who has not heard of Legh Richmond? He wrote the simple annal of a Methodist girl, and published it under the title of "The Dairyman's Daughter;" and I should like to know into how many languages that has been translated, and been made of God a power for the spread of truth? Thus far the analogy and the sequence of the "Jubilee Memorial." But there is another sequence. The same book on "Practical Christianity" went right down into a secluded parish in Scotland, and it found there a young clergyman who was preaching a Gospel that he did not know, and it instructed him in the way of God more perfectly, and he came forth a champion valiant for the truth upon the earth until all Scotland rang with the eloquence of Thomas Chalmers. Look at it. Not a flaw in the chain. Richard Sibbes, Richard Baxter, Philip Doddridge, William Wilberforce, Legh Richmond, Thomas Chalmers—is not that apostolical succession? Then going abroad. I do not know whether we are sufficiently acquainted with some of the facts in the history of French Protestantism. Admiral Coligny was wounded dangerously at the siege of St. Quentin, and during the tedium of a long convalescence his brother brought him some tracts, and it was by tract-reading that he was made acquainted with the truth of the Gospel, of which he became a Huguenot champion. Then some of these tracts went off and got somehow or other into a convent, where the Lady Abbess was converted by reading one of them, and, that so thoroughly, that she had to flee from France and take refuge at Heidelberg, in the Court of Frederick III., of the Palatinate. And, by-and-by, she did as all good ladies do—she married, and her husband was Prince William of Orange. Who knows how much of the sturdy glorious stubbornness, so to speak, of William of Orange of the Revolution came from the blood of his ancestress, who was thus marvellously converted? Oh, my lord, God has various ways of working! "The wind bloweth where it listeth; we hear the sound thereof; we cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth;" but it is bearing seed upon its wings, and lo! ripening grain there where sower never trod, and lo! waving harvests ingathered where plough was never driven. The bird sometimes, scared by the

tramp of feet, or by the hum of men, drops from its beak something that it is carrying to its young; the seed is lodged in the fissures of a wall, but, by-and-by, the inherent life becomes stronger than the incumbent masonry, and upon the ruins of a dismantled temple a noble tree arises. It seems to me the need is just as great as it ever was. The ark of God was never carried out into a hotter battle—it was never surrounded by fiercer antagonism than it is to-day. And these still small voices in which the Lord has so often revealed His presence are just as necessary for the peoples to-day as in any former age of the world. And, my lord, there is hunger of heart for them. We have not to complain that the people do not like these things; the language is, "Evermore give us this bread." I wonder that anybody should be so foolish as to try to satisfy hungry people by anything else than the Gospel. Why flourish the weapons of the nursery when we have the sword of the Spirit in our hands? I do believe there never was more than at the present time a growing hunger for this Word of Life. I wish it were as true of us now as it used to be when one of the supporters of the Romish Church in the Reformation period said, rather growlingly, "The Gospellers of these days do fill the realm with so many of their noisome little books that they be like swarms of locusts which did infest the land of Egypt." I do not think we can do better than earn that reputation now, and therefore it is that I wish all possible success and blessing to the operations of the Religious Tract Society. Let me say one word upon individual duty at this crisis. We want more personal service. There is a growing tendency, perhaps, in some quarters to condone for the lack of personal service by the willingness to direct, or to criticise, or to subscribe, as if a coin—the noblest that was ever minted with the image of its Cæsar—could ever be an equivalent for a living man—a man with a soul, a conscience, and a will. No; we want the Lord's freemen to work in the Lord's service; everything around us seems to tell us of the importance of this sense of personal responsibility. The more we have of it the more we find that responsibility is not dependent upon the riches or upon the poverty of a man's moral capital. Some men are royal both in opportunities and in resources; to other men chances only come

seldom of successful teaching; but it is demanded of all that the use which they make of what they have is the wisest; just as the life of an animalcule while its hour lasts may be as complete and as busy as the life of the patriarch of years; and just as the circle of an emmet's eye may be as perfect as the circle of the heavens. And we look to the Master's life to see how the thought of responsibility to His Father prompted Him to the most perfect consecration. Listen as in the glow of His human youth He announces His separation to a work so sacred and so constraining as to be above the claims of home. "How is it that ye wist not that I must be about My Father's business?" See the same spirit in His brief, bright ministry, burdening His manhood with a yoke which His loving oneness with the Father made it quite easy to bear. Does He heal the man that was born blind? What is the motive that makes the healing fly with swifter wings? "I must *work* the works of Him that sent Me; for the night cometh when no man can work." Is He at the well's mouth at Sychar ready to open up the treasures of the upper springs to His half-educated disciple? How sublimely His purpose towers above the force of prejudice and the force of passion? "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." Ay, and if we pass on to the unquiet eventide, when, instead of rest, weariness and fainting came, and when the shadows of His passion gathered around Him, and what does He say? He says, with His head bowed already for the baptism of blood, yet lifting itself for the moment in the consciousness of a fulfilled mission, "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." That is the pattern of our consecration. We are to live and labour after His measure. Our talents are to be laid out for Him, and so laid out that in blessed using they shall double themselves in their returns, and shall bring for His blessed service the gold of holy character, and precious stones gathered out of the world's dark mine—*by our hands* —to sparkle in the Redeemer's crown.

II. Christian Literature. *By* Rev. Canon Tristram.

In explaining the three-fold reasons which bound him to the Society, said: "He felt bound to it as a missionary man, as a scientific man, and as a Churchman. In the first place as a missionary man he was especially bound to the society. He could not conceive how it would be possible for the Church Missionary Society, with which he was principally connected, to carry on its work without the aid of the Bible Society and its interpreter, the Religious Tract Society. It would be the missionary without the literature. To send their missionaries without literature would be like sending workmen without tools, soldiers without a supply of arms; and to rely upon literature without the living voice of the preacher would be to send the arms and make a shipment of the military stores, but to leave the regiment behind. They must have a living voice as well as a written word. But there were places where the silent preacher could enter, where the ear was adder-deaf to the voice of the living preacher, and that was the work of this Society at home and abroad. Book-hawking and colportage had done a mighty work, and were still doing it, especially in those countries where the living voice cannot be uplifted. The work of the Society almost ranged from Pole to Pole, and it had one message everywhere. He was bound to the Society as a scientific man. He remembered hearing Dr. Arnold uttering a favourite saying of his, that what they wanted was not so much religious books as books on secular subjects written in a religious tone. He (Canon Tristram) was of opinion that they wanted both, and he was bound to say that the Tract Society had solved the problem of supplying secular literature with a religious tone. It was a different thing to avow one's belief in the Word of God among scientific sceptics, from what it was to speak before a sympathetic audience at Exeter Hall. By such publications the world is able to see that men can grasp science without losing the grand old truth. The third reason why he was bound to the Society was because he was a Churchman, for it was the grandest Church society in England. He would tell them why. It saved him much trouble. He never dreamt of reading a tract

with the imprimatur of the Tract Society upon it—that was to say, he never read it to see whether it was fit to give away. He had the greatest confidence in the Society, and its imprimatur was enough. There were other societies, but he would not circulate one of their books without looking it through beforehand. They heard a good deal in their days about unsectarian teaching. They were all agreed on one thing, that Bible reading without Bible teaching was an utter farce. While they did not want to be sectarian it was impossible to teach truth and Christianity to the youngest as well as the oldest without being dogmatic. He liked every one of the books and tracts of this Society because they were saturated with dogmatic teaching. There was no sectarianism in any one of them, but they were thoroughly dogmatic. If he wanted to teach the doctrines of the Church of England, or prove anything Protestant, Evangelical, and sound, he should go to the Religious Tract Society's works. He was sure he would find no mistaking of the emotional for the devotional. He would find no substitution of sensationalism, whether that sensationalism took the form of spiritual emotion or sensational services. In fact he would find every need of a parochial minister and Cathedral minister supplied by the works of this Society. Their churches were multiplying in the land; everywhere they were rising, and they thanked God for it. These churches and chapels were as so many stationary lamp-posts, giving a bright light on one side of the road; but only let the books and tracts get into the home, and each traveller would be carrying the lamp for himself, which would guide him in his right path." Canon Tristram concluded by quoting the words of a grand old bishop who, while defending the Episcopacy, said, "'If there must be outward difference and judgment in matters of outward policy, why should not our hearts be still one?'"

III. The Aggressive Work of the Church. *By* Rev. Principal Rainy.

It was a very great privilege to take part in this great and pressing subject; but though he had a sincere and warm interest in the aggressive work of the Church, there were a

great many who had won greater distinction and success in that work than any he could pretend to have, and who could have spoken with far more power and instruction to them upon it. He was, however, glad to speak upon this subject, and no subject was better entitled to the best thoughts and efforts of any. One thing that suggested itself to him was that this was a work in which they often met with difficulties. There were difficulties in it that sometimes seemed to prove themselves to be insuperable. It was quite certain that we cannot of our own hand or by our own strength turn failure into success. We cannot bargain that for so much pains we shall have so much success, and yet in this work, he believed, ordinarily, we should count that when difficulties are felt to be great they are not meant to bring our work or our expectation to an end, but to set us to find out the reasons why we do not succeed. Sometimes, no doubt not unfrequently, it seemed of some of the most honoured agents that they were as the key which made the bolts fly back whereby a great door and effectual was opened. But there were those who really wanted to do work in this matter, but who felt they were going round and round some impalpable wall, which they could not get through. There were ministers and congregations who had around them a population needing an aggressive work, and they would like to do something in it, and they have tried it and nothing seems to be coming of it. But in this matter there were various ways of dealing with difficulties. There was a way of dealing with difficulty in which a man gives up and says "I have tried and I have made nothing of it," and he consents to be discouraged. There was another way—and he did not know if it were much better —in which the effort is not in a certain sense thrown up. The man and the congregation keep pegging away year after year. They are doing not less than they were doing before, but not apparently with any more earnestness or intensity or agonising of mind or heart about it. They just hope on, and go on in a certain cheerful temper without any particular fruit at all. But he rather thought that if success is being prepared for any of us in connection with difficulties it is when these difficulties throw us back in the line that is indicated by our Lord when He said that there were some spirits that do not go out except by

fasting and by prayer. When people are thrown back and find out, as they had not found out, and as it was not easy for flesh and blood to find out, what was the meaning of that word referred to by the first speaker, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," it might be a necessary education for us, with a view to our success, to be sent down into a vale of humiliation to learn in a very special and new manner what it was to believe in the Holy Ghost. With reference to the work and the call to which Christ set His Church, it was no light matter for our Lord Himself, and it was not intended to be always a light matter for His servants either. The name "aggressive work" we owed very much to Dr. Chalmers. One of his distinctions—he had a great deal to do in setting on the Church in Scotland to realize the duty in this department—was the distinction between aggressive work and attractive work. We were not to be satisfied with hoping that the people would be drawn to us, but go forth and strike out among them; go forth in the way of aggression—Christian aggression. Now, the methods which Dr. Chalmers suggested and practised in the way of aggression were very much on the lines of what we might call ordinary and even pastoral assiduities—diligent visiting, not by the minister only, but by visitors, who went forth bearing the message of salvation—seeking to gather people into the congregations, where they might be under the preaching of the gospel—faithful preaching; hold meetings, kitchen meetings, all sorts of meetings. That, unquestionably, must be a great part—he would say a fundamental kind of work if we were to have steady continual, progressive aggression in this great field. He was going to say that, in connection with the experiments that were made, and had been made both in this country and in America, various modifications of aggressive work—evangelistic work—had been suggested, and we were all therefore familiar, and in many respects happily familiar, with trains of meetings, the power of which both to draw people together and the fitness of them to operate upon the people when they came, was connected with a peculiar character imparted to the whole aspect and character of the meeting. Evangelistic meeting, in which everything was concentrated on the work of awakening and conversion, in which the reiterated solicitudes, the continued

meeting after meeting, and the reiteration and pleading went on, and the impression was more and more strongly made that the meeting and those who were conducting it meant business, that they were aiming at something, that they were aiming at bringing persons presently to Christ, was a kind of work which was unquestionably abused, that was to say it was conducted in such a way that it fell into ruts, and people were carrying it on in a kind of imitative way that was just a harping on strings that were worn out, but which we knew—and had specimens of it of a very impressive kind—could be made in fit hands singularly effective and singularly impressive. Speaking of Mr. Moody, it appeared to him that his power to draw, and to make his way to the minds and hearts of men apart from his great natural capacity—for Mr. Moody, it must be remembered, was a singularly able man, a man who had natural ability, which must not be underrated—lay in that gift of faith which seemed to be given to him, in virtue of which there was always an impression—if he might use an expression of that kind—that he meant business, that he was aiming at something, and that the something he aimed at was not shallow or superficial, not a mere fit of excitement, but was nothing less than repentance and conversion to God—worthily conceived and earnestly enforced. He was convinced that this kind of agency had an important place, and also there were sections of the population which would seem sometimes to be—probably always to be—in a condition in which work of this kind was peculiarly fitted to make an impression, to bring them within the range of the activities that are going on, as well as fitted to make an impression of a favourable kind when people were got to come to the meeting. Work of that kind had been going on, and very usefully and profitably going on, in a manner we might describe in a general way as outside the Churches—outside the denomination. But he would like to put this question whether there ought not to be more of effort to connect this work with their congregations, with their Churches, and with their Church life, where it could be fitly and fruitfully carried on. It might be that an individual congregation could not supply all the materials that were necessary for carrying on work of this kind in all its

branches, sustaining it for a time with the energy and multiplicity of operation that were required, but the agency of a number of congregations might be turned on for a time in connection with one congregation which was situated in the midst of a district like that, and that perhaps had been in a discouraged and mouldering condition, in the midst of a population that greatly required Christian work. He knew that in one congregation this operation had been carried on with very marked and very hopeful success. The people had been drawn to meetings in the church—all this mission work had been going on in the church—they had been impressed, they had been awakened, many of them, by God's grace, had been converted in that church, and then the church became their religious home, the place where they were to be instructed and built up, where they were to be under discipline, where they were to be under Christian congregation, and instead of being lost in a sort of haze there, they were taken in hand and placed under an energetic ministry. He thought that was a matter that well deserved their consideration. Another matter that he wanted to refer to was this—what was necessary in order that evangelistic work, on whatever lines it was to go and in connection with whatever view of the agencies it was to be carried on, might be vigorous and effective. Now, in order to this, we needed to have the congregational life of our congregations roused and strengthened; we needed all of us to be brought to a higher conception of what devolved upon each of us as Christians. There was a text which said that "to every one was given his work." Now, it was quite true that we were not all of us qualified to engage in exhortation. There was a great variety of works, benevolent, kindly, and helpful, in various degrees in which people, according to their different gifts, might be engaged. It would be a great thing if, in our congregations and in this aggressive work, the members, according to their gifts, greater or smaller, whether their work should bear more directly or less directly on the precise point of instructing people in godliness and bringing them into Christ—if they were in connection with Church life and Church work, and understood to be in the Church's service, so that whatever they were doing should have the stamp upon it, "Whatsoever

I do in word or deed, I do it in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." We might not be qualified some of us to go so directly to the main operations of evangelistic work, although very likely if we began we should find that aptitudes were produced or revealed that were not suspected at first, but if we were found engaged in the service of the Church, doing what we could do, whether it was greater or smaller, in the service of Christ, and with the view of helping on the work, then what we did would have the character of Christian work; it would be done in the name of Christ, and we should be all of us combining and conspiring to carry on the great work together. He heard the other day of a meeting at which a man appeared who was not sober and was giving some trouble, and they were getting him disposed of when a person came and said, "If you please, I am a very young Christian, and I am not able to do much for Christ, but I could see that man home." The drunken man was put in this person's charge, and he saw him home, but he was not content with seeing him home. He had stuck to him ever since, and had not let him go, and he was at him, the speaker believed, at this time, and what one hoped was that the result would be for great good to both of them. He merely produced that as an illustration of the importance of their being regimented and embodied in the service. If that was to be the case, it must depend very much on their ministers and leading office-bearers devoting attention to providing work, opening channels of work, and having work ready in the various departments for the people that were willing to work. There were a great many people, especially in the opening stages of their Christian life, that would like to get some work if they saw anything that they really felt they could usefully do, and it was a wrong to Christ's cause and to such people if the members of their Churches did not somehow contrive to get into connection with them and to confer with them as to what they could give them to do, and what they would be willing to do for the Church. Another view in connection with this that he would like to suggest was, that if this aggressive work was to go prosperously on, there would in a larger degree be needed the operation and activity of all really earnest people who were willing to do anything in the work. Probably it was

true, with all the good that had been doing—and they were not to undervalue it—that the methods were still often too wholesale, and that there ought to be more detail—more detailed care and more detailed work than we have been able as yet to organize. He supposed—and he spoke under correction of those that knew better and had more experience—that if they had in hand the effort to reclaim a drunkard who was in a state that was not unhopeful, and yet was not delivered from vice and sin, it would be a great thing if they could just put on to him some one person, and make it that one person's one business first to look after that one man—to be kind to him, to be patient with him, to be attentive to him, to be helpful to him, and to try to do him good. There were many cases in which something of the same principle might be desirable to be carried out; and when a certain class was come to of those who did not attend ordinances—he meant that rather better class who did not choose to be dealt with in the wholesale way, and did not choose to be visited and dealt with in the same way as another class of people were willing to be dealt with—he did not know how they were to be reached individually, unless it were contrived to sort them out one by one, and to find out individual people that would get at them in a quieter and more indirect way, and endeavour to get hold of and influence them one by one and man by man. On all these and on other grounds, he was convinced that it was of great importance that there should be realized all over the congregations of the Church a livelier sense of personal responsibility and more of a willingness to be personally employed—to have it understood that we were willing to be personally employed whether in the more conspicuous or in the more humble and unconspicuous walks that belonged to this whole work in general. Unquestionably if we were to have success granted to us, that success would come in connection with those who engaged in the work—not merely their missionaries whom they hired, and sent into the field, and whom they expected to be prayerful, earnest, devoted men; not merely their ministers, in whom they hoped for the same qualities; not merely even their elders that had a turn for missionary work; but when those who engaged in this work and who sought to urge it on and whose desires

were supposed to be expressed in the work were persons who were really growing in fidelity and in love, who were realizing what it was to be converted, what it was to be delivered from worldliness and sin, what it was to be raised from a low type of Christian living that was on the borders of something else, and seeking to realize what it was to follow the Lord fully. Christianity was meant to exist and to signalise its triumphs in connection with the walks and exercises and disciplines, and the ups as well as the downs of this life on earth. It was meant to be the Christianity triumphant, and signal of men of business and of men of fortune, as well as of poor men and of men in the lower walks of life, and there was a tribute to Christianity that was paid when a man who was in business, and successful in business, was manifestly fervent in spirit serving the Lord. But for all that, the men who were really to gain the ear and heart of those who were outside for Christ, must be men who had begun to learn, and were going on more and more to learn, the unworldliness of Christ and of Christianity. There would not be success in this work if those belonging to the Church were to keep all their idols in their heart, if they were going to be mainly taken up about success in the world, about being rich, about social success and precedency, and about the enjoyment of all the recreations that were in the world. There was a right use of these, but still the spirit that was to succeed was the spirit that divorced itself in Christ's name and for Christ's sake from the idolatry of these things, the spirit of those who were learning in the school of Christ. "One thing I do; I am here in this world, no doubt, to be diligent in business among other things, but I am here a man to live a short life for a few years, and the main thing is, for myself, that I have the Kingdom of God within me —and there is nothing else to compare with that—and, for others, that I may bring men to the knowledge of Christ and set forward the kingdom of God in this world." It was not enough that we should do what he was doing just now—speaking about it according to the best gift of speech he had; it was all right we should talk about it, but we should believe it, and see that it was really a moving life and power in ourselves, that we were ourselves under the influence of the gospel and becoming unworldly men and

women, and that a larger place in our hearts was being got, and our hearts were becoming more sore and anxious about those poor men and women who were out in the dark and cold, against whom life was going hard, or who perhaps were not finding life going so hard against them but who, under the influence of a tolerable worldly prosperity, were living for this world, and forgetting that there was or thinking that there was not any other world. It was in connection with our learning the mind of Christ, the great missionary, and of those apostles that followed Him —it was in our coming to the unworldliness of spirit, no doubt, that we should be qualified and prepared for any honourable success. That was not exactly easy in this age of the world. In the experience of the way in which this world was plying its mighty engines on us all; the noise it was making around us, the way in which it held up to us on every side the splendour of its manifold achievements and drew us, in every day's news and newspapers in every day's recreation, and in every day's business excitement, to fall down at its feet and worship it, and to give ourselves up, hands and feet bound, to its influence and to its passions, it was not easy.

IV. Popery. *By* Rev. E. Herber Evans.

John Bright once said that there was one thing almost as strong as truth itself, and that was persecuted error. We have learned in Wales that the right way is not to persecute the error, but to preach the truth. The Roman Catholics carry on business in their own way. They are using their horns. I am reminded by this of an old Welsh minister, who told us the other day that going through the Vale of Clwyd he met a farmer who had hundreds of sheep in the vale while others were grazing on the mountains. The minister asked the farmer, "What is the difference between the sheep which you keep down here in the vale and those on the mountains?" "Oh!" he said, "the sheep that graze down in the vale are those that give you the best meat; but those that graze on the mountains always have the best horns." Now, we feel that when men are too ready to use their horns, they live on poor grass. We in Wales have con-

quered Popery by preaching the Gospel, reading the Bible, and by means of our Sunday-schools. It is quite fair that if we in Wales find the men, you should find the means to send them forth. Are we to tell them that for want of funds we cannot send them forth? No; that would be a shame to us, and by so doing we would do wrong to the young men. We will do something to lift up those poor benighted people in Brittany, and free them from the yoke of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and make men of them. The rev. gentleman, as a proof of what even one man could do, related the wonderful success, of which he had been witness, of Mr. McAll's labours in Paris; and he was glad to say that Mr. McAll had a splendid helper in his wife, who had as great an interest as her husband in the work. In the report he found the question, "Is a better religion to be found?" He contended that there was not a better religion to be found to teach contentment and sobriety, and to teach people to be quiet, because there was something to hope for better and further on. At the present day in every country in Europe the working people were being led more and more into scepticism, and one great thinker had said that he believed the scientific scepticism at the top of society, and the unbelief at the bottom of society, were the two things that were yet to crush Popery throughout Europe, and that infidelity was to crush superstition. He did not know whether that was true or not, but he hoped that the Society would Christianize and evangelize, and that every one would do his best by the influence he exerted in his own circle. The rev. gentleman continued: We are told that there is an animal in every man and an animal in every nation—the tiger in one, the lion in another, the panther in another; and whenever the animal becomes the most in a rage, it is "a reign of terror." Now this Society's object is to bring out the spiritual in every man; and it is a gain to every nation and every people if we can only win *one* man and evangelize him, and get him to believe this Gospel, which makes happy homes and peaceful hearths, simply because we teach them something further on. A poor man in South Africa once met Dr. Moffat with a pitiful face. Dr. Moffat asked him what was the matter, and he replied, "My dog has swallowed three leaves of the New Testa-

ment." "Why should you cry over that?" asked Dr. Moffat. The man replied, "It will spoil the dog; he was a capital hunter, and it will make him tame now, the same as it makes all the people tame round here. It will spoil him as a hunter." There's some philosophy in that. The man had seen the effect of the Gospel all round him—that it made the people quiet and contented, and he was afraid it would have the same effect on the dog. We have all seen the effect of the Gospel on people under sorrow and trial. I have seen it myself. I have preached occasionally in the workhouse in Carnarvon, half a mile from town: and friends in the neighbourhood came in to join in the service, and I have been delighted to see them singing out of the same hymn-book of the same Jesus and His love, singing about the same fountain that cleanses the one like the other, about the same home that will welcome the inmate of the poor house as well as the inmate of the richest mansion outside. Look at the poor man whose face has been furrowed by the storms of life. I gave out a Welsh hymn, which conveyed the idea that he is a child of God, that he is not of age, but that his inheritance is coming. Look how it affects him! He realizes that there is to be for him—a poor, broken-down man, who has lost his wife and two children and his all—something further on. Will you blast his future by taking it from him? No; let him sing away, full of that better hope that enabled Paul to sing in the prison. Now, I want you to take this Book to Brittany—to France—everywhere—to brighten the homes of the poor, to show to those who are down, those that are degraded, even those that are lost, that there is to be for them something yonder.

V. Christian Giving. *By* Rev. Dr. Parker.

It strikes me that we have in the Home Missionary Society the outline of a very much greater institution than the Society itself is at present. A great desire is expressed here and there, and very fervently and sincerely expressed, that the incomes of our ministers should be raised to a very reasonable minimum, and that a good deal more should be done for the Christianization of England. We

all sympathize with these two objects. If there is any difference of opinion amongst us, it relates solely to the method of accomplishing them. Now, I cannot but feel that in the Home Missionary Society we have the beginning of something which contains the solution of any difficulties which may gather round these two questions. We have an income, we have a staff of workers, we have a field partially occupied, we have from fifty to sixty years' or more experience of this very kind of work. A great deal has been done to animate county operations and sustain zealous and intelligent men in various provincial positions, and I think we have only to increase this, to carry out this idea to its highest possibilities, in order to accomplish everything that is desirable or practicable in the way of making ministers comfortable, and greatly extending all evangelistic agencies. I would, therefore, as this appears to me to be a serious meeting, and not a mob of people gathered to hear about things that really have no practical consequence or value—I address you rather as a deliberative than a popular assembly—I would ask you to think of this much, whether there is not in this Society the framework and outline of a much greater institution than itself, which might be wrought up to all that is required for the thorough accomplishment of the two objects which I have now indicated. Of course, you will say, as has been already said, that you have not income enough in this Society to overtake the great work. That may be our blame, not the blame of the Society. The Society, so far as I understand it, is perfectly ready to receive and administer any amount of income which we may supply. It would be, therefore, I think, beginning the question very pitifully for us to sit here and say this Society has not income enough to accomplish the two objects you have specified. If we will supply the income, I am sure the administrative ability of the Society will be equal to all the exigencies of the situation. But if you have not the income, I will tell you how to get it. I sympathize with the appeal to a few people to give considerable sums of money, but that is not the way to get the income. That is one way of helping yourself out of a difficulty, stopping a gap, helping yourself across a very ugly ditch; but the way to get the income is for every soul to feel the principle

and the responsibility of individual stewardship to the one Lord and Sovereign of the Church. And unless each of you lay by him in store on the first day of the week, as God has prospered him, your giving will be spasmodic, and you will feel that you are always giving because you are not giving systematically and proportionately. No man who sets down his gifts and adds them up from time to time but will, I think, with rare exceptions, be found to surprise himself with the paucity and poverty of his donations. Now the Christian Church ought never to meet, in my opinion, without the worship of giving accompanying the worship of getting. I am ashamed to see a thousand people gathered together to sing hymns, and offer prayers, and read chapters, and hear all the exceeding great and precious promises lavished upon their life, and then go away simply to pass an opinion about the service, or to give some passing criticism about the sermon that was delivered. No sacrifice left behind, nothing stored on the altar for the poor and the stranger, the widow, and the fatherless, and the desolate; nothing left behind but criticism, observation, remark upon what has been done. Now if you believe in Dr. Chalmers' principle of the power of littles, we have it within the scope of our ability now to surprise ourselves with the largeness and the munificence of our gifts. What, then, would I urge upon you? This: that every Sunday morning and every Sunday evening something should be done for the cause of Christ—that all-inclusive cause in which the poor man has a share, and the sick child, and the far-away villager and the toiling pastor—and all causes that come under the wide designation of Christian charity. If you do that, your income will be large enough to meet all the wants of this and every other Society. I want something from every hand, a little to accompany every act of worship, and I am confident that all our reports will assume a very different colour and a very different tone. I accompanied a minister to a little village on one occasion, and I was standing by whilst the leading man of the village was speaking to the minister, and the leading man handed him the amount of the former Sunday's collection on behalf of missions, and the amount of that collection was two shillings and sixpence, and it was given with the remark from this substantial farmer:

"You see, sir, it comes heavy upon a few of us." And many people who enjoy that anecdote repeat the example. Now, sir, allow me to say that I stand here as one who personally and pastorally carries out the doctrine which I have now ventured to lay down. We never meet in our church without taking an offering for Christ, and the church is not empty. You will see in some places this Gospel announcement—but not in the gospel by Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John; some other gospel—"No collection." No sacrifice, no giving; all getting, sucking in all the promises, absorbing all the similes and the parables, delighted with the beautiful sermon about pearly gates, and meandering rills, and jasper battlements, and hills of light, and other things too numerous to mention—and that is called Gospel service and Gospel stewardship. No, no; until we come to this—every man giving his little, however little, and giving it regularly and in connection with an act of worship—this question of money-getting will vex the deliberations and put to perplexity the wisdom and the patience of any committee that may be constituted for Christian purposes. If you do your best for the people the people will respond to you; if you constantly live for them, in every prayer you offer and every sermon you deliver; if you preach with every limb, with the whole man, body, soul, and spirit; the people will know what you are doing on their behalf, and they are not—I bear this testimony gladly and emphatically—slow to recognise any effort that you may put forth on their behalf. Depend upon it, that only as our men whom we send out know and love the truth and speak it with force and tenderness will they succeed in this business. I am glad that you praise any kind of ministry, that you indicate with favour any kind of men who are endeavouring to do good. Every word you have said I accept, and would repeat with augmented emphasis had I the power; but, at the same time, this work is not given to any one man to do or any one set of men to do. The great donor of all heavenly riches hath given some to be pastors, and teachers, and evangelists, and servants of the Church in manifold and unnameable ways, and I do protest against anybody sneering at or undervaluing any other agency in the Christian Church than that which he represents. I welcome all

service, and believe in all kinds of preaching that are true to the Cross, and I say, "God bless you," to every man who speaks a word for Christ out of the energy and conviction of his heart. I trust, therefore, that none of us will be depreciated or undervalued. We labour in different ways and methods, but our object is one. There is not a man in this ministry who would not be gladdened beyond all other joy by seeing men come in and confessing their sins and giving themselves to the Saviour. Had I the power, I therefore would speak to all men, of all kinds of ability, and in all spheres of service, and say, "All ye are brethren: do not undervalue one another's labours, but be ye helpers of one another in the strength of your common Lord."

VI. The Value of Tract Distribution. *By* Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.

He said: One man might sow sand, another weeds, and another good wheat, but it was the value of the crop that gave value to the work. What, then, was the seed which the Tract Society sowed? The Bible was a book of tracts. What grand old tracts were those that Moses wrote. What sublime theology, what grand legislation, what noble purity and freedom in an age of such degradation and slavery, were contained in those tracts! What wonderful tracts were those David wrote, and Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the rest of the prophets! And then, in New Testament times, what a little tract was the Gospel of St. Matthew; but oh! what a heaven in it! And what an effect the Epistles had! The tracts issued by the Tract Society were reflections of the greater light of those original tracts, for a little thing might reflect a great thing. A drop of dew, a bit of broken glass or pottery, was enough to reflect the glorious light of the sun; and small and insignificant as tracts might be, they served to reflect the glory of the Sun of Righteousness. God had big volumes in nature, but He also had a multitude of little leaflets. The gorse and the blue-bell mingling their delicious essences, the harmony of the architecture of the trees, though the styles were varied—the old gnarled oak and

the beech, so graceful in its stateliness, the drooping willow and the pillared pine; the varieties of green, from the tender tint of the early-budding fir-tree to the sober raiment of the old yew-tree—all taught a lesson of unity in diversity—a lesson which the Christian Church had been so long in learning thoroughly, but which this Society emphatically taught. The lambs frisking and sporting in the exuberance of mirth, the perch in mimic chase pursuing each other, the innumerable swarms of insects dancing in the solar ray, the birds all so happy, the tender tones of the blackbird, the cuckoo's shout of joy that summer was coming back, the lark soaring and singing as if its little heart would burst, the nightingale with its liquid trill of pensive gladness—all these told the world that the great Author's name was love, and that He rejoiced to see all His creatures happy. And every tract in nature was a truth. There was a truth on every blade of grass, and every tree, and every stream—not all truth, but some truth, rightly studied, that might lead man up to God. So in all the publications of this Society there was some truth about the Lord Jesus Christ. Sometimes a man might hear a sermon and doubt whether it was delivered in a Grecian school of philosophy, a Jewish synagogue, a mechanics' institute, or a Christian church, because it contained nothing about the central verity of the Christian faith; but all the tracts issued by the Society tended to lead a man into the King's highway of truth. Work for Christ was a necessary part of the religion of Christ. He could not understand the consistency of Christians whose Christianity consisted for the most part in going to church once or twice or three times a week, although once a week had now become too fashionable, expecting if they were ill or in trouble to be waited upon, visited, and comforted, but never comforting anybody themselves. They seemed to think that it was the business of the ministry to convert the world, instead of the business of the priesthood—the priesthood of all who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. It was the priestly duty and privilege of all Christians to say, every one to his neighbour, "Know ye the Lord." No one could know what real religion was until his religion was developed and strengthened by some personal effort. They must not suppose that because they were saved by

faith there was no such thing as a reward for good works. He that sowed plentifully would reap plentifully; he that sowed sparingly would reap sparingly. Tract distribution was valuable, because it increased and varied the opportunities of working for Christ. A mountain once said to a squirrel, "Oh, you little prig!" but the squirrel replied, "Oh! you may carry a big forest on your back, but you cannot crack a nut." There were many persons who could write learned books or go forth as heralds of the Gospel in foreign lands, but it was still something to crack a nut by distributing a tract. Thanks be to God for an institution which put the means of usefulness in the hands of every one! When he was in Ireland recently, he was told that it was scarcely possible to get Roman Catholics into the churches to hear Scriptural doctrine, but that the hope was in the distribution of evangelical books. An opportunity was thus given to women to work for Christ. There were some noble-gifted women who were capable of addressing multitudes, and he, for one, would not say that the gift of God was to be neglected; but there were others whose tastes and instincts caused them to shrink from such publicity. In such cases the distribution of tracts was suited to their modesty, gentleness, and retiring spirit, and often a tract would be accepted when given by a gentle woman, when it would be rejected if offered by a man. Little children, too, who could do nothing else, could give away a tract. The results of tract distribution also showed how valuable the work was. When he was in Paris, at the Bible Stand, during the last Exhibition, a gentleman connected with the Spanish department addressed him by name, saying, "I was in a theatre at Madrid. A little tract had been given me; and between the acts, wanting to while away the time, I took it out and looked at it, and I was so impressed with what it said, that I rushed out of the theatre, and have never been inside one since." He was now a native evangelist, engaged in spreading the Gospel. A man had lost his way in a wild moorland region; he was far from his comfortable hotel; he was perishing with the cold, but he saw some blue smoke, and found a little hut. It was not his comfortable home, but ne there gained instructions by which he could reach it. He was amongst Alpine snows, and the perilous fog had

come on, and he had lost his way. There was a sudden uplifting of the mist, and he saw a granite peak yonder, which told him the direction he must take, and so he was saved from the precipice. A fisherman was out fishing, and the darkness of the night had come on ; he knew not how to reach the little harbour ; but there was a lamp at the door of his cottage, and that little light was enough to guide him home. A little pebble might bring down a big Goliath ; a little maid might lead a rich and lordly leper to the prophet of Israel and the river of life ; and a little tract might save a soul from death, and add to the many crowns of Christ.

VII. Success and Secondary Agencies. *By* Rev. Dr. Parker.

Suppose that no man had achieved success, that every man's hand fell by his side, that every man's bow was unstrung, that no man could say, "The Word of the Lord has been powerful in my mouth," how then? Should we resolve upon giving up the work and retiring from it in dismay and despair? Far from it ; it does not depend upon our reports, we do not derive our inspiration from our successes. Our marching orders are, "Go ye into all the world and preach." As for the harvest time, I leave it with Him to whom Paul looked and to whom Apollos looked when they planted and sowed. We have not to do with results, but with processes ; we have to do our duty, and to leave results entirely in the hand of God. We have heard the word success from more speakers than one to-night. Now, there are very few words which are so little understood as the word success. It is a word which I do not care very much for. No man knows the measure of it in relation to spiritual energy and ministry. The older I get, the more strenuously I believe that we have nothing to do with success. If it comes, well and good, thank God for it ; but our place is to work, to toil, to suffer with heroic patience, with joyful and expectant endurance, leaving all the outcome to Him to whom the kingdom is infinitely dearer than it ever can be to us. I hear men say that their Churches are not in a very prosperous condition.

I am afraid that the complaint is often made in a commercial tone. I would to God I could drive the mere shop out of the Church of Christ. Men come to me and you, brother ministers, with a kind of balance-sheet, take the very soul out of you, souring the very blood in your veins by telling you you have not done so well this year as you did last year. Who are they that they should draw a balance-sheet, and then, with profound impertinence, tell us what we have done? We are not their servants, but Christ's, and we shall know what we have done to the uttermost farthing, and the furthermost limits, when we stand face to face with Him into whose hands I would rather fall than into the hands of any human judge. A man says we have only added one member to the Church this year. I say, "What is the man's name?" "I do not know his name." "Describe the man." "Well, he has got rather a high forehead, a nice dark, gleaming eye, raven locks, spare in his frame, wiry in his constitution; but I do not recollect his name." "Find it out." Then he goes, and he found that it was Robert Moffat that was added. I want to tell you that you may add one man, and yet add a whole world when you write his name upon your book. When you added John Wesley to the Church, you added generation upon generation. Who are these men —these statisticians—that come and tell us we have only added one to the Church? Ah, sir, when you were added, perhaps there was only one. I repeat that if the reports had been exactly the contrary of what they are—dark and gloomy, marked with failure from the beginning through the whole course—still we should have had to double our subscriptions and renew our prayers, and utter our oath of dedication at the cross afresh, for the mouth of the Lord hath bidden us go, and we are not determined in the measure of our labour and the fervour of our energy by mere numerable successes, by figures that can be tabulated and reported in Exeter Hall. Now, as the reports were proceeding I have been holding another missionary meeting.

I have been in some far-off parts of the earth; I have been addressing a meeting at Sierra Leone, and reading a report to the people there about English Christians—what they say about one another, how they look, how they eat and drink, the fashion that they patronize, the literature that

they are most fond of, and I have made you out to be a very pretty people. Oh, sirs, you should hear yourselves reported on at the other end of the earth. I am confident that a good many of us *habitués* of Exeter Hall would be quite amazed if we heard ourselves described even by the friendless tongues. When we can read corrupt literature; when we can while away hours in idleness, in all but blasphemous indolence; when we can backbite and slander one another; when we can shrug the shoulder and look askance, and drop the word of poison into conversation respecting one another's standing and reputation in society; we are hardly the people to ask whether the blacks can rule, and whether, if we had so-and-so in a distant colony, such and such will not be the consequences. When we have washed our own hands, and shown what we can do, it will be time enough to look with suspicion upon nations that are far away. Now, this resolution does not undervalue secondary agencies; but it holds out, as I understand, the doctrine that the truth as it is in Jesus alone can truly save and elevate mankind. We have nothing to say to secondary agencies; but I have to suggest to you whether those secondary agencies have not proved themselves to be lamentable failures as addressed to great primary effects and consequences. Within their own sphere, they are everything we can desire; but, believe me, the world is not going to be saved by better sewerage, by deeper draining, by whitewashing the walls of artisans' dwellings more profusely, by Saturday half-holidays, by bank holidays, and by "nine hours at the seaside for 3*s*." All that kind of thing is right enough in its place; but it never touches the grave, it never blows the trumpet of resurrection over dead souls. You must look at these things in their own place and in their own relationship, and value them highly, and promote them all you can; but the truth as it is in Jesus alone can touch the heart and renew the soul. Oh, sir, we talk about an academy which is presently to be opened. I have been at an academy to-night. Did you observe one word that the venerable apostle used? it was the word "dawn." He was speaking to a set of men about the resurrection and the life of the world to come, and what was it he saw on the countenances of those listening men? It was the dawn. I would to God I could see the

dawn myself. To be a man sent of God to speak such truth as brings a dawn into the human face! When he saw that dawn, he saw the heavens opened; he saw the angel that is in every man, the God that throbs in every heart; he saw the morning of immortality! I have often envied our missionary brethren when they have been telling a man the truth as it is in Jesus, depicting the cross, appealing to his heart, to his best nature—I have often envied him his view of the first calm, steady look. In the Bible we often read such words as these—"His eyes were opened." This was the case with our friend. He saw the eyes of the man opened, beholding chariots of fire, angels, and great hosts of ministering ones. If we could have seen such a dawn on any human countenance as that, and then have heard the argument that missionaries have been a failure, we should have found the best answer in that luminous, that indescribable spectacle. When I was in New York some time ago, a man with turbaned head rose at a missionary meeting, and said, in a soft, musical voice, "You have heard that missionary enterprise has been a failure; I am here to give the lie to that statement." He himself was the answer; and I felt, as I looked upon that intelligent, Christianized Brahmin, who twenty-five years ago would not have spoken to the proudest monarch in Europe, standing there as a little child in the kingdom of heaven, that if he alone represented the sum total of the effects produced by missionary enterprise, every prayer had been answered, and every penny had been well spent. You have entrusted me with a solemn resolution. You say, "This meeting earnestly prays." Sir, is it possible? "This meeting earnestly prays"—all these young people in the gallery, all these elderly people, these men of business, and women who have families to guide and direct, is it possible that this assembly "earnestly prays"? Why, consider the import of the words; what is there to hinder us from taking heaven by storm then? "This meeting earnestly prays!" Consider what you are about to vote. An uplifted hand is a prayer. This is no technical resolution or formal vow. It is solemn as an oath, it is an appeal to heaven. Beware how you vote it. It pledges you to your knees, to earnest crying and tears before God, and mighty wrestling with the Omnipotent One. If we did

earnestly pray, the place wherein we are assembled would be shaken, and Pentecostal winds and fires would attest in our hearts and lives the presence of an ever-living God. Now, let me tell you—and if I get the better of my cold, and am able to fulfil my engagements, this would be my speech all the month through—where you fail, where I fail, where all Churches fail, is in this matter:—You hear the sermon, you "Hold the fort," you "Ring the bells of heaven," you go away, saying, "Beautiful sermon, nice sermon; I enjoyed it so much," but you leave no sacrifice behind you. What, a thousand people coming to sing hymns, and offer prayers, and hear psalms, and make no collection! It is profanity; it is the vilest anti-climax; it is the cruellest irony. Why, every time we meet we should give an offering to Christ. Knock at the door openly, lovingly, with both hands, mayhap, now and again; always do this, and prove Him if He will not open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it. The great secret of all your successes in a mechanical and financial point of view must come out of a deeper spiritual life, and this deeper spiritual life will make you give every time you meet. We have begun that in my place. I sometimes see it announced on the city walls (tell it not in Sierra Leone), "Mr. So-and-So will preach at such a place—no collection." Oh, that we should have lived to see the day of "no collection,"—all getting, no giving; anecdotes, stories, tears, singing psalms, "holding forts," "ringing the bells," and no collection. Oh, sir, the Church has got wrong there. I used to preach in this hall; I preached here for eighteen months, and people used to say to me, "If you did not collect as you do, you would have Exeter Hall filled down the stairs, and into the Strand." Well, sir, when we came to pay £800 for the use of the building, where would the people have been then? In the Strand? Now, that is rather an awkward place for making a collection. But, apart from that, I want the chairman, as a man of business—I want all my ministerial friends, on the right hand and on the left—to make some use of these May meetings in their pulpit services, showing that there is a worship of giving as well as a worship of getting; and so long as the collection is always sneered at or referred

to with laughter, even friendly laughter, so long as it is not regarded as a serious sacrifice, a distinctly religious act, we shall find our resources crippled and our deliberations vexed with earthly considerations. "What will you give, sir? What will you give to this object? I have called upon you, though I think you are too poor to give anything to it; but what will you give?" "Well, what are other people giving?" "So and so." Now, that is a true statement. Said a poor laundress to a clergyman to whom she was speaking, "Well, I cannot do as the great folks do. I cannot give you a guinea a year, but I will give you *6d.* a week." Unless we get the weekly offerings, regular systematic giving, all these resolutions will be so much waste paper. I ask you to look at this; I say it more emphatically because I venture to say that I am a minister of a congregation which has done this, and is doing it, and the church is not empty, and Christ does not forget to send those to hear who are prepared to support His cause. "This meeting earnestly prays." Now, does it? Stand up, if you please, all of you, and I will pray with you, and we will earnestly pray now. "Almighty God, Thou who didst send Thy Son to die for us, baptize us as with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. We have the baptism of water; give us the baptism of fire. Drive out of our hearts all selfishness, and all evil, and all idolatry; give us the spirit of sacrifice, and trust, and love, and loyalty, and may we give ourselves a living sacrifice to Thee, Thou Son of God."

VIII. Sunday Schools. *By* Rev. A. Mursell.

My subject refers to means and appliances for aiding Sunday-school teachers to qualify for their great work, and to plans for testing their efficiency for its discharge. I rejoice most heartily in these ways and means, not only as indicating a stronger interest on the part of the Christian Church, in the work undertaken by the teacher; but chiefly as a sign of an increased importance being attached to that work by teachers themselves, and an enhanced sense of its responsibility and privilege. Demand should precede supply, and I take it that there has been a demand for these

agencies on the part of Sunday-school teachers, who are beginning to discover that their work is a work, and not a pastime; and that it consists in the systematic training of the nascent minds which are to influence the Church and the world when we are gone, and not in simply keeping a handful of children out of mischief for two hours every Sunday. They feel that it demands the effort and concentration of their best powers—not the perfunctory dedication of a few scraps of their leisure time; and hence the demand for such helps as these agencies indicate, a demand which has been nobly and simply met by the zeal and devotion of the Sunday-school Union. But the resolution speaks of fruits as well as means. I confess, sir, I have always felt myself unable to enter into the enthusiasm with which some people can become inspired at an agricultural show. They will walk up and down amongst rows and vistas of ploughs and harrows, and lawn-mowers, and turnip-cutters, and hay forks, and thrashing machines, and clod-crushers, and get as excited and inspired as if they were threading their way amongst the lamps of heaven, or walking amidst the golden candlesticks. But although these are no doubt very useful things in their way, the stiff and greasy cranks and wheels have no language to speak to one's imagination; one is willing to pay a passing tribute to the ingenuity of the inventor, but one grows impatient at the long explanations of how the thing works—how a strap goes over there, and a cog fits in there, and a knife sticks out there, and a pair of shears make their appearance there, and how the whole business is done in a tithe of the time of the old system. You hurry on to see the fruits—the laden sheaves, the pouting grapes, the bursting presses, the rich russet of the fecund field, the greenery of the smiling garden, or the purple and vermilion of the liberal orchard. And so one hurries over the clauses of this resolution which speak about the *implements*, to dwell with grateful pleasure on that part which points to the rich fruits. This may seem very ungrateful to the machinery; but one can't go into ecstasies over a tool-chest. Hammers and nails, and screws and saws, are capital things in their way; but flowers and leaves and berries are far more delightful; and the mind prefers the Garden of Eden to Birmingham or Sheffield. Therefore it is that my note of

rejoicing is reserved for that statement of my resolution which speaks of 18,000 Sunday scholars added to Christ's confessing Church during the year. The fragrance of 18,000 fresh young flowers let loose upon the garden; the juices of 18,000 clusters added to the wine-press, to exhilarate the Church below, and stimulate the hosanna of the Church above The incense of 18,000 new-tuned prayers rising from the altar; 18,000 fresh photographs of the Crucified printed on the hearts of children; 18,000 morning songs greeting the spring-tide, and carolling to the flowers of May. Thank God for that. Take courage while you can point to such trophies of your work. It is in this, sir, that I rejoice with joy unspeakable. And after all, it is not so shabby and ungrateful towards the machinery as it seems at first. Machines are very good things; but they are useless without the steam to turn them. And systems, and examinations, and inspectorships, are first-rate arrangements, but they are no use without loving hearts to fill the means with life. The tonic sol-fa modulator may be a capital contrivance, but it is a hideous-looking concern with its *doh ra me*, and if it were not for the hymns and hallelujahs for which it helps the channel, we should pack it off to Mr. Curwen's address by book-post, and wait till the angels gave us our first singing lesson, with a sunbeam for the bâton, and heaven for the orchestra. It is a refreshing thing for those of us whose faith and trust gets often warped and troubled by all sorts of questionings and doubts, born out of the problems of the day, and the puzzles of our lives, to think of what an aggregate of simple and pure love for Christ is represented by those 18,000 fresh won hearts. It is delightful to dwell upon its freshness, and the fulness of its simple faith. It is like coming from a hot and dusty turnpike, where the hawthorn on the hedges is begrimed with the vapour of the traffic, into a stream-watered dell, where the blue-bells and anemones catch the dew-drop and smile amongst the moss and bracken. For childhood's faith and love is very strong and fresh in its simplicity. I heard of a minister who went to preach somewhere in the north, and he was directed to tell the driver when he got to the station to drive him to "Ebenezer" Chapel. He acted upon these instructions, when the driver—who was not like a London "cabby," only to be guided by the names of

public-houses—but who was a quiet, civil old fellow, whose kindness to his horse marked him as a good sort—turned to his "fare," and said: "Ebenezer? oh, you mean little Charley's chapel, don't you?" "Little Charley's Chapel! no; I mean Ebenezer." "Yes; we old folks know it as Little Charley's Chapel," he said. "Why do you call it Little Charley's Chapel? Was it because the honourable member for Salford laid the foundation stone?" "No; but Little Charley laid the foundation stone. The fact is, sir, a few years ago we wanted a new chapel, and we thought a good deal about how the money must be raised; but times were very bad, and the people were very poor, and labour and materials were very dear, so we resolved to give it up. But a day or two after the meeting a little boy about nine years old came to the minister's door and rang the bell. The minister came out himself, and found the little fellow with his face all flushed, and the perspiration standing on his forehead, and his little toy wheelbarrow, in which there were six new bricks. He had wheeled his load up a long steep hill, and was so out of breath that he could hardly speak. At last he found breath to answer the minister's wondering question, 'Well, Charley, what is it?' 'Oh, please, sir,' said Charley, 'I heard you wanted a new chapel, and were thinking of giving it up; so I begged these few bricks from some builders who are building a house down the village, and I thought they would do to begin with.' The minister called the committee together again, and Charley's little barrowful of bricks was brought before them. The child's enthusiasm was contagious, and the desponding committee plucked up heart; and little Charley laid the first stone of the big chapel, which will hold 1,000 people, and cost £6,000; and now it is out of debt." "And what has become of little Charley?" The old man's voice grew husky. "If you'll let me pull up at the churchyard, sir, I'll show you Charley's grave. There's a many graves there, but you may always tell Charley's by the bright, fresh flowers. He was the pet of the Sunday-school, and the children never let a day go by without putting fresh flowers on his grave. He used to live close by the school, and he died the very day the last pound of the chapel debt was paid. It was a summer's day, and he made them set his window open that

he might hear the children sing. He would have them sing a happy tune, and he died trying to join them in it from his little bed; but though he could hardly begin the hymn on earth, we all believe he finished it in heaven." Amongst the 18,000 trophies of your work, or of God's blessing on it, there is at least the force of a like precious faith—new hope, new courage, new consecration. Sir, it would enhance greatly the privilege of being permitted to take part in this most May-like of all the May Meetings, if one could but speak a word which should prove of living and lasting encouragement to those bands of Sunday-school teachers who congregate before me—a word which should endear their work to them more fully, impart to them a new sense of its importance, and inspire them with fresh heart in its discharge. I would fain aim at the utterance of such a word by reminding you of the reflex influence of your work, how it acts upon the child and reacts upon yourself. There is no human mission or occupation which carries with it more strong or striking proofs that it is more blessed to give than to receive than Sunday-school teaching. An earnest teacher learns more from his class than he can ever impart to it. Not only do their inquiries, when their minds are interested, prompt the teacher to a study which is useful to himself, but their wistfulness and wonder as the love-depths of the plan of human redemption open before them, begets a new interest in your own heart, and reveal to you new charms in that Saviour of whom you speak, as you take of the things of Christ and show them to the child. You soon find out that the Bible is a heart-book, and that to stop short at a critical study of its canon will not quench the thirst which is panting for its spirit. It is well enough for certain mechanical patentees of a system of "culture" to dissect the Bible as a botanist dissects a flower or a surgeon dissects a body, but there are better and truer apostles of "sweetness and light" to be found amongst the children to whom it is your mission to tell the story of a Saviour's love, than in the studies of *savants* or the cloisters of pedants. To these latter a promise may be but a curious example of Hebrew and Greek construction; but to that child who has just begun to catch the outline of the Cross, and on whose eye the sheen of the halo of its wondrous love begins to shine, that

promise is a living flower, to be garnered like the violets of spring. When they read the Bible they do not keep a pair of scissors handy to snip out this passage, or an almanack to challenge this date, but they read the vivid histories, and see their heroes, and hear their voices, and believe in them. They revel in its sceneries, climbing its crests and setting sail upon its seas. Carmel and Lebanon are not marks upon a map, but lungs which send breezes through their flaxen hair, and coignes of vantage whence they see the panorama and the landscape. The Psalms are not the key-note for a critic snarl of doubt, but harp-notes to which their own hearts keep tune. So you must fling the light of nature on the page, till nature and revelation blend in one rich shining. It is not your work to do as many would-be learned preachers do, who air their smattering of Greek instead of breathing the expirations of grace, teasing and bothering people about the tenses of a verb, or the force of an adjective; but you will show them living things. Now you will take them through the mountain gorge, and let them see it leap among the boulders, flinging the golden text up in a hundred rainbows, as it plays through the fancy's light. Now you will carry them off to some Indian jungle, pig-sticking with the future Emperor of India—and now they shall hear the beagles baying in the bracken fern as they hunt the stag in the Highlands or the chamois on the Alps. Parchment-headed and parchment-hearted martinets, who call themselves philosophers, may call this shallow picture-painting. Withered spinsters who take the chair at meetings for the rights of women, and childless blue-stockings who wrangle at parochial vestries, may call this uninstructive, but you need not be ashamed of it. While we remember who it was who held up a bunch of lilies in His sacred hand and preached from them; and pointed to the russet cornfields and the reddening sunset; who drew his picture on the easel of the shining East, and mixed his colours on the palette of the sky; we may at least be as tolerant of a teaching which keeps folks awake with poetry, as of that which sends them to sleep with prose. Did your child never come and ask you to tell it a tale? And when you give it a choice, it will choose the one which it has heard the oftenest, and with which it is most familiar. It can

correct you if you leave out a word. And yet the tale lacks no interest by repetition. So you need not be afraid of exhausting the story of the Cross. The demand, when it is once understood, will be—

> "Tell me the old, old story,
> Of Jesus and His love."

I have sometimes noticed a child trying to amuse itself poring over a picture-book; but the interest is soon gone. At length it takes courage to put the book upon its mother's knee, and say, "Will you show me the pictures?" and the dry book draws a new interest from the sacred table where it has been set. When the table-cloth is the pattern of a mother's dress, all that is placed on it becomes enchanted; a new eloquence clothes the book when a kind finger is the index which points to it. There is David with the giant's head. While the child looked at it alone, it was an old legend, shorn of its interest and deadened of its charm; but now the finger points at it, the drops of blood seem to trickle from its severed neck, and the triumph-flash gleams in the young chieftain's eyes, and the drama starts into a living thing. The spears of Philistia seem real, and the burnished swords begin to gleam, and the picture leaps into a moving act of life under the spell of that pointing hand. Let a dull and unobservant mind be wandering through Alpine glories, absorbed perhaps with other and meaner thoughts than the beauties around him should suggest; all that he derives from the scene is a general impression of magnificence or vastness, and nothing more. But if a quick-eyed poet is his companion, with his warm imagination, he will point out a hundred subtle lights and shades he would not otherwise have caught, and the panorama will be richer in all time to come in his memory and thought. The flushing rose-light warming the cold snow-wreath, like a blush upon a maiden's cheek, the silver minaret pointing at the sky as though some giant mountaineer had drawn his sword to bathe and burnish it in heaven; the flying cloud spreading its wings over the white glacier, and creeping down the cliff like the shadow of a weird procession; the myriad flora venturing to spread their carpet and weave their broidered altar-cloth at the very threshold of the snow-temple; these, and a

volume of such things, would be passed by in the dull thought of the mere professional traveller who goes to "do" a district; it needs a man who takes his soul as well as his knapsack with him, to see the glories, and with such an one to show the pictures, they live, and breathe, and speak. The same thing has a different power and influence according to conditions. Let me walk alone by the sad sea waves, or through the interlacing avenue, and it has but small charm for me, and its whispers lack coherence; but let two beating hearts keep time to the footsteps which press these walks, and the voice of whispering leaf and murmuring sea is rich and eloquent. Let *me* pluck the blue-bell from beside the stream, and I am ready to fling it back upon the rippling tide with the next capricious movement of my hand; but let one pair of taper fingers gather the same nosegay and fix it in my button-hole, and every flower is a stanza, and every bunch an epic hymn. The man who gathers flowers alone, packs them up in a tin box, classifies them and lectures about them; the ferns grow grim as a schoolmaster's rod as they are brandished in the scientific hand; it is not bracken, or maidenhair, or heart's-tongue, but something which almost loosens your front teeth to pronounce. But those who pluck flowers with their hearts see in them far more than botany discovers, and the blue star of the forget-me-not, and the tough fibre of the ivy speak more heart-language at a glance than the most long-winded lecturer could get through in a day. A bunch of lilies shaking in a coy and trembling hand is like a chime of prophetic joy-bells, and the scents of orange groves breathe to the longing heart the thought of wreaths and unions. And so when the proud human mind bends over the garden of the Divine promises, it only botanizes among them; it criticises the precepts, and seems to imply how much better it could have made and grouped those flowers. Men won't study God's truth as lovers, but as lecturers; they seek for the botany of the Bible, but not its poetry; they dry its growth between the leaves of books, instead of planting them near their own hearts. If you want a violet to grow, you must take up its root, not cut off the flower; and so if you want a promise to endure, you must take it with the fibres of a father's heart adhering to it, a living, throbbing

thing. "Show me Thy ways;" let the lover's hand gather and present the flower, and then the scent is sweet, and the colour radiant; let the poet's finger point the landscape, and then the lights and shades are harmonious, and the glory is complete. Let the Master hand attune the harp-strings, and the music will not jar. The reason why we hear so many scientific and critical objections to the Bible is that it is a book for the heart, while men only study it with the head. It would be as absurd to try and sing a proposition of Euclid, or set the multiplication table to music, as to make the Bible exclusively a school-book for the brain, instead of a hymn-book for the heart. It is because men sit down to the Bible as the botanist sits down to the flower—to tear it up, not to admire its beauty, or inhale its scent—that the learned or unlearned sceptic sneers away its inspiration, the carper cavils at its authenticity, and the fool snarls out of his shallow heart, "There is no God." Teachers may grow old and hoary; but you will never grow old enough to regret your interest in the little children. It is said that when the sainted Dr. Guthrie lay upon his death-bed, he asked that a little child might come to him and sing. He said, "My bonnie lamb, let me hear one of the bairns' hymns." A child's clear voice was the bell upon the horses which bore his chariot to heaven. The old man's heart yearned after his child companions. He wanted the bairns' hymns. Those bairns had once sung lewd and ribald songs, but he had dropped a new song into their lips, and honeyed them to hosannas, and he wanted to hear the new song in the young voices. It was a pleasant sound to fall asleep to, and to rise to. It was earth's evensong, and heaven's bright matin shout in one. The bairns' hymns, the hymns of childhood! Ah, pedants may despise them, but angels love them. They may have no music in the halls of theology or of learned infidelity, but they fill heaven until seraphim grow ecstatic at the sound. The bairns' hymns! Thanks, gentle spirit, for the gentle thought. Oh, when I die, let the doctrinaires be mute, let the specialists be silent, and keep their fingers from the curtain, and their shadows from the light; but let the bairns sing to me. Let them sing of love, and hope, and beauty—sing as the birds sing in the garden, sing as the angels sing around the throne, sing like the

herald of the dewdrop and the carol of the dawn, sing like the morning stars that sing together, and the sons of God that shout for joy.

IX. The Conversion of Children. *By* Rev. W. Brock.

What is the object that gives so much interest and importance to our meeting? It is that God would take our children and incline them to consecrate themselves to a life of faith upon the Son of God, that He would deliver them from the power of darkness and translate them into the kingdom of His dear Son; and this, my dear friends, supposes that our children are not naturally what they ought to be, that they are not the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty by natural birth. We should put this before our minds, and keep it there—not overlooking the excellencies which no father or mother can fail to admire; not overlooking the charming and attractive, which I think it would be a parental sin not to admire. No; as we look upon the noble, and the graceful, and the frank, and the simple, and the ingenuous, at the various stages of our children's lives, I think it would be a great sin not to be thankful to God for that with which our hearts are so delighted; but, at the same time, we must recollect that each one of those children needs the renovating power of the Holy Ghost; and whilst our neighbours may speak of their virtuous parentage, and of their godly education, yet we must ever bear in mind that they must be born not of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. It was not to profligate and licentious Gentiles, but to those who had the highest parentage and education in the world at the time—it was to Nicodemus and his countrymen—that our great Lord and Master said, "Ye must be born again." So it is that we are here to-day, knowing, let us hope, what it is to be ourselves the children of God, fain to lay hold of Omnipotence and bring down the same blessing upon our children, and being determined to give God no rest till we have rejoiced over their second birth even more exultingly than we did over their first. We remember, besides, that there are great obstacles and difficulties in the way of this new nature, and

that sometimes they are apparently insuperable. The very privileges of our children may operate to their prejudice, and they may hear it said that we ought to go and preach for the conversion of the savages of Africa, but not for the conversion of children born, and bred, and educated as they have been. There are books which teach them that, and there are preachings which teach them that, if so be they should be so unhappy as to hear them. There is a tendency in the mercies themselves to suppress the proper anxiety which they ought to feel; and, when once this mistake is made, how many influences there are to confirm it! The present is always more effectual than the future; things seen over-ride and shut out the proper force of things which are unseen, and our children must strive, and contend, and wrestle, if so be they break away from that which is natural, so as to lay hold upon and practise that which is spiritual. The very amenities of life,—and our children must not be shut out from them in sour and repulsive tones, or by stern and iron resolutions—become another decoy to irreligiousness, and all whereby they are surrounded, even the things in which they may properly engage, tend, unless there be some counteracting power, to lead them captives at the world's will. Therefore it is that we are here to-day, and it is only God who can give us the blessing we need. We are here to acknowledge our dependence upon Him for that choicest of all favours in which a father or a mother can rejoice—to kneel down with your son, and hear him pray, or to know what a messenger of mercy your daughter is to the dying and to those who are dead in trespasses and sins. I take it that this is the highest gratification which even the regenerate heart can feel, and that it is hardly second to heaven itself, but it may be hoped for despite all difficulties, for "It is not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord;" and if we honour Him as we are honouring Him to-day, we shall assuredly find that he that honoureth the Spirit, the Spirit will also honour. If He were capricious, as some people preach, it would be a different thing; but He is righteous. If He were inexorable, it would be a different thing; but He is compassionate. If He had no sympathy with parental solicitude, it would be a different thing; but He is instinct with sympathy with parental solicitude. If we were not sure of His presence, it

would be a different thing ; but we are here honouring His promise, and He bids us not be afraid, but only to believe, because, although there may be difficulties in our unregenerate nature, and though we meet with so much to dishearten us, yet greater is He that is for us than all those who are against us. Our coming here is to acknowledge our dependence upon Him, to importune Him to grant us the blessing, and then to abide in the full assurance of hope that the blessing will be vouchsafed, for we are praying not in the spirit of bondage again to fear, but with the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, "Abba, Father," not dreading that we shall fail, but being assured that we shall succeed. How pleasant and how Scriptural it was to offer thanksgivings, as we did just now, for answers to prayer already received, for we are told in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to make known our requests unto God. We are often so extremely importunate for a blessing, and almost as extremely careless when the blessing has come. We have thanked this morning as well as prayed ; and let me say for the comfort of any friends here who may be broken-hearted or dispirited, that in all my ministerial life it has been a constant source of delight to me to see how parental prayer has been answered. I have known family after family where, without exception, the whole have been brought to God, and are now walking in all His commandments blameless. I have known instances where there has been a long deferment of the hope, but where God has made good His word after all, sometimes even when the father and the mother have been among the sainted ones in glory. I remember a group of nine of us gathering, in my early life, at a prayer-meeting ; seven of us on comparing notes had to attribute our conversion to our mothers' influence and prayers, and five out of the seven were fatherless boys, of whom I was one. I say to widowed mothers in this meeting to-day, Be of good comfort, my dear friends ; there is a special blessing to the fatherless and the widow, and that blessing has never been manifested more signally than in the answer to maternal, widowed prayer for the conversion of beloved sons. I know a man now living in a green old age in Yorkshire, who, as a boy, was brought up in the fear of God, but seemed to be utterly unaffected by it. He was the only son of his

mother, and she was a widow. At last he determined to run away from his mother; and nobody could tell how it was, except that God's hand was in it, but when he made up his bundle of clothes to take with him, he must needs put into it one of those square, old-fashioned Bibles which we used to have as presents in our childhood. He hid himself away in a ship at Bristol, and did not show himself to the captain till they were out into the Channel, and it was too late to send him ashore. He went to the Mediterranean. It was at the time of the wars with Bonaparte, and he was impressed on board one of the King's ships. He went on for years in a state of the most entire ungodliness, his poor mother having given him up for lost. One day he was ill, and all at once bethought himself of his old Bible, which he had not seen since he had been on board that ship; he read some of the passages which his mother had marked, became a converted man, came back to England, became first a minister of Christ, and then the tutor of a college; and his name now is as fragrant ointment to multitudes among us who know what that man's character is. If he were here, he would, with stammering tongue—for he is very aged and full of infirmities—make you understand what he owes to his mother's prayers, to which, as he has declared to me hundreds of times, he attributes his conversion. Another case, and I shall have done. A man well known on our London stage, not only as a dramatic author, but as a man of high pre-eminence in the dramatic art and practice, and who, thirty years ago, was in this metropolis running an entire round of riot and of revelry, told me, after he had become a preacher of Christ's Gospel, that through all those years of riot and revelry in connection with the stage and the green-room at Covent Garden and other places, he always heard his mother's voice ringing in his ears. Her very words, and the tones of her voice, came to his recollection, and he was fairly followed by his mother long after she had gone to heaven. It ended in his conversion, and he bade me tell all men that that life of his had been continually deteriorating his moral nature; and he also bade me tell all mothers never to despair of an ungodly son, even if he should take to the boards, but to pray on, and hope on, and believe on. Encouragement! There is the amplest and the richest encouragement for all who will

recognise their dependence upon God, who will earnestly seek for the blessing, and whose example and influence at home shall be in harmony with that blessing. Let us do as David did when he "returned and blessed his house." Our meeting here to-day is only subsidiary to our great purpose: it is to home influence, and home prayers, and home example that we must look. Christian brethren, let your prayers in your household be genuine prayers; transfuse them with earnestness for those who are kneeling with you. Let them not be mere utterances of words, but travail in birth for the souls of your children, and you shall find, as so many of us have done, that along with the fathers there shall come up the children, a seed to serve the Lord, and a generation to called Him blessed.

X. Systematic Giving. *By* Rev. Dr. Dale.

It was easy to secure a general assent to two of the principles of giving—namely, that giving should be conscientious, and that it should bear a just proportion to a man's income. But when they proceeded to urge that it should be systematic also, they were met with grave objections. It was urged by some that giving on impulse was far nobler than giving mechanically and on system; it was urged by others that it was impossible for persons whose income varied from week to week and from month to month to devote a definite portion of their income to the service of God and the poor. If a man gave conscientiously, and gave proportionately, they could not complain; but how was it possible for a man who believed that he ought to give a fair proportion of his income to maintain the worship of God, to diffuse the Gospel, and to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, to feel certain that he did that, if he did not give systematically? No one disputed that the larger a man's income was, the more he ought to give; but it seemed to him an inevitable conclusion that the giving ought to be exactly proportionate to their means. There were many persons of kindly spirit and generous disposition, the amount of whose giving depended on accidental circumstances, as, for example, an eloquent sermon or a powerfully-written appeal. It was no proof

of a man's having given enough that he had given when he was asked, or even that he had given what was expected. If he ought to devote a certain proportion of his property to God and the poor, he ought to do it whether he was asked or not; he ought to have some standard below which his conscience would not allow him to fall, and, having fixed the proper proportion at the beginning of the year, whether appeals were made to him or not, he ought to take care that by the end of the year that proportion was fully and completely given. Some persons thought it quite enough to give what they could spare. That was the most curious standard conceivable. Why, he never took up a catalogue of books without seeing the names of some that he sadly wanted. He never saw a map of Europe in the summer without feeling that his health would be a great deal more vigorous if he could see in the autumn the Rhine or the Tiber, the Rhone or the Danube. He never passed the window of a toy-shop without seeing something that would make four pairs of bright eyes at home look a great deal brighter. The question, What could be spared? was one by which duty in the matter of giving could never be rightly determined. As regarded the proper proportion to be given, it must be interesting to every thoughtful man to observe how widely the practice of tithing had prevailed among both heathen and Christian nations as well as among the Jewish people. That practice existed among the ancient people of Rome, among all the various tribes of ancient Greece, in the Greek colonies of Asia Minor, and in Carthage. Under the Mosaic economy every Jew had to give at least two tithes of his property for God and the poor. But he (Mr. Dale) did not feel bound by the law of tithes. It seemed to him that while, under the old dispensation, God gave definite rules for the ordering of human conduct, He now required men to give from the principle of love. In the absence of the law of tithing he thankfully said that, "knowing the grace of Jesus Christ," it became them to consecrate at least as much as the Jewish nation. About the fourth century the principle of tithing began to be recognised in the Christian Church: it was carried out subseqently in various forms; and that Society now appealed to the public whether the practice of the Jews, at least as regarded giving, was not binding upon

Christians. It had been said that to stop giving by impulse would be to rob it of half its glory. But how sad was it to the impulse not to have anything to give when a strong appeal was made! and on that account, if on no other, he might advocate systematic giving. If he thought the Society likely to close up the springs of impulse, that was certainly the last time he should ever appear on its platform. But there was danger in impulse if it did not lead to suitable action. When Christ's heart was moved with compassion, He healed the leper and multiplied the five loaves into provision for five thousand; and there they had an illustration of the manner in which compassion and beneficence might be beautifully blended. As for impulse and enthusiasm, he supposed that if, after the Corinthians, in response to Paul's appeal, had laid aside according to their means, they had wished to give more, the Apostle would scarcely have objected; and, in the like manner, in these days ladies who gave their two guineas for a new bonnet, might, if they pleased, indulge a generous impulse after they had done what they felt bound to do systematically. Systematic giving meant putting a loaf in the cupboard where there was none; it meant circulating the Bible in distant lands; it meant sending more missionaries to India and China. Let it not be supposed that in establishing this Society its founders meant to bring a charge of want of liberality against the English public generally. On the contrary, they were proud of the liberality of their country, and especially of the manner in which Englishmen recently gave for the relief of Lancashire distress. But the way to test this matter was to consider the pressing wants of our own and foreign lands. They wanted to secure the regular progress of the ship by means of the screw and the paddle; and if impulse afterwards filled the sails, they would joyfully hail that additional aid. They had nothing to fear as a nation with regard to their position in the earth; but now that the country was absorbed in commerce, let its old enthusiasm be renewed in the wide-world diffusion of the Gospel, and in the alleviation of human misery wherever it was to be found.

XI. Wesleyans and the Church of England.

By the DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

IT gave him great pleasure to be present, as he had for years entertained the greatest respect for their body. He believed that to them was due very much of the life now to be found in the Church of England. Were John Wesley now to return, he would see in the Church an earnestness and real godliness which in his time were crushed out by formalism. He felt that he was doing nothing more than his duty in offering his tribute to the founder of their body for the great good he had done to the Church. For himself he believed that a good deal was gained by difference of opinion. They were treading close upon the heels of the Church Missionary Society, but he had no narrow feeling on the subject, and he should be very sorry if the two societies did not work together in love. He hoped that the Society's income would advance to a quarter of a million, but of course he or his friends would keep ahead if they could. They had the Bible in common, and as long as they followed the precepts of that book, they would not be far apart. Speaking of the advances of the Papacy, the Dean said: "There is that wonderful revival of mediæval superstition amongst us, and here I may give a reason why I am grateful to this Society. You know that in our city of Canterbury we have lately had cardinals, and dukes, and bishops, and all sorts of people come down to open a chapel dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury (Thomas à Becket, as we know him), and yet the Church of England has not done anything to right herself. But your body has, because you have done something at Rome. Under the freedom that now exists in Italy, there are four communities who have appointed missionaries at Rome; but the Church of England is not one of them, therefore they are not 'avenging me of mine adversary,' but you are. Under the walls of the Vatican you have established in Rome itself a mission in which you are holding up that lamp of light which we trust both the Church of England and your body are holding up in this country; therefore I thank you for carrying to Rome that light which those at Canterbury are endeavouring, if not altogether to put out, at least to darken. Therefore I thank you very much for

the mission you have opened at Rome." He then referred to his visit to America, where he said he had several means of seeing the greatness of their position. At one of the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance a bishop was called upon to open the proceedings with prayer, and the person who rose up and answered this was a negro gentleman, a bishop in the Episcopal Methodist Church of America; and a more simple, well-arranged prayer was not offered during the whole of the meeting of the Alliance, or one that was more thoroughly Biblical. Although many little things had happened from time to time ruffling tempers on both sides, he trusted that the Wesleyans and the Church of England would in faith, love, and charity unite in winning the world to Christ.

XII. Mission Work in the City of London.

By Rev. J. P. Chown.

I CANNOT refuse the demand which you have made upon me, and in saying a few words to you I should like to take as a text the resolution which has been put into my hands. The text is the committee, and allow me to say the most important thing that has to be done this morning is the choice of the committee, because whatever may be said about the work in which you are engaged, the committee are the men to do it. I remember, in connection with the late Arctic expedition, what wonderful pains were taken about the ships, their stores, and all appertaining to their appointment; but the great matter was about the men by whom the officers and ships were to be manned. It was felt that the success of the expedition would depend entirely upon them. We all know if there is any work of special danger or honour, there must be picked men into whose care it shall be entrusted, and who shall feel the responsibility that is laid upon them. Now you are choosing the committee for your work next year; I want you to feel that in doing so you pledge yourselves to render them constant and generous support. You ask them to do this great and glorious work. In the Bible order giving is put before praying. It is written: "Prayer also shall be made for Him continually," when the giving has been attended

to; "Daily also shall He be praised," for the spirit of praise is sure to follow. I never knew a giving soul and a praying soul that was not a praising soul. I never knew a Society that had the grace of giving and the grace of praying, that laid its gifts upon the altar and then prayed "Thy kingdom come," that had not a soul full of praise, inspired with thankfulness and animated with joy. I want you to supply the golden sinews for the war in which you are calling upon your committee to engage—a holy war to which they are pledging themselves with every form of evil with which they may have to grapple, seeking the deliverance of sinful men, and the advancement of the glory of God. Then I want you to feel another thing, and that is that you pledge yourselves to sustain your committee by your sympathy and prayer. You send them as officers to gather together your forces, and to marshal them for the battle, and to lead them on under the standard of the Cross. Be it yours to be upon the mountain of communion with God, with arms uplifted in earnest importunate prayer that shall bring down a blessing, without which the bravest spirit may never win. It is according to the prayer on the hilltop that the tide of battle is turned in the plain; and it is as the arms are uplifted in petition that the arms that wield the sword and wave the standard are made strong in the mighty power of God, and triumphant in the great and glorious work. You send your committee and the noble band of labourers under their care into the waste, the desert places of the wilderness around. Be it yours to be like Elijah upon the slopes of your Carmel Mount, whence you shall pray to God who sends the showers of rain, that the Divine blessing may descend—nay, that He may come of whom it is said, "He shall fall like rain upon the mown grass, and the wilderness shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be as a garden of the Lord." I ask for this, brethren, on behalf of your committee, because they are men who are worthy of it. They are tried men; you know it in their character; you hear it in their words. I see most of them have the very becoming sign of conventional regard in the Esq. added to the name; very proper and right. Well, I would give them a diploma this morning, and I would ask you to acknowledge it, as I know you will. I would put at the

end of the name of every one of them *T. T.*—tried and true. It used to be said of the knights in the olden time that they won their spurs. Why, this noble band of warriors do win their spurs and everything appertaining to the noble work of Christian chivalry in which they are engaged of devotedness to the Master to whom they have given themselves. I ask this from you because they are representative men, and they have the whole Evangelical Church of Christ embodied amongst themselves. They have within them the different departments of the living Church of the living God; and there is not one of you but may feel that the interests of your Church are represented in them. And while they, therefore, from the centre of their instrumentality and labour extend their instrumentality, be it yours from the circumference in every part of the circle to gather closely to the centre in loving sympathy and prayer, and our Lord's petition shall be answered when He said, "Father, that they may be one in us, as Thou in Me, and I in Thee." That is Christian union. We do not always understand it—it is not merely one with another. I do not think much of that unless we are quite sure that it is done in the right spirit; but if we are one with Christ, and draw down the light that comes flowing into our souls, we are sure to be one with Him. May I remind you of the greatness of the work you ask these gentlemen to undertake as a reason why prayer should be given on its behalf. The City Mission is a great work in any ordinary city; but the London City Mission is one the magnitude of whose work no thought can conceive, and no passion or zeal that is merely human can ever adequately estimate. We feel that we are doing a Divine work in "beginning at Jerusalem." We are to go to the distant parts of the earth, but it must be "beginning at Jerusalem." Has it ever occurred to you to remember with what Divine sympathy and interest God seems to look upon great cities? He would have spared the cities of the plain if only ten righteous men could have been found, though in the lowest cottage within their boundaries; unknown, or, if known, only to be despised by the myriads who were spared because they were amongst them. Do you not remember how He sent His servant down to ancient Nineveh, and how He accepted their repentance when they prostrated

themselves before Him; and though the poor weak servant was offended, the infinitely holy God was pleased with their repentance, and pardoned their sin, and saved them from the threatening that had been denounced? Do we not remember how the Divine Lord sat there upon Mount Olivet, how tears streamed from those eyes for those who never wept for themselves, as He thought of the doom that was coming upon them? We know that God is interested in London, and we know it as truly as we know it of those ancient cities and of Jerusalem. The very state of things proves it must be so, and God has shown it in His dealings with us. And oh, remembering the vastness of the field, one which no arithmetic can calculate, and no geographical boundaries can ever fill up, calling to mind that though, more than any city in the world, it may be famed for its philanthropical and Christian institutions, still what far-stretching wastes there are of dreary ignorance, and suffering, and sin, and death that scarcely seem to be touched, and what myriads there are who seem to be living in the midst of it all unnoticed by any save our missionaries! Look at the wonderful growth of the city, to be computed by millions almost within the memory of living men; and if we feel that a great city commands our concern, what shall we say of that which is a world rather than a city, an aggregate of cities rather than a city itself, and which absorbs a great city into its population every year? And then remember the influence that appertains to London. London won to Christ, the world is won to Christ. London brought to the feet of the Saviour should be like the great mountain the prophet spoke of, in our land and among the nations of the earth, to which all nations should say, "Come, and let us go to the house of the Lord;" and, catching the sun's bright beams, shall flash them forth on all the earth, and the showers of heaven and streams from the mountain being poured in living torrents upon the earth beneath, the Divine glory shall be manifested, the whole earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord, and all men shall call Him blessed.

XIII. Home Missions. *By* Rev. Herber Evans.

On my railway route up here I passed a very extensive nursery-garden—a large plot of ground set apart for the propagation of all kinds of plants, shrubs, and young trees. This nursery needs constant care, incessant watchfulness, and careful gardening. It contains the reserve stock of young plants for supplying failure by disease, accident, and death in all the surrounding gardens, and private as well as public parks. They are all indebted and they all look to the nursery-garden for their supply. You in London have heard the cheering news of the success of the missionaries in the foreign fields, in the British colonies, and the distant isles. To-night, sir, we have met to look after the nursery-garden, to which they are all indebted. Neglect this, and when your missionaries, and colporteurs, and Bible translators fall in the far-off field of battle, who shall take up the weapons dropping from their dying hands? We must now, as of old, begin at Jerusalem. The Home Church must first be endued with power from on high, else she can only send forth a vacillating Peter, and a doubting Thomas. But once the Holy Ghost comes upon us at the starting-point, then the very same men are witnesses, apostles, martyrs, ready for all Judea, Samaria, and unto the utmost parts of the earth. We in Wales have learnt not to neglect our most insignificant, our most out-of-the-way little Bethels, because although they cannot give us a large collection towards our colleges and public movements, yet our greatest preachers have come from our small chapels, from these little flocks in Israel. How can you expect young men to commence preaching in these large churches, full of I don't know how many doctors and critics? I should like to know how many of you have tried it. No, a man likes to try his wings in the village chapel—the country sanctuary. Trawsfynyd in the mountains gave us our Williams, and Llansanan, that never heard a railway whistle, gave us our Henry Rees, and if a collecting-book for one of these little interests happens to come in your way—sometimes, we do a little in that way—well, don't throw it aside—it may be towards a small cause which will nurse a man who will shake the world. When a late candidate

for the representation of Liverpool—I wish I could have said more—visited some landed property in the country the other day, a faithful brother had been on the watch for him, with his collecting-book ready. He saw him climbing one of our hills, followed him, and caught him just as he got to the "Rest and Be Thankful," and having presented his book, Mr. Caine, like a noble-hearted Englishman and a Christian, received it with glee, and shouted to his father-in-law climbing after him, "See, a collecting-book has found me on the top of a mountain in Wales," and Mr. Caine can now, I believe, claim the honour of having subscribed to a chapel cause on a higher ground and nearer to heaven than any man in Great Britain. I say again that these small nurseries of our great preachers and greater missionaries must not be neglected. Truro, in Cornwall, must not be neglected, else there will be no Henry Martyn to translate the New Testament to the Persians. If you wish another William Jones for India, the nursery-garden at Llanwrin must not be overlooked. A sickly and bedwarfed Christianity at home will never furnish the requisite labourers or the necessary funds for the work in the foreign fields. What can we do, then, to make this Society a greater power? We can strengthen and intensify our own conceptions of duty. Take a Monday morning provincial newspaper, and see the amount of drunkenness, brutality, and wife-kicking that takes place from Saturday night until Monday morning. Let any one read the black list, and tell me that this Home Missionary Society is not wanted! Yes, with its power increased a thousand-fold. Why, sir, the very men who despise our work are great glorifiers of every other attempt to lessen physical evils. They are prodigal of their praise when speaking about vaccination and chloroform reducing to one-third the physical evils suffered by our fathers. But how niggard they are of their recommendation where a Home Missionary gives his life to lessen these brutalities, to diminish the immoralities by leading men and women to a higher, nobler, Christian life, which does and must bring with it freedom from suffering. What can we do? We ought to endeavour to make all our Churches—what, in fact, the first Churches were—local missionary associations. There are the classes in

our Churches of which much more can be made in this direction. First, the children. Is it not possible to produce an enticing, fascinating missionary catechism to teach all the children of our Churches? We have Band of Hope, temperance, and theological catechisms without number, and they have done good service. I, sir, never could learn history until I got it in a catechism. A question always provokes a lad to look for the answer. Why should we be more anxious that our children should know how America became free and Germany became one, than to know how Polynesia was civilized and South Africa civilized? Why should they know about Prince Bismarck and George Washington, more than about John Williams, George Whitfield, and Robert Moffat? Let us get a fascinating missionary catechism, giving all the heroic names and deeds of all the missionaries of Jesus, not of one denomination, not of the foreign field only, but of every field and every name. Let us educate them in this historic creed, and they will know, and they will feel, and they will sympathise, they will help, and we shall neither want money nor have failure. Then come our ladies, sir, a great power, lying dormant in almost every Church. Is it possible that we are afraid to call forth this powerful female help, lest it overwhelm us or perhaps outshine us? I am glad to see in your report a call for female missionaries to visit mothers to urge them to send their children to the Sunday and day schools. Not, alas! as a minister, but as a member of a School Board, I can say "Amen" to that. We have no need to fear the light, and we wish to see our children educated. A traveller once passed a gentleman's park, and saw a notice on a board, "Every dog found in this park will be shot at once." "Upon my word," says the traveller, "it is a serious thing for dogs in this neighbourhood if they can't read." The man had an idea, sir, that even dogs ought to know the laws concerning themselves. But it is far more serious for a man if he cannot read the laws of heaven and earth that bear upon himself. We call, then, for female missionaries everywhere, to try and teach them the laws of God and man. Let our Protestant mothers and sisters give the lie to that assertion that it is the Roman Catholic religion alone that can kindle their charity, labour, and perseverance. Oh,

for the love of Mary, blended with the diligence of Martha, the spirit of holy women of old, of those true brave women who followed Christ from Galilee to Jerusalem, ministering to Him, and who wept at the cross, and watched at the sepulchre when Judas had proved a traitor and Peter a coward! Women who adhered, who clung to Him and His cause when all the world had deserted Him—oh, that God would fill our Churches with such women again! There is another class lying dormant in our Churches, possessing great unexercised power—I mean those religious stewards who always have plenty of time to look after others, because they have nothing to do themselves. They always speak of Christian workers in the Church in the third person plural. They never say "we;" no, they keep themselves separate, in order to have the right to grumble at the work of everybody else. Don't you know them? Blessed is your experience then if you do not. Ask one of them to pray; and he will complain, and whine, and grumble for five minutes before he thanks God for anything. He has marked the weeds in the whole garden, but has missed every flower with its sweetness and beauty. He knows every Judas within a ten miles circumference, but he has not seen a single John anywhere. Do as you will, you cannot please his class. They are like that cross-grained old farmer who caught a young girl going through his field. "Who gave you leave to go through that field?" "I thought there was a path." "A path; no, there is not." "I'll go back then." "Back, indeed! I own back and fore." So she could not move to please him. So of these idlers who are at large in Zion—the religious grumblers of our congregations. You can never please them. If you come back you are not doing right; if you go forward you are doing wrong. Oh, that they would all unite to start a cause of their own! I seriously say that would be the only means of enabling them to taste the joy of serving Christ, and to bless their generation. All members of our Churches who are not Christian workers are great hindrances to earnest labourers, and as lookers on, they are miserable themselves. Boswell was once on board a vessel in a violent storm, and, like myself, was a very indifferent sailor, and as the ship began pitching and tossing he rushed from sailor to sailor

asking, "Are we in danger?" and, of course, hindering them in their work. One of the sailors, who was a bit of a philosopher, at last said to him: "Yes, we are in terrible danger. Hold this rope; the ship is nearly sinking." He held it with all his might until the storm was over. The sailor released him, saying, "There, now, you have been holding a useless rope; but it has kept you out of the way, and made you happy." If we wish to add to the peace and joy of our Churches, if we wish to treble their power of good, let us endeavour to get every member to lay hold of a rope, to do some work. Let us all stand up for Jesus. Every Christian worker should be like an orange tree, fragrant as well as faithful. The constant complaint is want of men, and especially want of the right men—men who can talk, and men who have something to talk about. We had an old Welsh preacher, Mr. Chairman, full of what we call *hwyl*, and that word is, like many other Welsh things, untranslatable into English; but *hwyl* means inspiration—in the spirit to speak; and this old brother once said in the pulpit, "Oh, I am in the spirit, in the hwyl to preach, if I had only something to say!" A man who can talk, and who has nothing to say, soon becomes a bore. You want men who can think, and who will dare to say what they think, though they have never heard it, nor seen it in a book before—men who believe that the Spirit inspires now. It used to be the custom in Wales years ago to accommodate the ministers at the homes of all the well-to-do farmers in every Church month by month. The children were then brought into contact with the ministers, and there was no dearth of splendid preachers. Now, however—and it is something for you to get a Welshman to confess a fall off in anything in beautiful Wales—we have now fallen to imitate our English neighbours, by appointing a settled house to accommodate the preachers, and having thought seriously of this—I hope my words will ring through the Principality—I say, "Open your doors again to the men of God who preach the Gospel among you." Remember the Divine admonition—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." When I was a lad I was a member of a small country chapel. We could only afford to get one sermon a

Sabbath, and the remuneration for that one was always a shilling. Well do I remember my first sermon in that chapel, and that wonderful shilling! Nevertheless, out of that little sanctuary in my time have come forth over a dozen ministers of the Gospel. We were all taught to respect the ministers of the Gospel. They came to our houses and spoke to us of Jesus, until it became our highest ambition to serve the same Master. I rejoice to think of the showers of blessing now descending on the Churches connected with your Society, because I have always found that every revival in the Principality always replenishes us with a new stock of ministers full of fire and of faith in the Holy Ghost. Old Williams, of Troedrhiwdalar, who left us the other day—(I knew him well)—after preaching the Gospel with great power for seventy-five years: many a time I have heard him break forth in the midst of his sermon, "You must excuse my warmth and enthusiasm; I am one of the children of the old revival at Llanwrtyd." He deemed it a sufficient explanation. Why, he could not speak of Jesus in his 96th year without bubbling over with love, joy, and hwyl. "I am a child of the old revival at Llanwrtyd." Oh, for thousands of such children as the fruit of this revival now! Men born into the kingdom in the midst of strong faith, with the love of God kindled within them into a flame of such inextinguishable brilliance and power that will glow and burn unto the end of a long patriarchal life. This resolution requests the prayers of the meeting. Then we do still believe in prayer? Yes, more firmly than ever. This revival wave is spreading; we have heard of it to-night in Devonshire, Somersetshire, Hampshire, and Durham, and it is passing over parts of the Principality. The challenge was boldly asked as in the days of Job, "What profit should we have if we pray to Him?" The answer is coming down, sir, from the everlasting God as it always will come down, if there are only men full of faith to accept the challenge. Yes, the answer is descending in showers of blessing throughout the land. The Lord of Hosts is with us, blessing the evangelists as the flying column sent forth to do quick and effectual service, blessing also the standing army of the disciplined ministry needed to carry on the continued warfare. Let each one con-

secrate his best to the Lord, believing that there is a day of retrospect to come for us in this world, and a day of reckoning, a day of grand review in the next. Let everyone present say, in the words of Dr. Guthrie's favourite motto,

"I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming, too.

"For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do."

II. FOREIGN MISSIONS.

I. Missionary Qualifications. *By the* Right Rev Bishop Ellicott.

THESE are days in which we hear strange things indeed said as to the qualifications of those who shall go forth into the great mission field. I am sure that at any rate I may unreprovedly say that there are two very serious heresies on this subject—two real missionary heresies, which here we cannot but deeply deprecate, and one of them is this—"Civilize first and Christianize afterwards." How often do we hear this heresy put forward, sometimes with simple and good intentions, and with a belief—an innocent belief—that in the natural order of things it must be so; sometimes, I fear, with other and very different motives. But, I ask, can we here tolerate any such sentiment? What! is Christ, our Master and King, to wait until the merchantman has made the way before Him? Oh, no, my friends, civilize first and Christianize afterwards is one of those expressions in regard to missionary labour which we shall all, and especially in these times when we hear it produced in so many different ways, utterly and distinctly disavow. It is quite right that the Christian missionary should likewise be himself the pioneer of civilization. Let civilization go forward with

Christianity—blessed by Christianity—but never let the one—civilization—be placed before the other. I may here say that we are acting on the principle I have mentioned. Our missionaries are now recognising that their duty is first of all to preach Christ crucified, and then, also, to do everything that God the Holy Ghost puts into their souls in the way of raising the heathen people among whom they labour. Both must go together, but Christianizing and Christianity ever, ever first. The second heresy, as I may venture to call it, in regard to the missionary labour, and against which the noble sentence I have read to you is a distinct protest, may be thus briefly formulated: "Teach those with whom you have to deal by showing them that Christianity is somewhat better than the religion that the people you are speaking to may profess." This is a more deadly heresy, my dear friends, than the one I have just alluded to; for what is it but putting in competition with other religions the one true and only religion —the belief in our Lord and Master. And here I would say, let no one think that I am, as it were, fighting shadows. Have we not heard, not so very long ago, lectures in time-honoured edifices pointing in this direction? Have we not seen Christianity often placed on a kind of level very little above that of other religions, and are we not told that the way in which our missionaries may most successfully work is to acquire a full knowledge of the ancient religions, and, in fact, to show how Christianity is a kind of improvement upon them. Now, my friends, God forbid that our missionaries should ever act in such a spirit as this. Good it is, God knoweth, and useful is it to study, especially in some of the more cultivated nations, the forms of ancient faith. I will say at once, in regard even of my poor self and my own poor thoughts on this subject, that some of the most fruitful hours of my passing life have been spent in reading, with a kind of wonder and of awe, some of the ancient hymns, say, in a work now hoar with the rime of forty centuries—the "Rig-Veda"—a book of Brahmanic praise. I make no pretence, but through the medium of translations I have read, and wondered as I read, the marvellous ethics of some of the great Buddhist treatises—say such an old one as "The Pathway of Virtue." I have read and I have wondered, and I have

felt that God has never left Himself without a witness in the human heart; nay, I have read, too, and that not without profit, some of those wondrous hymns and invocations which the reader will find in that strange, strange book of religion, the "Zend-Avesta" of the now dying-out Parsees. I feel too much sympathy to denounce such studies as those, but I do earnestly protest against that mode of reasoning and thinking in regard to missionary matters which places our own religion in any degree of comparison or relation to others. My dear friends, let the missionary acquire that knowledge, for I believe it will be good and useful to him; but let him know that the knowledge for which he has to work in the hearts of those to whom he speaks is one only—it is Christ crucified. What he has to preach is that to which every human heart will listen—every human heart—redemption. Redemption is that which the missionary must bear—redemption through Christ crucified is His message, and this message he must preach as though it were different in degree, in kind, in everything from every other message that the world has yet received. I think that of all the mysteriously strange thoughts that can occupy our minds, none is more strange or more mysterious than this—how such a religion as Mohammedanism can hold the sway over the millions that it does, and how at this present time it can be making even, as I humbly believe them to be, despairing and dying efforts, but still efforts that are such as have never been known in anything like the experience of the last century. How strange that such a religion—a religion that those who are friends to no religion at all denounce as one of the most foolish forms of faith that can be conceived—should at the present time thrive; and strange, too, that in West Africa, for instance, it should be to some extent spreading. Think for a moment if we take a hundred as the basis of our calculation, that thirty or so will represent the Christians; but how many to the hundred are the Mohammedans, think you? Half as many as there are Christians. I believe in "Howe's Physical Atlas," from which I am mentally quoting, Mohammedans are placed as fifteen parts, while Christians are only put as two. Is it not then, my dear friends, right that there should have been a conference on such a subject as

this, and that those who are qualified to entertain the subject should have conferred together ; and may we not look with the deepest interest to the results of that conference as showing themselves in increased effort in the Mohammedan world? For my own part I share the hope expressed, I think, by Sir Bartle Frere, in his admirably-written work on East Africa, in which he seems to ascribe such progress as has been made by Mohammedanism to the fact that Mohammedanism tends always, especially among such classes as the African natives, to raise them in the social scale, to civilize them, and to call them up into a position superior to that which they at present enjoy ; and I learn from this most valued source that the converts to Mohammedanism are received on the easiest terms. What can be more captivating to one of those poor forlorn West or East Africans than to find himself suddenly raised from the lowest point of social degradation to share, as it were, the honours of the masters of the country to which they belong? These, I believe, are the reasons why Mohammedanism is making some degree of despairing advance, and we may thankfully rejoice that our Society has at once seen the deep necessity of meeting the evil of this marvellous, and in some degree mysterious, effort on the part of a false religion. With all thankfulness must we have heard about the increase everywhere and the development of the native pastorate. Oh, my dear friends, there is nothing that can give us more true and real encouragement than seeing that God the Holy Ghost is now speaking to those darkened nations through people speaking their own language. We may rejoice, too, at another sign —a sign that perhaps we should pass over as scarcely worthy of our notice, but it is a very important sign—namely, that those native Churches are beginning to realize the duty of being self-sustaining. We do not for one moment take what I may speak of as a mere mercantile or pecuniary view of the matter. It is a blessing that it should be so that, taking a mercantile view of the matter, the funds needed may be transferred elsewhere ; but I ask you to look deeper into it—look at the motives when those poor souls with so little are ready to spend that little in sustaining the Church to which they belong! What does that say for their sincerity and their earnestness? We all

of us belong to a country that estimates, very often, a man's earnestness by his liberality, and in this case we see that out of their deep poverty these native Churches are beginning to glorify God by sustaining themselves. And the report also reminds us that they are going one step further, and God be praised for it, they are now beginning to send out missions. This is the most encouraging thing —they are beginning to send out missions to their own poor darkened brethren. I might name many instances, but I could perhaps hardly choose one more instructive than that connected with the Yoruba-land Mission. There we know very well the moral tone of the people is very low. The poor inhabitants of Yoruba-land are very dark, and yet amid all this they are struggling, through district visitors and others, to go forth and teach their brethren. I forget whether the words were read ; but if they were, I may venture to read them again : "District visitors voluntarily labour as evangelists among their heathen and Mohammedan fellow-townsmen." And again, in another portion of the same paper, it is said that "those poor creatures are now going forward in the strength of the Holy Ghost to preach and to do the duty of apostles and missionaries." Do not, then, my dear friends, these things give us all great and ever-increasing ground for thanks that a future, and a mighty future, is opening before us. Whether we look to the Church in Africa, to which such deeply interesting allusions have been made by my valued friend, our President, or whether we look at cultivated India, we see and we read in the statements of those who are qualified to inform us the same encouraging facts. I read, for instance, in reference to poor uncultivated Africa, this very, very fruitful remark of Sir Bartle Frere : "Tribes seem only to need that moral bend which is supplied by Christianity." It is as though Africa was now wanting— Africa was now appealing to us for help, as in the case of that Nyanza Mission. Oh, how that speaks to earnest hearts when the heathen King of Uganda sends for Christian missionaries to come to him, and when, thank God, our liberality towards the mission that is fitting out has not been wanting. If there is any mission that I might venture to commend more particularly to your goodwill than another, it is the mission which, as we have heard, is

working its way from the eastern coast of Africa towards its centre—that Nyanza Mission which will very soon be gathered together, and go forth to its mighty work. And last of all, have we not also great encouragement from what is going on in such a country as India? I do not know that I could do better than to quote two or three sentences from what has been stated by a most competent and at the same time a most unprejudiced observer, a distinguished professor of Sanscrit, Professor M. Williams, who has lately come back from India, and published his impressions of that country in a deeply interesting letter that appeared in the *Times*. In that letter I noticed these words. He spoke of Christianity, and his remark was that it was doing much by way of education. I venture to think that the distinguished professor in some degree undervalued what Christianity is now doing in India; but at any rate he bore witness to this fact, that it is furthering education, and education is causing a great upheaving of thought and of old creeds. He adds further the encouraging statement that the ancient fortress of Hinduism is being undermined, and he says in addition to all this, that our Indian missionaries know full well that the complete disintegration of ancient faiths is in progress in the upper strata of Indian society. What encouragement, my dear friends, is there in words such as these. What calls now seem to be addressed to us on every side. Persia now opening herself to us; India gradually changing; more readers than were ever known before in the Punjaub. Our dear Lord and Master seems calling to us to go forward to our mighty labours, and can we, I ask, resist the call? There must be more men, more money, more enthusiasm. It is Christ our Master who calls; wherefore, my dear friends, let us obey the heavenly calling, and as well as we may, go forward.

II. Progress of Modern Unbelief, and Christian Missions. *By* Rev. G. S. Barrett.

There are a great many signs in our modern English life which seem to me to threaten the earnestness and vitality of our Christian work. The absorbing pursuit of wealth, the undermining of the spiritual tone of our Churches by

the habits and luxuries of an advanced civilization, the introduction into England of a great many things which had far better have been kept across the channel, and, above all, the prevalence of what threatens to be England's national vice, the love of drink, are all signs of evil omen in our modern English life. But I refer to another danger, when I say that Christian missions may be entering upon a new and more perilous period of their history. I refer to the perils to which Christian missions and the faith which underlies them are exposed from the progress of modern unbelief, and that is the subject on which I wish to say a few words. I need not take up your time by proving the existence of a vast amount of unbelief in Europe at the present day. The signs of it you see everywhere. A very distinguished writer has assured us with a confidence which, at least, proves that dogmatism is not confined to theologians, that Christianity has been touched by the spirit of the age, and is melting away. There can be no doubt that our position in regard to Christian missions is very different from what the position of our fathers fifty years ago was. They had to defend the preaching of Christ to the heathen; we are challenged as to the Christ we preach. It is no longer a question of whether it be right to send the Gospel to all nations; it is, "Have we any Gospel at all to send?" I myself think, however, that the present phase of unbelief will not last very long; but the religious atmosphere of Europe at present reminds me of what some of us have seen in the morning when we have been in Scotland, when the mist has crept up from the valley, and very soon all the landscape—even the very mountains themselves—have been hidden from view. Something like that mist has been creeping over the landmarks of religious faith to-day; and I do not wonder that a great many Christian people are very seriously concerned about it. Will you permit me just to say this one word by way of consolation? Do not forget that, though the mist may conceal the mountains, it cannot remove them; and though men do not see for a time the great realities of our faith, though we are told that Christianity is melting away—wait a little, wait till the sun shines again, wait till the light of God's truth bursts out upon this modern unbelief, and then see if our Christianity is melting away. Like the

mountains, it stands fast for ever and ever. But though the great fact of our Christian faith thus stands fast, our allegiance to it may be shaken; and that is what I am afraid of. And it seems to me that there are two ways in which this spirit of the age may affect our hearty allegiance to the great realities of the Christian faith. First of all, there is a danger that we may hold with a slackened grasp, in consequence of the discussions of recent times, the great truth which, I venture to say, is the foundation of every missionary society; that there is only one Saviour and Prince of mankind, and that is the Lord Jesus Christ. The way in which this doubt, this loosening of our faith, begins is very gradual. It is not denied that Christ is a Saviour; it is not denied that Christ is one of the great religious teachers of the race; but what is questioned is this: Is He the only Saviour? Is He the only religious teacher of the race? That is the way in which the doubt begins, and then presently some one comes forward, and suddenly parades before us the truth, as if it were a recent discovery of the spirit of the age—that God reveals Himself in many ways to man. Why, we had learned that long ago. It lies on the first page of St. John's Gospel—"The light is shining in the darkness; but the darkness comprehendeth it not." And then books are written—and I am not here to say a single word against these books—on the religions of mankind. They are very learned books; they are very charming books to read, but they are books confessedly dealing, not with the facts—the sad, terrible facts—of heathenism, as our missionaries see them with their own eyes every day, but they deal with the philosophy, the ethical teaching of the founders of these faiths; and let me say, they do not give us all their ethical teaching. They take great care to pick out a few grains of gold from amidst a multitude of sand. Books are written, and then this doubt begins to feel a little more courage, and stands up, and commences to quote Mr. Tennyson. Doubt is very fond, by the way, of quoting Tennyson—fonder than it is of quoting the New Testament—and it says, "God fulfils Himself in many ways." Here in Europe is one way, there in China is another way, in India is another way, and the result is this at the end, that even though some reverence be retained for Christ as a religious

teacher, it is only the reverence given to Him as one amongst many. He has no more exclusive claim on the homage and faith of mankind than Confucius or Buddha, we are told: He is one of the great religious reformers of the race. Now, what is very remarkable is this: this kind of unbelief is very much offended if you call it unbelief. I call it unbelief, and unbelief of the deadliest kind; but it prefers to call itself broad theology. One thing at least is certain, it may be broad theology, but it is not the theology of the apostles of Christ. The men that lived with the Lord Jesus, who knew most of His mind, did not believe for one moment that religion was like food, simply a question of taste, for a race. They did not believe that truth varied with different degrees of longitude. All through their writings, from first to last, you can trace this conviction running, burning like a fire in their bones,—"Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name given under heaven among men, whereby we may be saved." They may have been in doubt about a great many things in connection with the revelation of Christ; there was no uncertainty here. The rock on which they built everything was this—not a philosophy, not an opinion, but a solid, impregnable, historical fact. We have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world." Other revelations *from* God to man? Why, they never denied it. Their own Judaism was one of the principal ones; but no other revelation *of* God, no other incarnation, save this, "The Word was made flesh." This is the final, complete utterance of God's will for man—"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners hath spoken in times past, hath in these latter days spoken unto us by His Son." Now, I do not pretend to say how far this so-called broad theology has become the theology of any of our ministers or Churches; but I do venture to say this—if it has become the theology of any of our Churches, do not look to them for any very constant or considerable help in the missionary enterprise—and if ever (which may God forbid!) it should become the leading theology of our Churches, I think you may date from that day the beginning of the end of our missionary enterprise. I do not say that our missionary societies won't go on for a time. Machinery does not stop all at once when you shut off the

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steam; nor do missionary societies; but they will stop, nevertheless. I am sure that there is no power, no spiritual force, strong enough to drive the wheels of the mighty work of the evangelization of the world, save that power which springs from the conviction that as there is one mathematics, one science, just as true in China as here in England, so there is but one religion, one Saviour, one King, who is King of kings, and Lord of lords. But we are told that all this is nonsense. We have been informed that it is quite possible for our missionary societies to go on doing their work, although we may not hope to convert the world to Christianity. It is said to us, "You forget that Christianity is more than a religion; it is a civilization as well. Well, now, let your missionaries take their printing-presses and their books, and do not forget to put in a few copies of Matthew Arnold's work (he is growing now in grace and peace)—the old St. Matthew is a little worn out—and let them go out to the heathen, content with the humbler work, but not less useful, of educating and refining and civilizing these savage races." Very well; but before we turn our missionary societies into limited companies for the promotion of civilization, I want to ask this question, "Where are the missionaries to come from?" Who is going to take the printing-press, the books, and all these copies of Matthew Arnold's works into the distant and rude nations of the world? Why, you won't find the men. I never yet heard of a band of cultured unbelievers, even though they might have discovered the secret of Jesus, saying, "We will give up father and mother, and houses and lands, and even writing for the *Contemporary Review* itself. We will give up all these things for the sake of civilization? We will go to Cannibal Island, if you like; they may eat us, but it won't matter; we do not count our lives dear to us for civilization's sake." I never heard the names of any of these self-denying heroes of culture. The fact is, civilization is just about as selfish as human nature is. It objects to be eaten. It prefers (I do not blame it for preferring, because it is civilization) the sweet reasonableness of society at home to being called, as my brother is, a foreign devil in Shanghai, or being cooked and eaten in some island of the South Seas. On the other hand, who are the men of whom the world is not worthy who have gone out leaving their

English life and English homes? They have not been inspired by a passion for civilization—no, they are the successors of the apostles, the true Apostolical Succession this. I do not think we wanted a second in Madagascar. They are the successors of Paul and Barnabas—men who hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus. Ask them the secret of their devotion to the missionary cause; ask them why many of them deliberately abandoned the chances of intellectual distinction in England; ask them why they have gone out, some of them to live in countries where to live means to suffer—and they will tell you, not for civilization, but for the sake of Him who, of His own deep and infinite love, has looked down upon us and said, "For My sake and the Gospel's." Of course they carried something more than the Gospel with them; or I would rather put it thus—because they carried the Gospel, they carried something more with them. The missionaries of Christ have always been missionaries of civilization. As a matter of fact, and it has been alluded to again and again on this platform, the missionaries of the Lord Jesus Christ have always been the pioneers in the work of civilization. Who began the work in Madagascar? Our missionaries. Who began the work in the South Seas? Not "The Earl and the Doctor." Earls and doctors, you know, go to visit South Sea Islands; they do not go to civilize, but to criticise. "I came, I saw (for a day), I criticised," is their motto. But who did the work there? Why, our missionaries. Who carried the printing-press into the heart of South Africa? Who made the road there, along which perhaps fifty years hence some conceited critic of missionary work will travel? Who, but that dear and honoured friend Dr. Moffat, who seems like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth fruit, not merely in season, but in old age? Who are doing the work of culture and civilization all over the world to-day—who but the missionaries of Christ? All this is true. But—I say it openly—I scorn to rest the claims of a missionary society on the civilizing work which our missionaries are doing, and I say again, the faith, the only faith that is the inspiration and strength of this missionary work; the faith that animated such men as Henry Martyn, and Carey, and John Williams, and our own Moffat—was not the faith that

believed in the spelling-book and printing-press only: it believed in them, but it believed in something far nobler than them; it believed that India, and China, and Africa needed Christ as much as Europe did; it believed that Christ came into the world to save sinners, not in Europe alone. It was a faith that yearned with a changeless loyalty to the throne of Christ, to see Him crowned King of kings, and Lord of lords. Touch that faith, weaken it, you weaken the very mainspring of our modern missionary enterprise; abandon that faith, and our missionary societies will not last twenty years. Of course this does not imply that we think that our Christianity should take the same form of intellectual expression or ecclesiastical organization in the East that it does in the West. We do not care about the form. Let the water of life take its shape from the vessel that holds it. All we care about is this: it is the water of life, and it is because we believe it is, because that river flows from beneath the throne of God and of the Lamb; that on its banks, and there alone, grows the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; it is because we believe this that we cannot but dig the channels into every land, ay, into the desert and the solitary place, that into every spot the life-giving stream may flow; and it shall come to pass—for the old words are true to-day—that everything which moveth, whithersoever the river shall come, shall live. I have not left myself time to do more than just briefly refer to the second danger to which our missionary enterprise is exposed from the spirit of the age. I refer to the temporary decay—for I believe it is only temporary—which modern doubt is introducing in our belief in the future punishment of sin. There was a time—I daresay it is within the recollection of most of us here—when the principal motive appealed to at the public meetings of this Society in the support of it was the eternal doom that awaited the nations that knew not God. That time has gone by. The very phrase, "the perishing heathen," I do not remember to have heard for years. We seldom hear anything at our missionary meetings of the danger or the judgment which the nations that die without Christ may incur from Christ's hands. Now, I say frankly, I do not regret this. "We make no judgment as to the final and eternal condition of the heathen." But what I ask is this:

Is there no judgment being made—a judgment the reverse of the old and terrible one? It was once assumed that, because they were heathen, without a doubt they would perish everlastingly. It seems now to be assumed equally without doubt, that because they are heathen they shall be saved everlastingly. I speak with great diffidence, and with a sense of responsibility; but I think I see indications of a spirit amongst our Churches which, if it means anything, means this: that the perils of moral probation in England vanish when you reach China or India. We seem to forget that there is quite as much danger in an unscriptural charity as there is from an unscriptural severity. At any rate, I am not sure that the deep and intense yearnings which the founders of this Society felt for the souls of the heathen, that intense longing for their salvation, the longing which, in tears and prayers, laid the foundation of this Society—I am not at all certain that that yearning and longing are not becoming rare amongst us; and it is no sign for good if they be. Whatever theory you may hold as to the future state of the heathen—and I confess frankly I have none—this is certain: that any theory that lessens your concern to preach Christ to them is by that fact self-condemned. Refuse, if you like, to speculate as to their eternal condition, but do not refuse to preach Christ to them. Whilst we are discussing, they are sinning—sinning, it is true, without law; but I remember that there are words—words dark and mysterious, I know, but whose very darkness may cover some judgment for them—"For as many as have sinned without law shall perish without law." At any rate this is certain: whatever their responsibility—and we can leave it with our God—our responsibility is clear. We are entrusted with the Gospel, and it is ours to obey Christ's command, "Go ye out into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." I heard the other day a simple but touching story—many of you may have heard it; if so, you will forgive my repeating it—which perhaps may serve not only to conclude these remarks, but to deepen our sense of the enormous mass of work that yet remains to be done. A company, I think of gipsies, had encamped near a town. A lady who was occupied in doing the Master's work, and going to seek the lost, asked permission to be allowed to enter one of the

vans. After some delay, she was allowed; and she found upon entering, a poor boy lying on a wretched bed, and evidently at the very point of death. She spoke to him kindly, but she received no answer. Then stooping down, she whispered in his ear the old verse, and oh, what a biography God is writing of that verse! "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." There was no reply. A second time she repeated the same words, and a second time no notice was taken of what she said; and then a third time kneeling down, she whispered into his ear the same words; and then the eyes already glazed in death opened, and the thin white lips moved, and the whisper came out, "Nobody never told me this before, but thank Him kindly for it." What a rebuke to us, brethren, in those words. At this moment there are myriads of men and women and little children for whom Christ died, and whom He loves as much as He loves you and me, who, if they were to hear that old verse, "God so loved the world," would say, "Nobody never told me this before." There are hearts, dark and degraded I know, foul with all the nameless vices of heathenism; but hearts that Christ's blood can cleanse, that might turn to Him with a look of love, and say, "Thank Him kindly for it." I ask you, I ask myself, "What are we doing to tell the world of the infinite love of God in Christ?" Others will speak to you of the claims of this Society; but I, as the son of a missionary, and the brother of a missionary, cannot sit down without saying one word to the young men. I see numbers of young men present here to-day. Many of you are hoping to become heads of large business establishments in this city; many of you, I daresay, have the ambition to take your share in the great political agitations of the State. It is an honourable ambition; but a nobler ambition is before you. The love of Christ may constrain you, and, filled with the grandeur and glory of Christ's kingdom, that kingdom which shall have no end, you may to-day on your knees say to Him, "Lord, thou hast said the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; Lord, wilt Thou take me as one of the labourers for Thy harvest?" It may require sacrifices, but you will not speak of sacrifice to

Christ in the presence of His Cross. Men may sneer at you, or blame you; even your friends may question your motives; but that will not move you. You have given up your life to the noblest of all works; the work that an archangel which surrounds the throne of God may well envy—the work of preaching Christ to the heathen. That is enough. And often and often when you go to your work in the far-distant land amidst days of loneliness and toil, away from all the English love and English home which now surrounds you, Christ will come, and, oh! He will come with that look and smile which means, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Talk of sacrifice with Christ's look thus upon you! You will say—

> "Happy if with my latest breath
> I may but speak His name;
> Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
> Behold, behold, the Lamb!"

III. Working with God. *By* Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

I am always sorry when you cheer me at the commencement, because you little know how you will be disappointed. If you will read the report, I think you will be greatly pleased with it. It is not only full of interesting matter, but it is exceedingly well written. I cannot say that I am a general admirer of reports. I usually find, when I cannot sleep at night, that a report is one of the best things I can take. But this report lacks the soporific element altogether, and there are many admirable sentences in it worth quoting. I shall quote one or two, perhaps, before I have done, as I could not say anything so good myself. The spirit of gratitude reigns supreme in the hearts of all who have done anything for the Society; but I earnestly hope that you who have not done anything will not feel much personal gratitude, but rather feel a little shame at not having had a share in that for which the rest have a right to be grateful. We will begin by being honest, and every man who has contributed his mite will now bless and magnify the Lord that there has been a somewhat larger harvest. If we have not sown one single grain of it, perhaps it were better that repentance should take the place of a spirit of gratitude, and that reformation should

follow, and that we should begin at once to do something for the Master. Yet, even with you there may be gratitude that others have done the work if you have not. So we will altogether join in praising, and blessing, and magnifying the Lord that somewhat better has been done this year than last year, and that God has smiled upon our work. I am grateful for the success of which the report speaks. It is a great blessing to have success. Of course we all know —at least, all those who have empty chapels know—that large congregations are no criterion of success. Large numbers of persons added to a Church are no evidence of the Divine blessing whatever; in fact, there may be a greater blessing resting upon empty pews than upon a full house, and if a Church decreases sensibly from year to year, that may be only a proof of the high faithfulness of the man who would not condescend to a theology so popular and so vulgar that it draws the multitude. You know how the thing is done. Now I, who do not sympathize with that, nevertheless say that I am thankful for success; but I feel in my heart a deeper gratitude to God for permission to work for Him. I could bow at His feet and bless His name if He would only let me be a little ant, and live at His feet; if He only would not crush me, and let me live there, and carry grains of sand for Him throughout eternity. It seems to me to be one of the highest gifts of His grace to be permitted to take any share whatever in His grand enterprise of the salvation of the sons of men, and I invite you to be grateful to-night that God smiles on our success; and even if there had not been any success, I should invite you to be grateful that He permits you to serve Him. I think we lack one evidence of the perfect reconciliation of our souls to God until we get to do something for Him. I have pictured to my mind sometimes the younger son coming home to his father, and his father falling on his neck and kissing him, and waking that great festival with music and dancing. But I can imagine the father when the market-day came round, sending the elder son to market to sell the corn and the fat beasts, and the younger son being kept at home; and I can suppose the father saying to himself, "I don't know; I love my younger son, but I can't trust him. I don't think it right to put him in any position of responsibility as yet." And I can suppose that might go

on for weeks and months, the younger son being always kept at home, occupied upon such duties as might be allotted to him, but never being allowed to do anything that required trust, and at last the feeling came in his heart: "My father, I have no doubt, has gone as far in forgiveness as he can, but he has not forgotten, and I can see that my elder brother is always sent where there is any responsibility and trust, and my father cannot trust me yet." I think he would feel it in his inmost soul. And it would only be at last when his father would entrust him with some treasure, some family heirloom, or send him out upon some important work, that he would say: "At length I have the child's place again; I have got back full into my father's heart, and now I am as dear to him as my eldest brother." Paul seemed to feel something of that kind when he thanked God that He had put Him in trust with the Gospel. It was the grandest trust that can be given, and He trusted such a sinner as Saul of Tarsus with it, and he thanked God, saying, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all the saints, is this grace given that I should preach amongst the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." It becomes a token of complete reconciliation when the Lord allows us to get to work for Him in that department which is the dearest to His heart, which He accounts as the apple of His eye, for which, in fact, the Saviour shed His blood. Moreover, I do not see how our sense of oneness to Christ could ever have been perfected if we had not been permitted to work for Christ. If He had been pleased to save us by His precious blood, and then leave us with nothing to do, we should have had fellowship with Christ up to a certain point, but (I speak from experience) there is no fellowship with Christ that seems to me to be so vivid, so real to the soul, as when you get to try and win a soul for Him. Oh, when you come to battle with that soul's difficulties, to weep for that soul's hardness; when you come to set the arguments of Divine mercy before it, and find yourself foiled; when you are in a very agony of spirit, and feel that you could die sooner than that soul should perish, then you get to read the heart of Him whose flowing tears, and bloody sweat, and dying wounds showed you how much He loved poor fallen mankind. You must have something of this sort to do. The Church wants

mission work to lift her up to a proper elevation, in which she may begin to know the great heart of Christ in the right sense, and to understand something of Him who came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. I felt, when coming here, that I would give anything to get off the task, because I feel utterly incompetent to deliver a missionary speech; but I question whether any man ever spoke in a tone equal to the weight of this wondrous subject—missions, the work of evangelizing the world. Ah, ye orators! if this were a fit theme for you, you might expend yourselves there. All human eloquence and forcible speech might quail before such a mighty subject. I shall not attempt to measure it, but will say a few words to you on the privilege which God has granted to us in allowing us to be co-workers with Him in the gathering out of His elect from among mankind, and in the ultimate conquest of the entire world for Christ. For I believe to this moment in the ultimate winning of the whole world for Christ. I cannot go in for that theory of the ship breaking up out there and cannot be saved, and that we have to snatch a few off the wreck. It is a most pleasant theory, because it allows one to sleep at night, and not be troubled about men's souls. I like nothing that makes me feel easy about my fellow-creatures' souls. I always denounce as error that which operates upon my spirit to make me less concerned about the immediate salvation of my fellow-men. It is a high privilege that God has given us to be associated with Him in this work. In the creation He made the world alone; yet when He put the man into the garden, He bade him dress and keep it; there was a little fellowship between man and his Maker in creation—not much. Then came redemption, and in the payment of that wondrous price by which we were redeemed we could have no communion; He must pay it all who has (blessed be His name!) paid it all. But then in the application of that redemption there is an opportunity given us to have fellowship with Jesus. In the telling out of the good news, and in being the instrument under God of impressing men's hearts, the Holy Spirit working through us, we are enabled to have most extraordinary communion with Christ, much closer fellowship with Christ than some have ever yet attributed to human

agency. It is a very wonderful thing that Paul should speak of those who were begotten of him, and yet in another place should say he travaileth in birth for them; as if, taking the two sides of parentage, he became in all respects the spiritual parent of men's souls. It is marvellous to me how much God can use us poor creatures, and how wonderfully he deigns to put the treasure into the earthen vessel, so that if you want the treasure, you must have the earthen vessel too. Now, this enterprise of winning the world for Christ is looked upon by some with a degree of dread, if not of unbelief, because it is so stupendous. Oh, sir, it is to me the very charm of the thing. If our Lord had said, "My children, purchased with My blood, I will give you some little tasks, some easy work to do," why, manhood had never been lifted up as now it is. The world, with all its millions to be made to bow before Emanuel's feet through the agency of the Church of God!—the idea is marvellous. Lord, what is man that Thou art so mindful of him as to entrust him with such a work as this? or the son of man, that Thou dost so visit him? Truly, Thou hast made him lower than the angels; but Thou hast in this thing, as well as in many others, in association with Thy dear Son, crowned Him with glory and honour. A small conflict! It would seem as if God had not trusted us with His great heart. But a stupendous work like this —a work which involves eternity—a work which takes in countless multitudes of men throughout the ages,—to entrust us with this is a wondrous reincarnation of Himself in His Church, and a living over again in His people the life of soul-winning. I think if Christ had said, "My dear children, I trust you with England; go and evangelize it; take the British Islands, all of them," I hope by this time we should have been at His feet with many tears, and saying, "Lord, let us try France; there are some people across in Brittany very like the Welsh. Lord, include them." And I think after a while some bold brother would have said, "Gracious Master, let us try all the Latin races. Enlarge our commission; let us go to them." And if our brother Wall had succeeded in Rome, and other missionaries elsewhere, there would be some saying, "Let us pray God that as India belongs to Great Britain we may go there." We should always have been asking to have our

commission extended, I think, if we loved Him well; and as we do love Him well, (oh, that we loved Him better!) let us be glad that the commission is so great; let us go at the work in His name with all the strength that we have, and all the strength that He is prepared to give us. "But the odds are so deadly," says somebody; superstition is so strong; the wisdom of men stands out so against the Gospel, especially in India; what can we do? Would you like the battle to be less mighty than it is? Where is your chivalry then? I think God is acting with us something like the English king when his son was fighting with the French. He felt that he was hardly driven, and he sent a messenger to his father to ask for succour. "No," said the king, "he is doing very well, and I won't mar the victory by sending more help; let him fight it out." Good Lord! I would not have the battle of my life made less stern than it is. Give me more strength. That is a far better alternative. We do not want the sceptic to be less wise: the Lord make us to use better "the foolishness of preaching." We do not want the superstition of mankind, as far as we are concerned, to be less fierce and strong than it is; nay, but let us have greater courage in the blessed Gospel, and hold up more light to scare these bats and owls away. A thing that might be easily done would not show so much of the Divine condescending trustfulness in us. "But, behold," he seems to say, "I will give them this great, this stern, this impossible task to do, and I will be with them even to the end of the world, and they shall win the victory, and great shall be the glory which they shall bring to My name." Let the odds, then, stand as they are, and the difficulties be as stupendous as they are. "But oh!" says one, "the weary time! Here we have been nearly nineteen centuries trying to convert the world." No, you have not. There were years in which missionary work was carried on, but there was a long dark night in which nothing was done and everything was undone, and Romanism was getting darker and blacker, and clouding the light instead of spreading it. It is eighty-five years—is it not?—since missionary enterprise began. And then, in the first years, how little it was! We have not been long at it. Your report says, "Our Lord has put to a divinely generous use the small efforts of His Church." I am sure that is true.

It is little that has been done—very little. And don't talk about time. What are eighty-five years? Little more than one man's lifetime. For such a work we must not begin to talk about length of years. "But where is the promise of His coming?" say you. It is where it always was, where the faithful rejoice in it; but they are not everlastingly quoting it in impatience to complain of Him, or as an argument to desist from work or to become unbelieving. He will come time enough; but for my part I will rejoice if He comes now: I will rejoice, if I live to see it, if He does not come for ten thousand years, because one likes to know that Christ gives to His Church now a long trust, a long fight, and a long work to do. We shall be in heaven very, very soon, (would God that all in this hall might be translated to the skies!) and one would like in heaven to have something to recollect of what was done here below; and if one could have fifty years of service crowded full of work for Christ, one might praise the Lord for that, and think over the incidents with grateful adoration for ever. The Church must have some history as well as her history written yonder in a blaze of light for her greatest honour; and the greatest honour she can do her Master comes from the history written in blood, and the history written in toil and sweat, by her missionaries among the sons of men. Somebody has complained of the great expense. My friends, this must not be. For who is he that will complain save only one, who said, "Wherefore is this waste? This ointment might have been given to the poor"? If the Lord Jesus had given us an enterprise which might be safely carried out without any sacrifice, at the expenditure of a few pence per annum—which seems to me to be the notion that some Christian men have of missions—we might go on our knees, and say, "Lord, give us something to do that will take up more of our money; Lord, we have no room for the alabaster boxes now; we cannot find Thee here to break them on Thy head and pour out the sacred nard; we cannot find out what to do." Here you see, in infinite condescending trustfulness, Christ has given us work to do which will take up all the money we have got. As much as we can possibly bring can be profitably used in this work of the extension of the Master's kingdom. And so let it be. We ought to be glad of it, and thank

Him for having given us such a work as this. Oh! what a grand scale is that on which God hath made all things that hath to do with Christ's redemption! Sir, I believe in immortal souls; and I believe in redemption from death and hell, and a redemption to heaven and eternal glory. I believe that interests that will never know an end hang upon the preaching of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ; therefore, I thank God that in a work so wonderful as to be nothing less than Divine, a work which will want all the ages fully to develop it, He has been pleased to associate such poor creatures as we are, who, though we are poor, are next akin to Deity Himself, for between us and God there standeth but that One who is God, and, blessed be His Name, He is Man, too! He has lifted up His redeemed people, and now, having made them sons, He bids them do the Son's work, and go forth for the conversion of the multitude whom He hath redeemed with His precious blood. Oh, that we could rise to the magnitude of the scale in which God works, and begin to feel that—

> "Love so amazing, so Divine,
> Demands our soul, our life, our all."

I should like to express my intense satisfaction with the missionaries of this society. I feel grateful to know that the missionaries rise to a sense of the responsibility that God has laid upon them. It has been in my way to meet with a good many lately, and to have correspondence with some more; and I can mention, too, some missionaries' wives that are worth their weight in gold. There is a work doing in Calcutta that shall make the name of my dear sister, Mrs. Rouse, famous among women. I bless the Lord that there is a Divine, earnest spirit amongst our missionaries, who (if not all yet, such as I know) are the very men that ought to be sent out, and they will, God helping them, do their work right gloriously. But the Society wants more men, and I have been running my eye over all the young men here especially, thinking whether I should say to them, "In the name of God, thus saith the Lord out of the thick darkness wherein He dwelleth, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" And I pray that the seraphim may touch with the live coal from off the altar some lip here, that some heart may lead up to the lip, and say, "Here am I, send me." I hope there are many such. I dream of Carey

still hammering at the last; I dream of the village schoolmaster still willing to go forth and teach the heathen. I dream of boys sitting at the chimney-corner who shall hear of what God is doing, and as they grow up shall become Marshmans and Knibbs. I pray God it may be so. Pray for men, brethren. A man is more precious than the gold of Ophir—a man who stands out with consecrated spirit. O God, if we had such men! A few more fresh ones, how they might stir us all up to do more than we have ever dreamed of for the cause of Christ! Well, but we want more money, too. Yes, and you have got it. God has trusted His Church with money to a wonderful extent. I am persuaded that we must rise to a higher style of giving before the Lord will ever bless the nations through us to any great extent. Was not that well said, that our luxuries cost us more than our Lord? Will you think of that, some of you? Will you try to see if it is not true? Put down any one of your luxuries. Luxuries! Why, there are some whose stockings cost them more in a year than they ever give to Christ. More is spent on one's neck or foot, more sometimes on one's little finger, than was given in the year for Christ. Some of those diamond rings ought to go into the plate to-night. And there are plenty of other things we might do for Christ. I hear a brother sometimes say that he gives his tithe. And what wonderful sums people would give if they gave their tithes punctually and regularly for Christ! But I hope there are some of us who would never come down to a tithe, or to a half, who would not dare to go to our beds if we had not given more than half of what God has given to us. A tithe may be heavy to a man of one estate; but to another man it would be but a trifle to give away half of what he has. The first consideration of a Christian man ought to be, "How much can I do for Christ?" He pays his way, of course; but, that being done, he says to himself, "I must cut down everything but my Lord. If I belong to Him, and all that I have, for Him I must live." "Ah!" you say, "yours is Utopian talk." I know it is for some of you, but it is not so for some who, having tasted and tried it, do confess that the more they give the more they have; and, better still, they do not glory in having more, since it only brings more responsibility; but it gives them joy and peace to be able

to consecrate their substance to their Lord. The heathen are perishing! Are you going to accumulate money? The heathen are perishing! they are sinking into hell! You believe in no higher hope by which they will come out of it; you believe they are lost for ever, at least, most of you; and shall the little account of consols be added, or souls be saved? Shall you look out for accumulating a fortune, getting your name in a corner of the *Illustrated London News* as having died worth so much; or shall souls be saved, or, at least, shall your part of the work of consecration be done towards the work of their salvation? Let each man answer for himself—not to-night, but in the quiet of his soul before the living God. And, dear friends, we must get up higher still in praying about missions. I know some men can get anything they like in prayer. Oh, for some five hundred Elijahs, each one upon his Carmel, crying unto God! and we should soon have the clouds bursting with showers. Prayer! Yes, that was the right way to begin moving that debt—to pray about it. Oh, for more prayer—more constant, incessant mention of the mission cause in prayer! and then the blessing will be sure to come. Some mention was made of the sovereignty of God, and the way in which it crippled some of our forefathers. I believe in the sovereignty of God to the very full, and in predestination. I believe God appoints us to work with all our hearts for Him. I believe in the sovereignty that gives to any one of us the opportunity of doing all we can. But you know in the old days those very good people that were so very sound, though they defended the faith and held the fort, storming the fort did not occur to them. They were like a pew that I saw in a parish church the other day—very high, quite shut out, and spikes all over the top—so that no irregular sinner should come in. Now, we have got out of that system. We have taken the spikes down; the doors will open, and we invite others in. Well, that is a right spirit. God grant that we may keep on with it! not giving up precious truth, but having with it a noble spirit for the glory of Christ. I meet with some few still who are very firm and staunch, and very strong, who do not go with any very active effort; and they are like a tree that I saw in New Forest some time ago—an iron beech. You could not possibly cut it; it would break your knife

or your axe before you could make a mark upon it. There are some few such, but it is a pity to waste knives and axes upon them. The thing is to go on to some that can be moulded and moved, and I would say to such, "Dear friends, you sometimes say, 'Will the heathen be saved if we do not send the missionaries?' I will ask you another question, 'Will you be saved if you do not send out any missionaries?' because I have very serious doubts about whether you will." Do not smile. The man that does nothing for His Master, will he be saved? The man that never cares about the perishing heathen, is he saved? Is he like Christ? If he be not like Christ, and have not the spirit of Christ, then he is none of His. "Well," says a young man, "I have been arguing with myself whether I should go." I will tell you another thing to argue. Take it for granted that you ought to go, unless you can prove that you should not. Every Christian man is bound to give himself to the Master's work in that department which most needs him, and that is foreign missions, unless he can prove to his own satisfaction that he ought not, and that he has not the gift. I wish that could be learned by our men. You want a call to the ministry. I believe that is right, but those who can speak well ought rather to try and show that they are not bound to preach, and if they can show that, they are excused; but they ought to go through that process first. You are bound, brother, unless you can show that God in His providence has utterly prevented you. The other night I started up in such a fright. I dreamed that my heart had stopped, and the sweat was on my brow. I had my watch on the table by my side, and it was very singular that the watch had stopped just at that very minute. I suppose my ear missed the tick, and had invented the dream that my heart had stopped. Ah! I wish that some Christian, whenever he feels that works of piety are not being carried on by him, would start up in a fright, and say, "Ah! is my heart stopped? After all, am I a Christian or not?" "By their fruits ye shall know them"—that is, other people. Don't you think you ought to know yourself very much that way? When you are doing no more for Christ, ought you not to question whether you love Him? When I was at Mentone, I heard that the land before the English came there used to be

valued by the number of olive trees on it. That is the way to value yourselves, to value the Church—by productiveness. Do you produce anything for Christ. When at Marseilles they were putting a fire in my chamber one day for my rheumatism, I saw the man putting something in the fire-place, and I asked him to let me look at it. It was what I thought, vine branches. If a vine branch bear no fruit, it is good for nothing. You cannot make it into the smallest useful article. Shall a man even hang a pot upon the fire thereby? It is good for nothing but to be burned if it be not fruitful. The fruitless efforts of a professor of science may have some sort of use; but a fruitless Christian is good for nothing. "Men gather them, and they are cast into the fire, and they are burned." I began with the privilege of working for Christ; I close with the necessity of working for Christ. If you do not bear fruit to Him, are you His disciples at all? Can you prove that you belong to Him? Salvation is not of works, but salvation produces works, and such works as those which show themselves in our missionary operations. I speak as unto wise men. Judge ye what I say. By the dying myriads I do beseech you arise to work with Christ for their salvation. By His blood and wounds, which brought you from your own destruction, cease not both to pray and to labour until the hymn with which my predecessor finished shall be heard all over the world—

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Does his successive journeys run."

IV. The Jews. *By* Rev. Dr. Moody Stuart.

I would call attention to these four things—What others are now saying of the Jews, what the Jews are now saying of themselves, what they are now saying of us, and what we may now think and say and do for them.

1. What others are saying of the Jews. On this I shall read an extract from Scotland, from England, and from France. In a number of the *Edinburgh Review* we find this passage:—

"The annals of Israel present, and have presented for

forty centuries, a unique phenomenon in history. The Jews alone have emerged, living and unchanged, from the remotest antiquity to the nineteenth century. Their present power and influence in human affairs is perhaps greater than ever it was before; and we doubt not, though probably in some manner unforeseen by the interpreters of prophecy, that the ulterior destinies of the Hebrew people will continne to mark their track in the history of mankind." The Jews as a nation have "emerged;" they have risen in our own day out of the depths of contempt and neglect, and have come to the surface again. Yet few are struck with this change, which an English writer puts in these words—

"Nothing in our time is more remarkable than the change in the kind of interest which is taken in the future and character of the Hebrew race. For ages Christians have had rather an archæological heed of the people who were their religious ancestors, and have limited their concern to the religious books and the ancient doings of a nation once the people of God, but who forfeited their right by the rejection of Christ, and virtually became heathen. Since that fatal act the Jews have been as good as dead to a vast majority of the Christian world, and have been known only as subjects of persecution and outrage of every kind. But all that is strangely changed. The lost honour of the Jews has been restored. The persecutions have ceased. The Jews are in the high places of trust and power—Ministers of Finance, Ministers of Education, peers of the realm, mayors of great cities, senators in the Assembly, close counsellers of the kings. But so silently has this change in the position of the Jewish community of late years been brought about, that it seems to have attracted very little notice. It has been accepted as a matter of course."

Again, a thoughtful French author writes:—

"The Jews attract at the present day, to a greater degree than at any previous period, the attention of the world. The cause of their long melancholy history with no vitality is written in the Old and New Testaments. It is the mystery of God's justice—the most remarkable and significant of all events recorded in the annals of humanity. But with the Jews of our day there has arisen a new

situation, evidently transitory—they float between the past and the future. They do not wish for Christianity; and they pursue with an implacable zeal those few amongst them who have believed this revelation. Yet everywhere there is, as it were, a shaking of the bones amongst Israelites. From every quarter of the globe where they are dispersed they are agitating and aspiring after a new order of things. The present time is evidently a transitionary state between the immobility of the past eighteen centuries and a future regeneration, which can only be effected by the gospel."

2. What the Jews are saying of themselves. They say, *first*, that the present state of religious opinion in this and other countries is a loud call to them to be the Lord's "witnesses;" to testify for the God of the Bible against materialism and atheism. This call they are constantly urging in their publications, and in their sermons, from which we quote a single example:—

"The Rev. Professor Marks preached at the Berkeley Street Synagogue from 2 Chronicles xxx., taking into his text the address delivered by King Hezekiah on the occasion of the festival which the Scripture describes as 'the memorable Passover.' The preacher said—We move in our own times amidst such an extraordinary transition of opinion as regards the divine element in the Bible, that we Jews require more than ever to be reminded of our sacred mission as 'witnesses of the Lord.' Rationalism and positivism were rampant, and the popular scientific literature had become so disintegrating and destructive, that it employed every artifice of speculation to discredit the idea of a revelation of moral truth. Nay, more, it ignored the bare conception of a great First Cause, denied the sovereignty of mind over matter, and treated what we Jews have reverenced as Biblical truths as things antecedently and intrinsically improbable. Observing, then, on the one hand, the credulity and extravagance of Ultramontanism, and on the other hand, the open and profane avowal of frigid Materialism, did it not seem as if the time were approaching when Jews should be reminded, as in the age of Hezekiah, that it behoved them especially to be true to their mission, and to maintain in the world the Divine element of the Bible, as it became 'the witnesses of the

Lord.' The Passover should admonish us, as it did our ancestors, to be true to our mission, and to maintain, by our teachings and by our practices, that faith in the Divine Word which is Israel's heritage; that faith which harmonises with an inward revelation; that faith which alone gives a reasonable solution of man's origin and end."

They say *next*, that it is not fair to the Jews that Christians should condemn them for sins in their character which have been burned into them by long ages of ill-treatment and persecution by Christians,—the avarice and the cunning which were once so associated with the name of "Jew," and which they own to be characteristic of many of their nation. But so far as in these respects they are worse than other men, they lay the blame on the treatment they have received from Christians. Of that treatment Lord Macaulay said in Parliament that "300 years ago the Jews had no legal right to be in England, and 600 years ago they had no legal right to the teeth in their heads." Of old God said of Israel's treatment by their enemies, "I was but a little angry and they helped forward the affliction;" and this was terribly brought out at the time of the Crusades, when their severest persecution began, as described in the following extract:—

"The massacre of the Jews *en masse* commenced in the Crusades; in the year 1096 fourteen thousand of them are said to have been killed at Mayence. These atrocities increased in number and reached their maximum in the fourteenth century. It was a common practice to fall upon them unawares. If they fled into their synagogues or houses, these were set on fire, and those who sought to escape were hurled back into the flames. Even magistrates were seen joining or even heading mobs in the perpetration of these crimes. The devastation by the black death gave rise to a universal persecution of the Jews. They were accused of having poisoned the wells, and they were put to death amidst the most exquisite tortures. The mob called 'flagellants' made it its special business to fanaticise the multitude against them. A jubilee it was thought could not be more fittingly celebrated than by a massacre of Jews. The despair to which these unfortunates were driven is betokened by the circumstance that in many places, in order to escape the tortures of their

persecutors, they threw themselves into the flames kindled for them."

In the harsh treatment of the Jews in Roumania the old spirit of bitter hatred against them still remained, if the following account can be credited:—

"In a collection of arithmetical problems, given by Roumanian teachers to their pupils as exercises in the four rules, is the following among other similar questions:—If a small town contains 4000 Jewish inhabitants, of whom 800 are thrown into the Danube and drowned, 900 killed, and 1000 stabbed during the *mêlée*, how many after a thorough pillage will there remain to be hunted down?"

This seems incredible at the present day, but it is only a faint shadow of the sufferings of Israel in the past. It is said that Israel is the only people on the earth which treasures up the memory of her calamities and keeps their anniversaries. Even the Passover, with its joyful memories, was turned into a season of sadness.

"Naturally this festival should be the most cheerful of all celebrated in Israel. And so it was for long centuries until the outburst of fanaticism connected it with recollections of the saddest and most woeful kind. It was Passover which the ferocious persecutors of the Jews selected by way of preference for those terrible charges known as the blood accusations. How often, alas! was the night called in Scripture the night of watching transformed into a season of restlessness, of unutterable woe and distress, of spoliation, torture, and murder. The most cheerful festival of the year was looked forward to with trembling and terror."

The words put into the mouth of the Jew have been sadly justified—"Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs, but of my breathing; no tears, but of my shedding."

"Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land 's a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn, where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell.

"And where shall Israel lave their bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's song again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

"Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country, Israel but the grave!"

A Jewish writer says: "It is these persecutions which have raised that terrible wall of partition which for centuries has separated Jew from Christian, has isolated the former amidst the teeming multitudes, and has excluded him from the current of thought which went on vitalising and invigorating the civilized world. It is these persecutions which have given a twist to the Jewish character, and have moulded his feelings and views." On this ground the Jews plead that their national character could not escape deterioration. They say that the strength of the Jewish character is that it does not despair; but that the worst parts of their character have been fostered by their being debarred from possessing or cultivating lands in the country, or engaging in handicrafts in the cities, and being shut up to the one resource of traffic; and that in trading with their oppressors, it was no wonder if, in retaliation, many of them learned to be money-loving, and cunning, and even dishonest; but that now when the oppression has generally ceased, the national character is steadily rising.

Of themselves the Jews say further that there appears to be the dawning of the day that will restore them to the land of their fathers. The restoration of Israel to their own land is not declared in the New Testament, and is not an article of the Christian faith; but it is hard to conceive that the promise was given to Israel that in the latter day all nations shall sit under their own vine and fig-tree, and that Israel alone, of all nations, shall have been kept alive only to sit under the strangers' vine, and under a foreign fig-tree. But their restoration to their land, though not an article of our creed, must be regarded as one of theirs. The Rationalistic Jews in Germany have deleted from their service the prayers both for their return to the land and for the restoration of the temple; but, to give up the idea and the hope of sacrifices in the temple, is virtually to abandon the Jewish religion. In Russia the old Jewish faith in these and all other respects remains for the most part unchanged; but many also of the Jews in

England look for their restoration to Palestine, and are watching with intense interest what they regard as the opening up of their way. But I shall speak of this under my next note, which is—

3. What the Jews are saying of us. *First*, they speak kindly of us as Christians. Last November, regarding what they called "the day of intercession," they wrote :—

"The 30th of this month will be a red letter day in the missionary annals of this country. On that day, at the recommendation of the Primate, intercession will be offered up by the faithful all over the kingdom and the United States for the success of the missions established for effecting the conversion of mankind to Christianity. Although we Jews may not participate in these prayers, yet we may cordially sympathise with their object, for, in comparison with the religions professed by so many Gentile nations, Christianity shines forth with great splendour."

But *next*, as endeavouring to convert them to Christianity, they look on us as enemies for the gospel's sake, and they write :—

"Ours is a time when all religion is endangered. Science, divorcing itself from all positive religion, endeavours to drag the intelligence of the civilised world after it. Everywhere attacks are made upon revealed religion, and even theism is no longer accepted by the rank and file of scientists. Materialism or nihilism is the common watchword. Is this the time for the Church to turn her weapon against a body which has a common interest with her, and which in the hour of trial should rather be treated as an ally than an enemy? Would it not be wiser for Church and synagogue to unite in order to repel the common foe and to avert the common danger?" They also maintain that "the Jews are now more numerous, more influential, better organised, and more firmly devoted to their religion than they were before the missionaries went to work."

This may be true; they have certainly advanced in number, influence, and organisation; and a greater devotion to their own religion is sometimes an indirect fruit of Christian zeal on their behalf. But it is also true that a large number out of Israel have been gathered into the

Church of Christ, and not a few of them have been exemplary Christians; and our missionaries have often said of the Israelites amongst whom they laboured, that they had little hope of their conversion to Christianity till they saw them become more earnest Jews. And it is likewise certain that since the missionaries went to work, there has been widely diffused among the Jews, as there never was before, a knowledge of Christian doctrine and of our interpretation of Old Testament texts which, by the blessing of God, will prepare the way for the reception of Christ Himself.

But further, regarding what the Jews are saying of us; notwithstanding our efforts for their conversion, which they resent, the Jews speak of the British nation as their best friends, not only for the liberty they enjoy in our land, but also for the value which we set on their Hebrew Bible. They partly mistake us in this from misapprehending how fully we regard the Old Testament as the foundation of the New, and receive them both as the halves of the one Book of God. They hold that the Hebrew Scriptures are fitted to form heroes, and the Greek Scriptures to form martyrs; and they say that in our great national struggles for religious and civil liberty we laid aside the Sermon on the Mount, and took for our watchword "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." We hold that the two halves of the Bible are one, and that, if we receive the entire book, it will make both heroes and martyrs; for "all Scripture is profitable for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." But they respect us because we reverence their Bible. In the report on your table an account is given of a young Jew in Hungary, who expressed unbounded surprise when he learned that Christians study the Old Testament and know it well. The English Jews are well aware of our esteem for their Scriptures, and therefore they cannot withhold their esteem from us. This is brought out in an interesting way in the expression of their hopes for a speedy return to their own land. Six months ago their leading periodical, the *Jewish Chronicle*, wrote in these terms:—

"The dreaded Eastern Question has at last really come to the fore. If an immediate solution is pressed, a fierce struggle must and will ensue. The Turk will not tamely

submit to the dismemberment of his dominions. He will die hard. And what will be England's part in this strife? Not another Crimean war. She will not risk a second time valuable lives and precious treasure, to aid those that cannot or will not aid themselves. But one thing England must and will do for her self-protection. The nearest way to her Indian Empire must remain open to her. She must obtain the suzerainty of Egypt, and the sovereignty of Syria. And Palestine? Let it for a time remain in the keeping of England. It is quite safe in her hands. Let it remain in her hands until its savagery has been subdued, its wastes built up, and it has become fit to be a high-road for the nations of the earth. Let it remain in the beneficent power of England until a highway is made through the desert, and Jerusalem and Cairo be joined by an iron path. We have no wish to penetrate into the mysteries of the future until Providence be pleased to cast another ray into the darkness, and light it up for the next step. Sufficient for the day is the *good* thereof. We cannot but follow with the greatest tension the complicated movements on the grand chess-board disclosed before our eyes. Our interest is deep in the game. Our fervent hope is, if the Turk is to be dispossessed of Syria, that England and no other Power will be his heir. It would be truly extraordinary if after eight centuries the days of the lion-hearted king should come back and an English army again tread the soil of Palestine. But as we have said, we must patiently await the unfolding of the designs of Providence. Thus much, however, we may say; that if Israel is to be indebted to any human agency for the realization of her highest hopes, from none would she accept this service with greater satisfaction than from the Power which of all others in Europe has manifested the profoundest veneration for the sacred records entrusted to Israel, as also for the holy men who have been instrumental in their composition, and which has in modern time exhibited such a warm and sincere interest in her fate." I make this quotation merely to show the feelings of the Jews toward Britain, notwithstanding our efforts to Christianise them.

Three weeks ago, after noticing some passing events, they write again:—

"There seems to be something providential, by way of eminence, in all these coincidences. Devout minds will not fail to perceive in this the finger of God. We will not pry into the designs of Providence. In due time the veil will be lifted and we shall see the fresh developments in store for us. At the present moment it appears to us that the design Providence seems to work at would be best promoted if, in the dissolution of the Turkish Empire, which cannot be so far off, England were impelled to extend her protecting hand over Syria. No contingency would be hailed by the Jewish people with greater satisfaction than such a turn of affairs in the East. England has given so many proofs of her friendly feeling towards the Jewish people that they could not wish to see the land of their forefathers under a safer keeping than that of Great Britain. Whatever Government is in power, whether it be Liberal or Conservative, there is no difference in its behaviour to the Jews. And if the English are not the brethren of the Jews in the flesh, as is contended by those who maintain that the Anglo-Saxons are descended from the ten tribes, they certainly act towards them as kinsmen in spirit and feeling. We have given expression to our heartfelt wishes in this matter. But Providence will, of course, go its own way. We must quietly await the disentanglement of the complications becoming thicker and thicker in the East. The solution of the problem cannot be delayed much longer."

Next, when we cannot speak to themselves face to face, let us speak to the Lord on their behalf. Prayer on their behalf is increasing, but let it be more earnest and more abundant; and especially on their Sabbath, on Friday evening or Saturday morning. When they are reading their Scriptures let us pray that their eyes may be opened, to see that "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." Let us remember them also in their annual day of sorrow and confession and supplication, the great day of Atonement. Most touching to us is the sight of the millions of Israel yearning for reconciliation, yet blind to the one reconciling sacrifice, and confessing—"Sovereign of the universe! whilst the holy temple stood, if a man sinned he brought an offering and made an atonement; but now because of our iniquities, we have neither sanc-

tuary, nor altar, nor offering, nor priest to make atonement for us. There is nothing left us but the commemoration of them. Oh may that be our expiation."

Before the day of Atonement last year they wrote:—

"In different houses of prayer, in many different and distant lands, the same assemblage will be seen, the same mingling of sunny youth and snow-crowned age, the same blending of all the most opposite types of human character, welded together on this day alone of all the year by the one magic charm—the yearning for reconciliation. Nothing can aid us but our own contrition, our own good resolves; with them we win everything. Before to-morrow's sun shall have set, may we lay our throbbing hearts, with all their freight of failings, submissively before the All-merciful, and pray for pardon, reconciliation, peace. And when the shrill note of the trumpet rings out in the evening stillness, it shall be echoed by the Voice which speaks as with trumpet sound, in the peaceful hush of the soul, its thrice welcome message—'Forgiven.'"

How strange to us these words sound in the lips of a Jew—"Pardon, reconciliation, peace." Oh that they knew Him in whom alone they are found. The day of Atonement falls this year on Thursday, 28th September, and we trust that on it Israel will be remembered by many before Israel's God. Let us go to them; let us pray for them; and further, let us think of them. Let us think of them in whatever is best in their character and aspirations, and fitted to draw out our Christian sympathies. In conversing with Jews, it is very distressing to find how different their views are from ours, even where we might expect to meet on common ground, such as the conviction of sin, as brought out in the 51st Psalm. But, on the other hand, an extract, such as the following, from a Jewish newspaper illustrates the Bible quite in the same manner as we should illustrate it:—

"One of the most interesting things in the Holy Land is the fact that one meets everywhere in daily life things that illustrate the Word of the Eternal. The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow, and no one is allowed to go out at night without a light. Throw open your lattice in the evening and look out, you will see what seem to be little stars twinkling on the pavement. You will hear the

clatter of sandals as the late traveller rattles along. As the party approaches, you will see that he has a little lamp fastened to his foot, to make his step a safe one. Instantly the verse comes to your memory, written in that same city three thousand years ago, 'Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path.'" Again, the following sentence on the Passover has much in it to strike a chord in our hearts :—

"Never let us forget that the Passover, which is the memorial of the first redemption of our ancestors from the bondage of Egypt, is the type of the coming, though long delayed, redemption from the bondage of a world of passion, sin, and fear—the promised redemption which shall bring our people back to the land they won by faith and lost in shame."

In closing, I would quote a portion of some verses recited by three Hebrew boys in the Stepney Jewish schools. They look forward to a Messiah that is to bring peace to Israel and to the world, and they are blind to the Messiah whom their fathers crucified, and who will bring peace to them and to the world only when they look on Him whom they have pierced, and mourn because of Him. But the Christian's own first desires for salvation, and many of his subsequent desires, are fulfilled far otherwise than his hopes, yet they had in them that which ended in salvation through a strait gate; and there is much in these verses with which we cannot but have a measure of sympathy, and they are fitted to draw out a fellow-feeling for Israel. Sir Moses Montefiore was present at the examination just before his departure, in his ninetieth year, and for the seventh time to the land of his fathers. The schools are in the east end of London, and a large number of Hebrew parents were present, while there was a brilliant assemblage of Jewish gentlemen and ladies, including many representatives of the intellect and rank of the Hebrew community. The sentiments expressed, and especially the hopes for the Messiah, were responded to with raptures of applause, and the subject of the verses recalls the memorable words of Herder, that Israel's still uncompleted guidance is the grandest poem of all time"—

THE PAST.

"When I forget thee, O Jerusalem!"

On distant shores in happier times,
In sterner days but brighter climes,
The banner of his Fatherland
The *Jew* upheld with steady hand;
The throne of Judah's princely line—
The Temple on the height divine—
The pleasant homes where wife and child
Beneath the hallowed roof-tree smiled.
Oh! lovely land; blithe, bright, and blest!
Sweet cedars capped thy mountains' crest—
What laughing fields! what stately trees!
What fragrant myrtles kissed the breeze!
The purple grape, the golden grain,
Decked grassy glade and pleasant plain.

THE PRESENT.

"We hung our harps on the willows."

Where are thine ancient splendours now?
No circlet sits on Judah's brow!
No Temple rears its halls of state;
No high-born elders throng the gate;
No laughing harvests crown the fields,
No sparkling wine the berry yields,
No trade-ships in the harbour dance,
No foeman fears our broken lance.
The raven flies o'er fields unsown,
To brood on Judah's shattered throne!
All, all is lost! Alas, no more
The sounds of life bless Israel's shore—
Our harp is on the willow hung,
All voiceless, tuneless, and unstrung!

THE FUTURE.

"The Sun of Righteousness shall rise."

All is *not* lost! In yonder skies
I see the gleams of hope arise.
Star of the East! Thy glimmering ray
Is brightening "to the perfect day."
Again shall Judah's flag unfurled
Wave forth its signals to the world!
Again shall cattle crowd the plain—
Her fields be rich with golden grain—
Her towns with busy voices ring,
Her swains rejoice, her maidens sing!

See in yon *East* the glowing gleam!
Faith is not false; nor hope a dream!
MESSIAH, come! Rejoice our eyes;
And lo! in yonder Eastern skies
The "Sun of Righteousness shall rise,"
And on its healing pinions bear
Love, Peace, and Joy—for all the world to share.

V. Africa for Christ. *By* REV. DR. EDMOND.

THIS Society is called upon to rejoice in a certain fact, which fact is that God has given it the hardest work to do; that it has had put into its hands tasks the most onerous; that it has been sent to lift up the most degraded specimens of the human family. Is that a thing to be thankful for? I say most emphatically it is, and for many reasons. It is more like God's own work, for it is very hard to stoop down to the very lowest. It is His prerogative to "lift the poor from the dust, and the needy from the dunghill, and to set them with princes." It is His to "give power to the faint"—ay, and to do more than that, "to them that have no might to increase strength." And, therefore, when He sets His Church to this kind of work, He honours them by asking them in their own sphere to be fellow-workers together with Him. There is another reason why I think we should rejoice when we get this sort of work in the field of missions. We find a note of time given in one of the Psalms that does somewhat, I think, enable us to calculate the approach of times and seasons which yet the Father keeps in His own hand. It is said, "The time to favour Zion has come, even the set time," and the proof is this, that "Thy servants take pleasure in her stones and favour the dust thereof." When her absolute condition of ruin presses on the Church's heart, this Psalm seems to say that the time of favour is at hand; and if the Christian Churches, by such work being given to them as this resolution refers to, are turning their attention to the lowest position of the human race, favouring the very dust thereof, then may we not hope that the time to favour us is come—"the time that Thou hast set"? Then, further, in connection with this same

thought, see how God honours His Church by giving her the opportunity to have faith in Him, and in His truth, not reckoning it effete and inept in these days, but as strong for the salvation of the human family as ever, and therefore we may apply it to-day to the lowest specimens that the world can furnish. If there are some who say, "That is well enough for then, but we have outgrown the necessity; we have outgrown the applicability to us of that sort of Gospel"—I cannot concern myself much about any vaunt of that kind, while I remember that the only time when we read that our Lord was glad at heart it is said that He rejoiced in spirit, and said, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." I pass on, however, to the illustration of the general principle which is in the resolution, and which interests me—that is, the application of the principle to Africa, and to certain missions specified in connection with that continent. No thoughtful person in these days can have failed to notice by what a singular concurrence of forces various causes have conspired to rivet the attention of civilized men upon this same continent of Africa. I know not from how many quarters the interest has been aroused and fed. First of all we have it in consequence of the ever memorable work of patient, heroic explorers, with Prince Livingstone at their head, and shall I refer to the youngest of the band, one who has been lately treading in his footsteps, and has come back to tell us what he has seen, crossing from sea to sea the African continent? But I will not dwell on that. There are many other causes. There are political causes that have brought Africa much into the foreground. You have had war on the east and war on the west. Swift, short wars, thrusting like rapiers into the side of the continent; and if we may regret their dire necessity, we may yet, at least, be thankful that England has been enabled, in connection with those two wars in Abyssinia and Ashantee, to show that when she has achieved the purpose for which the sword was drawn, she can put it again into the scabbard, and go home with her work accomplished. Then we have had the slave trade, and slave circulars issued and withdrawn, and issued again;

then the purchase of the Suez Canal; then our interference with Egyptian finance, and proposals coming from this quarter and from that, that we had better take the whole thing in our own hands and end it. Now, though I have no sympathy seriously with any such proposal, I cannot but say this—that reading an account of the condition of the oppressed population in Egypt, I could not but feel that it was a lawful thing under God's good will and supreme wisdom, to pray for the overthrow of a despotism so abominable. Then we have had grand engineering proposals, and I wish them God speed. There is one that seems very feasible that of joining the two rivers, the Congo and the Zambesi, with a suitable canal, to make them, like the Siamese twins, joined by a band made out of their own materials. Then there is a grander proposal than that—a proposal to fertilise the great desert heart of Africa northwards, and turn the Sahara into a new African Eden, by bringing in the superfluous water of the great big Atlantic Ocean. Only, if they do that, they must be cautious, according to a warning that some one has sounded, that if you drown the desert so that it can no longer do its work in heating the atmosphere, and sending it over the globe, we shall be driven out of these islands, and the Houses of Parliament will have to be given up to the habitation and gambols of polar bears. But then last and best comes a thought of missionary work, and this Society, as has been noticed in that most singularly eloquent report, has had some of its finest trophies in connection with African evangelisation. I need say nothing in illustration of that, for you have the best illustration on the right hand of the chairman. But I would like just so far to diverge from the main track as to tell you that it has always been to me a matter for profound thankfulness that the United Presbyterian Church, to which I belong, began her foreign missions among the negroes. She went to the West Indian Islands, and having gathered together a large number of Christian congregations there, there was a certain holy impatience on the part of the missionaries to go to Africa and evangelise the forefathers, so to say, of the slaves in the West Indies—to evangelise the territory from which they had been stolen. So in Calabar we have established a mission, where there has been a work to which allusion has been

made. It has checked inhuman practices ; it has abolished some hideous customs, and it has given the people, by the hand of two of our own missionaries, the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, in one of the most important languages of the Western African continent. Thus Africa is coming to the foreground. Now, it pleases me sometimes to have a little dream. I am fond of little fancies, and if you do not approve of mine, you will, perhaps, indulge me in the utterance of it. I cannot help feeling, sometimes, that in a rough way you may divide the continents of the earth among the faculties and powers of the human soul. There is vast Asia, teeming Asia, dreaming Asia, splendid Asia ; it is the imagination of the soul opening a way out into limitless expanses, and beautiful to see. And then, clear as her own cold Northern skies, or frozen Alpine heights, comes Europe, the intellect of the soul, thinking, understanding, beating out theories for the use of men. Then, if you will put together the two great English-speaking nations—though they be on opposite sides of the great ocean ; that same ocean severs them both from the European continent—strictly speaking they are the soul in its grand and impulsive enterprises of activity. And as for Africa, it remains to be what its very shape seems to suggest—the heart of the world, the heart of humanity. Well, if it be so, and God is about to make an appeal through His Church especially to the heart of humanity—ah ! what blessed results may we not yet hope to see when Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God, and from that basest of kingdoms—Egypt by name—God shall bring forth princes of His own. I have another thought with which I will twine that and then conclude. I think no one can look at the present state of missionary enterprise and be satisfied altogether with the rate of its progress. I am not under-rating it ; it would be a very foolish thing to estimate results by arithmetical statistics. There are certain friths on this island of ours—the Solway is one of them—which for a time will appear as if the tide were making no progress, and then when it has come just to a certain point, not the horseman spurring his noble animal to the gallop can keep out of the way of the advancing tide. So it may be in moral and spiritual things too, but I cannot help thinking that there is some-

thing waiting that we can hardly gauge by our past experiences or hardly conceive of. I read in the 15th chapter of Luke three parables, in which there is, in fact, a trinity—a three in oneness. I do not doubt at all that the Trinity of the blessed God is there indicated; that the Shepherd dispensation was that of Jesus closing with Calvary, that the Spirit's dispensation is in the second parable, and then in the other parable there is a kind of distinction from the other two. There is no sending into, there is drawing only; but oh, what potent drawing. The prodigal, far away in his destitution, feels the influence of his father's memory and his father's prayers. and he says, "I will arise and go to my father." I read the old prophets, and I see a time certainly coming when crowds shall flow to Zion such as were never seen before, when the mountain of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and all the nations shall flow to it; when the aggressive which we are now prosecuting will give place to the attractive. How is it to be brought about? He only can tell who knows the times and the seasons. It will need no new Saviour, that is settled; it will need no new Spirit, that is quite clear; but it may be that for the glory of God the Father, there is to be some action yet upon the heart of all humanity which will glorify the Son and glorify the Spirit, and bring out the everlastingly glorious character of Him in whose bosom was the fountain of human salvation. If so, then will that beautiful parable come to have its fulfilment, and that weary, woe-stricken, wretched thing, the human heart, will begin to know its own emptiness everywhere, and be ready to respond to the gentlest invitation; when the whispers of that great old message, breathed into the ear will win the response of the yielding heart, and the nations, moved on and stirred as humanity was never moved on and stirred before, shall rise with one consent and say, "I will arise and go to my Father." Our duty, meanwhile, is aggressive, and the more we make it so, the sooner will come the attraction, and the easier will be our work in the end the more heartily we keep at it now. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Sir, in the text of gold, that text of texts,

that amidst a thousand other brilliant texts seems to shine like the sun amongst the stars, we have the prototype model of our missions. God sent His only begotten Son. Mark the scale of the giving, and mark the spirit of it. It was love that counted even this cost not too dear. Look at the text again, and behold you have the model of our missions. What have you to do for Him who so loved you that He sent His Son to save you? "Freely ye have received, freely give." There is nothing more astonishing when one reflects on it than our slowness and unreadiness to go anywhere, everywhere, to preach the Gospel to our perishing fellow-men. To repeat the text once more—lo, you have not only now the model and the motive, but you have the very message of missions to your hand. Let a man but understand the text, and make his brethren understand it, and he will gain them soul by soul. Christ is the key to all human hearts —God's love to men, God's love to sinners, God's love, of such tenderness that He gave up the very best He had, His own well-beloved Son, that whomsoever believes on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Whisper it if you will, in dying ears. Blow, trumpet, and thunder it upon the storms till it surrounds the earth, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and amen.

VI. Conversion of the World. *By* Dr. M. Punshon.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour!" "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" There is a constraint upon me, to make my first appearance in this hall to-day the expression of the gratitude I feel that I am again permitted in my own land to join in the holy solemnities of the missionary anniversary. It is seven years since I had this privilege. I feel as if I ought to be a more effective advocate of the missionary cause than ever, for he would surely be a prejudiced fool who has not learnt some lessons by 90,000 miles of travel, and by five years' residence on missionary ground. I used to think that I valued this Gospel work, and that I believed, as

earnestly as I could believe, in its wondrous adaptation to all classes of character and to all conditions of men. But highly as I valued the Gospel before, I estimate its worth very much more highly to-day. I have seen it exerting its influence over the vast continent of America, from the Gulf of Georgia on the borders of British Columbia in the north, to the Gulf of Mexico in the south; from Staten Island on the Atlantic seaboard, to where the Golden Gate opens to the wealth of the Pacific. I have seen it leavening the young Dominion of Canada so thoroughly that it has made it start upon its existence as a commonwealth with fairer moral auspices than any State in the history of the world. I have heard from the lips of happy negroes and Chippewas reclaimed from error not the experience merely, but the proclamation as heralds of the truth as it is in Jesus. I have watched while a tribe of Iroquois Indians have passed through the process of renouncing Paganism for Popery, and finding that too near akin to their former religion, have supplicated—400 of them—for a purer teaching, and have come under the influence of our own Missionary Society and amidst a harassing persecution have remained steadfast to the faith they have espoused. I have seen Chinamen aroused from their apathy of ages, having found the pearl of great price in a land where they went blindly only to seek for gold. I have seen Japanese princes—shrewd, educated men, of a nation proverbially incredulous, and in a former time inveterate in its opposition to the truth—bow their rank and their intellect at the feet of Jesus, and ready, if needs be, to become confessors of His name. I cannot doubt, therefore, the universal adaptation of the Gospel of Christ; and although in my early life accustomed, perhaps with too much boldness, to speak of its triumphs—now that I know how it can lift the lowest character, how it can place and chasten and subdue the highest culture—now that I have seen it as the pioneer of civilisation, the conservor of morals, the destroyer of all evil and pestilent things, the true foundation of states, the individual salvation and happiness of men—I rejoice to state it as the firm conviction of my mature manhood, that we have not followed a cunningly-devised fable—that we may say of it as David said of the sword of Goliath, "There is none like that," and

that we are not deceived when we believe with all the fervour of honest and intelligent conviction that this old Gospel of ours is the great instrumentality by which the Holy Ghost proposes to convert the world to Christ. I congratulate you that amidst all these things, with the fluctuations of that public opinion which is changeful ever, there is still a sound, healthy, confiding, increasing attachment to the cause in the hearts of those to whom we have to look for succour and for help. Sir, I believe in the Word of God. I would fain have as my experience, what was finely said by a great American preacher, that "he was anchored to the Bible, and the anchor never dragged. We have a sure word of prophecy, to which we do well to take heed. Now I ask, What is the uniform doctrine, so to speak, of prophecy? Do not the radiance, the fulness, the power of the whole of prophecy centre in this one idea, the reign of God over the world? When the seers saw, was not this foremost in their vision? When the bard sang, had he any other minstrelsy than this? When patriarchs dreamed, was not their dream of an empire springing out from their loins which should be diffusive in its blessing, and which should extend into the very ends of the earth? The ultimate theme of the prophets, what was it but the *kingdom* of God? Nebuchadnezzar, who may be taken as a symbol of the royalties of earth, saw something in the visions of the night which troubled him. Daniel, interpreting Daniel, who was beloved of the Lord, felt no trouble whatever. What was it? "In those days and in that time shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed." And the last record of the Old Book tells us that the scheme of heaven is accomplished when it is said: "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever"; and then, and not until then, and not a moment after then, will the voice from the throne declare, "It is done." Now, that is the uniform doctrine of ancient prophecy. Well, come out of the Old Testament into the New. You are introduced to Christianity. What is it? What is the first announcement of it? It is the kingdom of God, which is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. If that be so, there is nothing beyond it. It is not a means to an end, it is the end itself.

The dominion of God the Father, through the Son, by the Spirit, until God is all in all. Prophecy in the olden time said, "I will set my King upon my holy hill of Zion." Christ taking to Himself without ostentation this royalty, prays in the days of His flesh: "Now Father, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee, for Thou hast given Him power,"—that is, dominion, government—"over all flesh." John, in the rapt vision of Him, says, in the beginning of the Apocalypse, "He is the true and faithful witness, the Prince of the kings of the earth;" and the universal worship-song, in which all the convergent strains of praise terminate, what is it? "All the creatures that were in heaven above, and on the earth beneath, and in the sea under the earth, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honour and power and might be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever." If this thought be a true thought, and if the establishment of the kingdom of God be the ultimate purpose of God, and if Christianity perfectly embodied is that kingdom, then, as sure as God is God, and as sure as truth is truth, we must succeed. True, we see not yet all things put under Him. Crime flourishes, honesty starves, kings are scornful, nations are rebellious, truth languishes, error is crowned, sinners transgress with a high hand under the unheedful heaven, men trample upon every Divine restraint and upon every Divine charity, and yet the Lord reigneth, over-ruling all things, guiding all things steadily and majestically to one ultimate end—the crisis and the jubilee of the world. I confess, sir, I like to dwell on this thought; it gives me the most exalted idea of the missionary enterprise. With a living Christ realized and a Church that depends upon Him, there is sufficient to hearten us into confidence and to cause us to put away our fears. He lives, and He must reign until He has put all enemies under His feet. Sir, I cling to this thought of the Kingship of Christ; and I have need to do it in order to preserve me from the despondency to which some of the tendencies of the age would otherwise sink me. Christ lives! But I am not so sure that *we* are as vigorous in our life as we ought to be. I said just now that everything was encouraging that you looked upon abroad, but I am not so certain that I could have said the same at home.

In the presence of subtle and encroaching foes, are we contending earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints? You are evangelising the world—that is your aim, your effort—you, the Wesleyan Missionary Society. In the course of the last seven years you who are missioning the world have added 160 missionaries to your stations. Popery is missioning England, and in the same time has added 200 additional priests in this little island of ours alone. Is there not in the midst of us the influence of that remarkable family that is mentioned in the Book of Numbers, chap. xxvi. 44. Now I have puzzled you, I dare say, but if you look you will find it is the family of the Jesuites. You can verify the quotation if you like when you get home. The spirit of encroachment is the same, and it is endeavouring to regain its ascendancy; the superstition is working in our midst. Ay, and already the flush is on the cheek and the vaunt upon the lip in consequence of victory certain and near. And what are we doing? What are the Churches of the land doing? Some contemptuously indifferent, and disposed to regard us as timid alarmists if we raise the cry of warning. Some too intent upon other things to regard the matter for a moment; and one, the largest and the wealthiest, harbouring many of the aliens within her fold. Once and again England has been saved by her Christianity, and I hope it will be so once more. Unpeered yet amongst the nations of the earth, with all its faults, is this little island of ours. Her balanced power, her freedom without licence, her government without tyranny, her rare jurisprudence, her practical philanthropy, and that benevolent Gospel which is at the core of all her creeds—when were they born? It is very easy for those who have studied history to fix the date of her birth. England had no natural advantages over any other nation of Europe. Her soil is not any more fertile—her climate is infinitely more dismal—the sun which is poetically said never to set upon her possessions, unfortunately very seldom condescends to shine upon herself. Why is it, I say, that with no native advantages over other nations she has outstripped them all? Ignorance, superstition, and barbarism, how is it that she has successfully shaken them off from her as Paul shook the viper in the fire? How comes it that when the map

was in the process of reconstruction, when thrones trembled and when kings fled, when all that was venerable and all that was novel changed places as in the glass of the kaleidoscope—how comes it that England never wavered; and that when the revolutionary deluge submerged so many places, she never knew of it except only by the spent spray which dashed in harmless anger on her shore? Why, because while France, unhappy France, was drifting into infidelity, England stayed herself sublimely on her faith and in the principles of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ she found her safety and her strength. I have been thinking of the last meeting I attended in this place, and of the valiant warders who were present at it, but since then have been struck silent upon our hill of Zion. Thomas Jackson, and John Scott, and William Shaw were upon this platform; Dr. Hoole read the report; Robert Spence Hardy gave his first and his last address in Exeter Hall; and the meeting was subdued and warmed, as meetings were wont to be, by the godly fervour of Peter M'Owan. Then, as the thought came upon me, I did not confine myself within the limits of that meeting, but I seemed to be wandering in the Campo Santo of our Church, and to gaze into the graves of others—wise in council, brave in self-sacrifice, eloquent in testimony, who since that time have gone to their reward. Here is a knot of bony dust, where missionaries of Christ are lying, and Male, and Field, and Lord, and Burt, and Gostick, and Toyne, and Squance await the adoption there. There are the tablets of some whose voices have often been heard in this hall in advocacy of the missionary cause, and there rose up before me the forms of James Dixon and John Hannah, and George Brown Macdonald, and Thomas Vasey, and Alexander James. Here Wales is weeping over the eloquent Aubrey. There Ireland over the astute and trenchant Father Macafee, and Father Waugh, full of honours and of years; Sweden, for the far north, keeps the memory of George Scott very fragrant; and France lets its *immortelles* fall lovingly upon the turf at Nismes beneath which the clay of Emile Cook is resting until the resurrection morn. There is something solemnising in losses like these. Only seven years' record! and I could mention numbers of names hardly less illustrious. The first thought was, of

necessity, "they are gone hence;" but the second thought came speedily to chide it—"they are gone *home*":—

"We sadly watched the close of all
Life balanced on a breath,
We saw upon their features fall
The awful shade of death;
All dark and desolate we were,
And Nature, murmuring, cried—
'Ah, Lord! if Thou hadst but been here,
Our brethren had not died.'

"But when its glance the memory cast
On all that grace had done,
And thought of life-long warfare past,
And endless victories won,
Then Faith, prevailing, wiped the tear,
And looking upward, cried—
'Ah, Lord! Thou surely hast been here,
Our brethren have not died.'"

But these departures that we mourn are to us not a sorrow only, but an inspiration. They were borne to the grave as brave men bear a comrade-warrior who has fallen in the honourable field, each one girding himself in the moment of his deepest sadness for other battles in the same holy war. And there are multitudes in this hall to-day, some just proving their armour, some bearing the scars of battle, who are prepared, beside the ashes of their fathers and their brethren, to renew their fealty to the cause of Christian missions, jealous with a holy jealousy lest our burial-ground should become richer than our Church. Oh, the sole remedy for all our woes, for all our apprehensions, for all our sorrow, is just to come closer to Christ—closer to Christ in personal experience, closer to Christ in daily communion, closer to Christ in perpetual reliance, closer to Christ in importunate prayer, closer to Christ in honest and hearty work! When good Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, in New Jersey, lay a-dying, some one came to him, and quoted a passage for his comfort as he lay half unconscious—"I know in whom I have believed!" A fire lit up his glazing eye, and the old Christian warrior roused himself as if for an utterance of latest testimony, and he said to his startled listeners—"No; I cannot allow even a preposition between me and my Saviour; 'I know

whom I have believed!'" Let us get up to that level; let the great baptized heart of the Church get up to that level of intimate, close, faithful union with Christ, and we and our cause are safe! No fear of the confessional then. Assuredly those who will not bear an intervening preposition will never brook an interfering priest. No fear of overweening sorrow then, for we shall remember that although God buries His workmen, He carries on His work. No fear of relaxed efforts then, for idleness will be seen in its hatefulness as a sin against boundless love. No fear of straitened means, and empty exchequers, and niggard doles, and small-hearted liberalities then, for the frost of every heart must melt that is so near the Saviour, and men, putting away the large greeds and little givings of their childish days, will, like Araunah, "as a king give unto the king:" pouring out their treasures as brave warriors their blood, and giving, or striving to give, in some far-off and reverent manner, after the measure of Him who, that we and the world might live, spared not His only begotten Son.

VII. What the Gospel has done in Africa.

By Rev. Dr. Moffat.

My dear friends, the object for which we are met is certainly one of the grandest that can occupy the mind of man. The greatest men that ever trod the earth's surface have been engaged in it; the greatest minds have been exercised in it; and we have only to look to the Lord Jesus Christ when He suffered and died, and became the propitiation for the sins of the world, and listen to His commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," to be impressed in our inmost hearts with the greatness, the grandeur, and the glory of missionary enterprise. You know I have had a long experience; and I wish that wonderful machine was here to grind me young again, that I might sally forth once more to the missionary field. It is fifty-eight years since I laid myself on the missionary altar, and during all that period my mind has been undivided in its devotion to the work. I have had many opportunities of witnessing what the

gospel can do—that it is indeed the power of God to the salvation of man, no matter how ignorant, or degraded, or brutal they are. When we remember the obligations under which we are laid, when we think of the perishing millions who are dying day by day, and when we think of the advantages which we possess, living in the light of heaven and in the enjoyment of all that can make us and others happy, we need to examine ourselves. The claims upon us are very great. We know that the Bible is the Book of God; we believe that the publication of the gospel is the only remedy for this sin-stricken world; and we have innumerable testimonies to prove to us that the work of missions is the work of God. It is a solemn thought that God in His great mercy has provided a salvation for a sinful, rebel world, and that the eternal Jehovah who holds the reins of universal empire looks down on all of us who bear the Christian name, and desires that we should carry the news of that salvation throughout the world. Oh, if every one bearing the Christian name did his duty as in the presence of God, as in the certain prospect of appearing before God, what a change would be produced! What an abundance of labourers we should find! What numbers would run to and fro that knowledge might be increased! What are all the sacrifices that we can make? I have had something to do with sacrifices and hardships; I have been exposed to savage men and beasts of prey; but what are all these trifles compared with the great object of saving souls? I am ashamed to use the word sacrifice, for what are all the sacrifices we can make when we think of the great sacrifice made for the sins of the world? But be it remembered that whatever we do, be it much or little, in this great work, whatever our self-denial, our prayers, our collections, our subscriptions, they are all chronicled in heaven, never to be forgotten. There is a day coming when the great Judge of the earth shall say before an assembled world to each one who has laboured for Him, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto these, ye did it unto Me." Let me refer for a moment to what the gospel has done in Africa. It was my lot to be appointed to a mission in the interior of Southern Africa, among the Bechuana nation. Now, in other parts of the world there are, as we know, "gods

many and lords many"—idols innumerable—but among the Bechuanas we could not find the shadow of an idol; they had no kind of worship whatever; there was no altar, no priest, nothing of the kind existing among them. They are an intelligent, manly race, but the thought of an invisible being governing the destinies of this world never entered into their minds. The question has been sometimes asked whether it is easier to convert idolaters or those who have no religion at all. In the case of an idolater the work of the missionary is to direct the mind from one object of reverence to another; but in the other case you have a rock of adamant to deal with. But nothing is too hard for the grace of God. Some people in this country have thought that fruit ought to be seen after the labour of a year or two. I have even heard of some who have given up subscribing because there was no success attending such and such missions. We have only to look at the history of missions to see how long in many parts of the world the faith of the servants of Christ has been tried. Look at the South Sea Islands. For sixteen years we witnessed the sufferings and trials of the missionaries who went there. Look now at the harvest! To such an extent has Christianity spread that not long since a missionary told me that wishing to bring home an idol or two from one of the islands, he could not find one in the whole island. It had been said that commerce must precede evangelisation. It has been altogether different in my experience of Christian missions. Not an individual dared to set a foot on those islands before the missionaries went there; attempts were made, but the people were eaten up by the savages; it was not until the missionaries went and laboured among them that the natives became Christianized. It has been the same in the interior of Africa. When I went among the Bechuanas I had a difficult work to acquire the language without the help of grammar or dictionary. I had to pick up the words as I best could. Sometimes the people were puzzled as to the object I had in view in collecting the words of their language as I did. Whenever I heard a new word I ascertained its meaning, and wrote it down On one occasion, when my fellow-labourer Hamilton and I were sawing wood, a young man asked me to write down a

sentence that contained a word that was strange to me, and I asked him its meaning. He then told me to ask an old woman who was sitting near, who had often helped me out of similar difficulties. She could speak a little Dutch, and I was familiar with that language. I repeated the sentence, and the woman blushed. I knew something was wrong, but I asked again. "Well," said she, "you say, 'I want to kiss you.'" In order to become more familiar with the language, I once went into the interior, 150 miles beyond the station, in order not to hear the voice of my dear partner or my fellow-labourers speaking English. I remained there a considerable time, and I had great difficulty in getting the natives to carry letters for me to Mrs. Moffat. They were afraid the letters should speak to them. More than once a man has said to me, "Let me put my spear through the letter, and then it will not speak to me on the road." After about nine years' fruitless labour among these people, a blessing was poured out from on high. They were first arrested by my preaching to them the doctrine of the resurrection, which gave a turn to their thoughts, and showed them a dawn of heavenly light. Now, men who were formerly startled at a bit of paper, who had no idea of God or of futurity, are reading by thousands the Word of God in their own language. Our missions extend 1,500 or 1,600 miles beyond the Cape of Good Hope. We have our principal stations and our out-stations; and there are native preachers who are able to "hold forth the Word of Life." I have seen a fierce warrior, whose hands have been dyed in human blood, give out a hymn, read a chapter, offer a fervent prayer, and press on his countrymen the necessity of repentance towards God and faith in Jesus Christ. I have seen men of different tribes who formerly hated each other with deadly hatred, and watched for each other's destruction, sitting together at the Lord's table with tears trickling down their cheeks. Yes, my friends, it is wonderful what influence the gospel has had on the walk and conversation of believers in that country. Let me give you an instance. I knew a chief who ruled over many thousands of men—a man of great influence. He had witnessed the results produced by the gospel amongst his own people. He admired the gospel, but had no idea himself of embracing

it. On one occasion he heard that two of his sons had collected a number of warriors at a distance from head-quarters, and had gone forth in order to attack a town. Grieved at the intelligence, he ordered his horse, mounted it with spear in hand and a tiger skin about his body, and away he galloped, taking a shorter road than his sons took in order to be before them at the town that they were about to pillage. As morning dawned he arrived at the place, and saw his two sons within a few hundred yards of him. He shouted at the top of his voice. They were petrified, for they knew the man. He galloped up to his eldest son, sprang from his horse, put his spear in his son's hand, drew aside the tiger skin, and said, "Plunge that spear into my bosom; lay me on the ground, and walk over this body; then go and do what you please, but not till then. We are now enjoying the peace that these men from a distant land have brought us. We have buried our spear, and shall we now take the torch and set fire to the towns around us? It shall not be." Were I to detail to you the missionary successes in the interior of Africa, I should keep you till to-morrow morning; and I know that none of you have brought your nightcaps. The Bechuana tribes were, from time immemorial, engaged in war with each other. No tribe dared to visit another; but now they constantly interchange visits for the purposes of commerce, and can go to any part of the interior without a finger being laid upon them. The missionary was, for a long time, considered the pest of society. Now he may go where he likes, and all the tribes receive him with open arms. The harvest is great, but the labourers are few. When, in my sleepless hours at night, I think of the obligation of Christians in this country to their Saviour, and when I think of how far short they fall of what they ought to do, I tremble and fear. Were an angel now to come from heaven and cry, "In a month or in a week time will be no longer," how earnest would every one be! Let us make the best use of the time God has given us. Let us feel identified with all that has reference to the Saviour's glory and the spread of His kingdom. Let us not only sing, "Waft, waft, ye winds, His story!" but let us put our hands in our pockets; let our prayers ascend earnestly to God, and we have His assurance that our labour will not be in vain.

VIII. Missions in South Africa. *By* Dr. Livingstone.

I HAVE been behind the scenes. I know something of the missionaries, and I know a good deal about the converts. Some people do not call me a missionary now, but I do not care what they think of me if they will only grant that I am an honest witness. I have seen the converts and the missionaries both in South and in West Africa, and I have formed a totally different opinion of them from that which has been recently put forth to the world. I believe that those who talk about either the missionaries or the converts as being unworthy know nothing about them. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a gentleman in South Africa who has had an idea, ever since seeing the working of the mission under Mr. Moffat, that Mr. Moffat and another missionary there are the only missionaries in the whole world. He went into a certain town, and was surprised to see no one there; but when he got to the centre of the place he found a black man preaching to all the inhabitants, and he admits now that that black man must be a good fellow. That black man you may see figured in a picture that has now become pretty common, as standing by a missionary when he was bitten by a lion; he showed himself to be a man of courage then, and he has shown himself ever since a brave and good Christian man. Ever since then my friend has not known how to show me sufficient kindness, simply because he saw what I was doing; and I think that any man who has seen the missionaries at work, and has talked with the converts, will entertain as high an opinion of them as my friend. In my opinion, the missionaries on the West Coast, and likewise in South Africa, seeing how often they are cut off by disease, and how bravely they hold on to their work, only want an air of antiquity thrown over them to decide that they are quite equal to the saints and martyrs of old. Ever since I was a boy I have heard a great deal about the advance of Mohammedanism; and in my own pretty extensive travels I have always been looking out for the advance of that wave of Mohammedanism which I was led to believe would soon spread over the continent of Africa. Now, I never happened to meet with a Mohammedan till

two years ago, when I met two Arabs on Lake Nyassa, who were very busy slave-traders. They were building an Arab vessel to transport slaves across the lake towards the east; and they were at the time as busy as they could possibly be transporting the slaves by means of two boats. One of their men understood the Makololo language; I found him to be very intelligent, and we could converse readily together. I was rather anxious to find out whether he had been made a convert. He was the servant of these Arabs, who had been there for fourteen years, but this poor fellow knew nothing at all about Mohammedanism except that it was wrong to eat an animal if its throat was not cut. Why, the people knew as much of our religion as that in about three weeks after our arrival, for they would not go to hoe their garden on Sundays because they were afraid that if they did they would have an unlucky crop. All the Mohammedan proselytism that has come under my own observation, and all that I have been able to ascertain about their converts, is simply this, that occasionally in the West and North of Africa they make forays and capture numbers of people, and sometimes conquer large portions of territory. In doing this they gratify their own selfishness; they get slaves, land, and other plunder; but I find lately, on making some inquiries, that the native Christians, the men whom our missionaries have converted in West and South Africa, and also in the West Indies, contributed upwards of £15,000 annually for the support and spread of their faith. In the one case, the Mohammedans gratify their selfishness; in the other, the native Christians make large sacrifices for the propagation of their religion. Now, I think that the religion which teaches people to deny themselves and to make sacrifices, must be Divine, and, from all that I can ascertain, the only religion that makes proselytes is the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. A very interesting fact came to my knowledge on the West Coast. I was in Sierra Leone in 1848, and a few years previously the converts there belonging to the Church Missionary Society had taken upon themselves the entire cost of the schools, and had relieved the Society at home of an annual cost of £800. I do not think so much of the converts actually made as I do of the leavening process going on throughout the whole country. I have had an opportunity of observ-

ing this leavening process. Dr. Tidman referred at the beginning of the report to the mission among the subjects of Moselekatse. Now, Mr. Moffat had been at the station where Moselekatsè lives about two months before I reached a point up the Zambesi about 200 miles distant; and a man came to me one evening and said that he had been to that mission, and that the English had come, and that they had told Moselekatse not to kill any more people, and that he had agreed not to do so. That would be the most prominent feature to the natives in Mr. Moffat's opening of that mission, and it shows, I think, that the leaven spreads much further than the missionaries sometimes imagine. When the slaves are at the public whipping-post,—for they have institutions of that kind,—they often call out, when undergoing the lash, "Oh for the English! when will the English come?"—making their masters, of course, much more angry than they were before; but this again shows that the good name which the English have, through the missionaries and through the efforts of our Government, extends a very long way inland. Thus the leavening process is going on; the men are being prepared for much greater advances in Christianity than we shall ever see in our day. The converts that I have seen I think to be an honour to Christianity; there are some—as there is a good sprinkling among ourselves—who are no better than they should be; but when the majority of them are compared with the heathen around them—and it is not fair to compare them with ourselves at home—I think every honest, intelligent witness will admit that the missions of the Christian Churches in that country have been a great success. The success will be much greater in time to come because the work of propagation is now going on in every country where we have missionaries; and in the course of time, though not, perhaps, till the days of our children, the great avalanche of Christianity will be seen spreading over the whole world.

IX. Indian Missions. *By* Sir W. Muir, K.C.S.I.

It affords me the highest degree of satisfaction, in returning home after a long residence in India, to see the cause

of missions so warmly supported in a great meeting like this, and I am sure it must cheer the hearts of missionary labourers to perceive that so great an interest is taken by the people of England in missionary enterprises. It is a source of gratification to me to follow on this platform my honoured chief, Lord Northbrook, and I may add my witness to what has been said by him that in his private capacity he unflinchingly supported the cause of Christianity in India. The length of my experience in India exceeds that of his lordship. It is now some thirty or forty years since I first landed in India. My first experience there with regard to mission work was in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; but, as many of you are aware, in North India there is only a small station belonging to that Society, and my experience for some time lay chiefly among the missions of the Presbyterian and the Methodist Episcopal bodies of America. It is now about thirty-five years since I first had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with any of the agents of this Society. The first missionary that I knew is a man whose name is honoured throughout Protestant Christendom—Dr. Feinder. It may, perhaps, surprise some of you to hear that your Society was indebted for him and some other missionaries to Russia. Forty years ago, at least, Russia would not tolerate Protestant missionaries in Georgia, and hence she expelled them. The Russians are very fond of Christianity, but it must be a Christianity of their own type. The missionaries of this Society whom I have met with in India have all been men of ability and devotedness to their work, and men of high character, and amongst those who have become most eminent in these respects I may mention Dr. Feinder, one of the most venerable missionaries at Benares, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Leipold. It is an honour for any Society to possess agents like these. It is very much the fashion to say that the missions in India had made no real converts; but those who say that cannot have inquired into the facts or visited the mission stations as I have done. I have visited the stations at Agra, Meerut, Umballa, Scindia, Allahabad, and Benares, and have seen a great many of the converts at those places. Let me tell you, by way of example, what style of convert I have seen at Agra and Allahabad. There are gathered

together at each of these places about four or five hundred natives who are converts from heathenism to Christianity, and if I am asked what is their character, I reply that they would compare very favourably indeed with a village with the same population in this country. The native Christians there are, on the whole, temperate, moral, and respectable, and I believe that a large proportion of them have in their hearts the essence and the principles of true Christianity. While I was in the North-west provinces I had the pleasure of giving a grant of land for a village of native Christians, and when I left they had for their minister David Mohun, who conducts regular services, and who is much respected. I know another native Christian who, during the Mutiny in 1857, when a young European officer had a sword pointed at him by the rebels, encouraged him in his distress, he himself being at the same time exposed to great peril on account of the sympathy which he manifested for a brother Christian. I might also allude to Rumchunder of Delhi, who wrote a very interesting work on the Atonement, and whose abilities obtained for him the post of Education Inspector of Putliana. At the court of the king of that part of India, he was exposed to great temptations, which are purposely thrown in the way of native Christians at native courts; but God enabled him to pass through them all unscathed, like Daniel at the court of Babylon. When I last saw him he had been in the service of a native rajah, and had lost his post, not through any misconduct, but because his Christian principles led him to urge his master to abandon a vice, through continuance in which he ultimately lost his life. I say that of such men any Missionary Society might well be proud, and that nothing but the real principles of Christianity could sustain the mind under such circumstances. The success of missions is as yet small in the plains of India, but when we think of the obstacles which lie in the way of conversion to Christianity, when we think of the chains which bind Hindoos and Mohammedans to their religion, we cannot feel surprised. The position of matters is far less discouraging in the Neilgherries, where caste and the pride of race are not predominant. In visiting the country of the Santhals, I found thousands of people who had embraced Christianity. There I saw in one place a beautiful church,

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with a congregation of from 800 to 1,000. The minister was a German missionary, and although the mission in that part of India had not been in existence more than twelve or thirteen years, there were 7,000 converts, 2,000 communicants, and about the same number of children attending the schools. The children in those schools were found by my daughter playing just like English children, being in this respect very unlike ordinary native children. I see nothing to prevent the whole of the Santhal community from coming over to Christianity. But what is done to bring about that result should be done quickly, because the country bordering on that of the hill tribes is occupied by the Hindoos, who are gradually creeping up, and if the Santhals should become like the Hindoos, the difficulties connected with caste will render mission work far more difficult than it is at present. Lord Northbrook, after visiting the country of the Santhals and the Kols, came back with a most glowing idea of the prospects of Christianity there; and there can be no doubt that if the natives generally were converted, they would form, as it were, the backbone of Bengal, and stand us in good stead in times of danger. I earnestly entreat you, therefore, my friends, to send forth more labourers to that part of the Mission field. His Grace the Archbishop spoke of the improvement which has recently taken place in Indian society. That improvement is not, I think, due solely to the presence of an increased number of Christian ladies, but in a great degree also to the improved position of missions. If we forget the great spiritual weapon with which God has entrusted us, He will cast us off in disgrace; but I pray that that spiritual weapon may be more and more wielded by this Society, and with greater and greater success.

X. Progress. *By* Rev. J. A. Macfadyen, D.D.

That traditional Welsh brother, who is said to have made so many mistakes, used to say that progress was of three kinds. There was progress forward, and there was progress backward, and there was progress standing still. Well, sometimes there is progress standing still. You have seen the canal-boat. It has come for a time to the locks, and it was brought to a standstill there. The door

was opened and it slid in. Then the door was shut; the door on the other side was opened again, and the water came pouring in; and if you were on board the boat, you might fancy for the time you were standing still, but really every drop of water that was brought into the lock was raising the boat, so that by-and-by it came to a higher level; and then when it was raised to that higher level, the door was thrown open again, and the boat was drawn out to pursue its onward course. Just so is it with many of the great enterprises that God entrusts to men. Just so has it been with the mission work in general. Just so has it been with the history of the London Missionary Society. Men have been disposed to say that things were standing still when in reality there was progress being made; only for the time we needed faith to believe that the progress was going on. Gradually it began to dawn upon us that we were being raised to a higher level. Bless the Lord to-day that the higher level has been reached, and that we are moving on and that we can see it with sight as well as believe it by faith. But it seems to me that this progressive work of the Society is not a matter in which we are at liberty to choose for ourselves.

> "And in old age when others fade,
> They fruit still forth shall bring;
> They shall be fat and full of sap,
> And aye be flourishing."

Now, dear friends, we are bound to make this progress and to take these onward steps for many reasons. For one thing, our Lord's command is certainly as imperative upon us as it was eighty years ago. For another thing, we have learned by experience that our own self-interest demands that we at home shall labour heartily and earnestly for the advance of this cause. The fact is the Churches at home cannot afford to give up the contributions to mission effort. It all comes back to us in a thousand ways, and we are to-day a thousand times stronger and more intelligent and wiser and better Christians than if there had been no mission effort during these last eighty years. Then we have to remember that this is not a cause which lies, so to speak, in the outer court of religion. It is not a matter which we are at liberty

to exercise our own option upon as to whether we shall or whether we shall not cultivate a missionary spirit. A man cannot be a Christian in any sense worth the name who has not a missionary spirit, and who is not prepared to do aggressive work against the great enemy of God and man. Why, we commonly say, "To do good a man must first of all be good;" but it is also true that a man cannot be good without insensibly, when he thinks not of it, doing good. Many of you may have noticed during the last severe winter in the houses that were opposite your own that the house-tops one morning were covered with snow. Well, you might have removed the snow by sending men to shovel it up and pitch it down from the roof of the house to the street. I do not suppose that was done in one out of a thousand cases. All that you needed was to have the servants kindle the fire, to set the family to work, to begin the life, and motion, and activity, and brightness, and love of domestic life, and insensibly, before you knew it, before you had thought of snow at all, the snow had melted — it had disappeared. And just so is it, dear friends, with the frosts of selfishness, and worldliness, and idolatry, and sin. If we could only get Christian men as such to exemplify the power, and the love, and the life, and the brightness of Christ, many a heart that is sealed against all argument, many a spirit that will not respond to the Master's voice, would be compelled to surrender, and would gladly say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" But there is direct Christian effort involved as well in all that Christ calls a man to when he enters into His Church. Sometimes I have heard men say, when they wanted to excuse themselves from direct personal effort, "Why, look at Christ. When the leper wanted to proclaim all that He had done for him, did not Christ forbid him?" My invariable answer has been, when the objection came to me in that form, "Yes; and you may hold your tongue when Christ forbids you to speak, and not till then. Until you are prepared to do that, you are not prepared to argue for the analogy of the leper." Why, you have that Christian spirit in Paul's language when he says, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." You have it in Peter's language when he says, "We must speak the things

which we have seen and heard." You have it in Luther's language when he said, "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise; God help me." You have it in the martyr's language when he said, "If you cut out my tongue I will speak of Christ with my fingers, and if I cannot speak of Christ with my fingers I will speak of Him with the lineaments of my face;" and it is impossible for a man thus to be fired with Christian enthusiasm without at once feeling that the surplus of energy, the surplus of effort, the surplus of sympathy, ought to go right away to the mission-field. The woman brings no credit to Christ who goes to a prayer-meeting and leaves a pile of stockings undarned at home; and the merchant brings no credit to Christ who goes up and down preaching sermons and leaves a heap of letters unanswered in his office. We must all of us stick to the worldly post, as some people call it, to which God has appointed us; but whilst honouring Christ in our business we must honour Him with our substance, and to the utmost of our power; by our sympathy, by our prayers, by our efforts, by our contributions, support the men who have gone far hence to preach the Gospel to the heathen. I do not argue this question from any other point to-day. Sometimes, I confess, I feel very cross, and feel very much disposed to answer gruffly men who talk against the work of our Missionary Society, and who talk against the work of our missionaries. Not very long ago I met with some such cases as these—men who were prepared to say that they thought missionaries ought to go abroad, and ought to support themselves, as Paul did, by the labour of their hands. The answer to that seems to me very simple, so far as an *argumentum ad hominem* is concerned. If you rich, wealthy Christian men who bring that argument are prepared to reduce yourselves to the same social level as the men to whom Paul preached; if you are prepared to sell your pictures, if you are prepared to part with your furniture, if you are prepared to give up the appliances of comfort and luxury in which you live, so that you are on a fair social level with the men whom Paul gathered into the Churches which he was called to found; then I venture to say for myself, I venture to say for the ministers at home, I venture to say for every missionary in a foreign field, we are prepared to take the position which Paul did,

Rather than that the Gospel should not be preached, we are ready to go to the ends of the earth, and wear our fingers to the bone that our bodily wants may be sustained. But it is unfair and ungenerous in the extreme for men who are living at ease and in comfort at home to bring such an argument as that when they are not prepared to take the other side of the analogy, and so to make things level to the circumstances in which Paul's case would be an analogy. But that is not the point which I should like to impress upon you, and which I try to impress upon myself. Our friends who are labouring abroad are our missionaries there, our representatives; they are doing our work; they are standing in our place; they are accomplishing that work which we are not able to do because God in His providence has placed and keeps us here, because from external circumstances we are not able to go ourselves to preach the Gospel to the heathen; and I say to have a niggardly Christian under such circumstances is not simply a crying shame but is a gross impossibility. I can understand a man being a niggard, a man who gathers all into his own purse and strong box. I can understand a man being a Christian, a man who believes that as he has freely received, so he freely ought to give; but I cannot understand how, by any process of logic, or rhetoric, or any sort of *ism*, or any sort of *ology*, you can bring the two things together, and make it possible for the existence in the Church of Christ of a niggardly Christian. A niggardly Christian is no Christian. He is disloyal to Christ, he is recreant to all the promises which he made when he undertook the work and service of Christ. Brethren, the deepest truth in the question when we propose to discuss the opposition and opponents of Christ's work is this: Christ, not Satan, is the Lord and Prince of this world; God, not the devil, is the King and Ruler of men. When he offers the "kingdoms of this world and the glory of them," he is a liar and the truth is not in him. They are not his to give. Not Satan, but

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run;
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
> Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

XI. The Salvation of Israel. *By* Rev. Dr. Moody Stuart.

When we read of three or four baptisms in the course of a year, our Christian progress seems extremely slow, but these swell into a goodly number in process of time. When I was in Pesth many years ago, I learned there had been a hundred Jews, young and old, baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. I addressed about thirty-five of them shortly through an interpreter. It was an affecting sight to see so many of the children of Abraham professing to be followers of Him whom their fathers crucified; but I shall never forget one young man, about twenty-five years old, who did not speak formally in the name of the rest, but gave utterance for himself and for them to the irrepressible emotions of his heart. His only object seemed to be that of the Samaritan leper, who returned and thanked God with a loud voice for his recovery. I could not but conclude that that young man had found for himself the pearl of great price, and that he still retained the warmth and freshness of his first love. While he pressed my hand in both of his, the burden of his heart's outpouring was, "Thank the friends in Scotland for sending us the gospel of Jesus Christ." Mr. Moody Stuart then gave an account of a visit he had paid to a Jewish burying-ground, over which was placed the inscription, "The house of the living," showing that Abraham's children retained a firm hold of Abraham's faith in the resurrection of the dead. He then described a visit he had paid to a large diamond factory in the Jewish quarter, with all its workmen Jews. The work is so extensive that the diamond trade in connection with it is said to give subsistence to about 10,000 of the Jews in Amsterdam, and the skill of the workmen is so noted that some of them were sent off to London to polish the Koh-i-noor diamond of our Queen. Their knives are diamond chisels, and as hard emery powder, which polishes the agate and the sapphire, is too soft for their purpose, it gives place to diamond dust. The flint cuts the marble, the diamond cuts the flint, and the diamond alone cuts the diamond. But they showed us, among their treasures, one stone which there is no other stone in the world hard enough to cut, and which

therefore lies there useless. The first thought was to plead for one's self to have the heart of stone taken away; the second was to remember that the heart of the Jew is compared not merely to stone, but to the adamant stone, or the diamond described elsewhere as the "adamant harder than flint." "For they made their hearts an adamant stone, lest they should hear the words of the Lord, therefore cometh great wrath from the Lord of hosts." But again, what was this adamant of adamants to look upon—this diamond harder than all the diamonds of the earth? The Lord said to His prophet, "Go, get a potter's earthen bottle, and break the bottle in their sight, and say, So will I break this people as a potter's vessel, because they have forsaken me." That adamant stone is believed to be of exquisite lustre and of immense value if any man could bring forth its hidden beauty. But meanwhile it is so like Jeremiah's broken piece of an earthen bottle that not one man in 50,000 would stoop to pick it up from the street. It is very like the broken stopper of a bottle of coarse green glass, and surely this stone presents a lively image of that people in whose charge it rests. A piece of old broken pottery that cannot be mended, and whose use on this earth is long since passed for ever, is the world's estimate of the Jews, and God Himself said that He would make them such in the eyes of men. Yet the same Lord God also charges them with making their hearts adamant; and, changing the image, by the same prophet says, "The Lord their God shall save them, and they shall be as the stones of a crown,"—as the polished sapphire or the adamant in a royal diadem. When once it has been fairly seen that the heart of the Jew is too hard for the hand or skill of men, the Lord Himself will take up their case, and taking into His own hand, and putting forth His own skill upon this despised fragment of a potter's earthen bottle, He will say, "Thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name; thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." I shall just read a few sentences from a missionary's letter, relating to a visit paid to a respectable Jewish family in a village across the Bohemian frontier:—"The colporteur and I arrived about noon, and remained till next morning; and literally, from the time I

entered the house till eleven at night, I was not suffered to be silent five minutes. With L. himself and his daughter, I had long and earnest conversation; the heart of the latter is very tender, but Mrs. L. was the person to whom I trust the visit was especially blessed. Our colporteur contemplated her with wonder as she sat listening to the word, and whispered to a neighbour that 'such things as these she had never heard before.' When I touched on the passage, 'they shall look on Him whom they have pierced,' she asked her husband where that was. He took the Hebrew Bible and translated it to her literally from the Hebrew. She was much affected, and would seemingly have sat up all the night. Next morning she said, 'I think the reason why our fathers did not receive Him was that He came as a common man, and not as a prince or in the clouds of heaven.' This led me to explain Isaiah liii. Her husband said, 'It is the truth; we cannot say a word against it.' She burst into tears and said, 'To think that we are thus straying and wandering like lost sheep, crying and praying, and not knowing whether we are heard, and the Messiah is *there*.' It was an affecting sight, this Israelitish family thus bowing their hearts before the Redeemer. There is still something to forbid water, till the Holy Ghost come down with His baptism of fire; but I left with a heart full of thankfulness to God, and hope of a full blessing through the prayers of God's people." With regard to the schools at Pesth, they had the interesting fact of a large number of Jewish parents, not only sending their children to a Christian school, but paying Christian missionaries for giving their children an education in which the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ is daily taught, explained, and enforced. No doubt their object was that their children should get on better in the world; but there must be a wonderful removal of prejudice on the part of parents to induce them to go so far. These boys and girls would leave school with their prejudices against Christianity weakened or removed, or probably turned into prepossession in its favour. Now, these children, grown to be men and women, read in their Bibles, or hear in their synagogues, the 22nd Psalm, the 53rd of Isaiah, or the 12th of Zechariah, and I think I may venture to say that many of them will never all their lives be able to hear the

words, "They pierced my hands and my feet," "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter," "They shall look on me whom they have pierced," without awakening the thought of Christ, and Him crucified.

XII. Christian Literature in India. *By* Rev. J. P. Chown.

It was seventy years since Carey, Marshman, and Ward took their stand at the meeting of four cross-roads at Serampore, where they joined in singing some Christian hymns, and, after having done so, distributed copies of those hymns among those who were present. That was, he believed, the beginning of circulation of Christian literature in India. In the course of the year there had been distributed a thousand Christian tracts; at the end of fifteen years the number had been increased to nearly a million, and manifest blessings had followed; and from the commencement of the work up to the present time, ten millions of religious tracts and other publications had been circulated in India through the influence of this Society. There had been many indications of satisfactory progress in the diffusion of Christian truth through the medium of tract distribution. It was not merely that tracts had been received, but it appeared that many natives had come to the missionaries, and, flinging themselves at their feet, and embracing their knees, had entreated in terms of pathetic supplication that a tract might be given to them. That showed an appreciation of the work by those for whom it was intended, which could scarcely have been surpassed in any country. Further, not only had tracts been received, not only had many of the natives shown an earnest and eager desire to obtain them, but great numbers of tracts had been bought, as it were, from the poverty of natives. The increase in the money received for tracts had for some time past been constant and rapid. As regarded the character of the publications of that Society he would observe, that as it had been said that there was not a village in the country from which there was not a road leading to London, so there was not a tract of that Society, which did not lead the way to Christ. The committee had throughout the

Society's career taken care that the publications should always be in harmony with the great keynote which was struck when the Society was founded. At the same time there was great variety in the Society's works, and he liked them also for that. Its publications did a great deal in the way of teaching in secular or scientific matters. They took the student in botany through the various classes of plants, but they also spoke of the Rose of Sharon; they taught lessons in geology, but they also pointed to the imperishable Rock of Ages; they taught the truths of astronomy, and showed how "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork," but they stopped not with material spheres and systems, but bore the spirit up to "The Bright and Morning Star," "The Sun of Righteousness," in whose living beams the Society wished to see all men rejoicing. Again, he had been struck with the fact that though the publications of the Society were good, they were not dull—that they were interesting, attractive, and genial. As the poet said of "Divine philosophy," that it was "not harsh or crabbed, as dull fools suppose;" so it might be said of the publications of that Society—that they had a sweet ring about them, and that their music was like that which was heard around the throne of God. Further, the tracts and books of that Society were missionaries, and missionaries of no inferior order. They had been reminded that evening that among the books sent out was the "Pilgrim's Progress." John Bunyan was a missionary in India. He found, too, that "Jessica's Prayer" was out there. The living words struck like an electric spark from the soul of a Christian woman had, it might be hoped, entered the hearts of many of the natives, and set them on fire with the truths embodied in that little work. He also perceived that Legh Richmond was in India, and of course he had with him "The Dairyman's Daughter." Although the authors of these works had gone to their rest, they were still labouring for Christ through the works themselves, and as the missionaries preached, these tracts and books were exercising their silent power. If missionaries told tales connected with religion to the heathen, so did these tracts; if missionaries led the devotions of those who listened to them, and taught them songs of Zion, so did these tracts. One tract taught

the hymn, "Shall we gather at the river?" Another taught the hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea." Another, "The hour of prayer." It was delightful to think of the silent influence which was thus being exercised, and it surely became them all to indulge feelings of devout acknowledgment for the past, and of earnest confidence and anticipation for the future.

XIII. Go Forward. *By* Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon.

Two things had struck him in connection with the report: they rejoiced, for the first time, he believed, in the annals of Methodist missions, in having a station at Lucknow; and that there, with the memories of their slaughtered countrymen and countrywomen, butchered by heathen cruelty, they had been permitted to show them the nobility of Christian revenge. The other thought which occurred to him in connection with the report was the suggestive character of the statement that public discussion had been commenced in India. Anything in the world rather than the stagnation which did not know a throb! Idols were less often and less largely propitiated now with blood than formerly; the priests were not princes now, but jugglers and conjurors in their hold upon the people, and if that everlasting New Zealander who cropped up so often in speeches of all kinds ever did take his seat on the broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, in order to furnish a picture for the Academy, they would at least have the consolation of knowing that it was they who first taught him to draw. Gotthold, the German, told a beautiful fable of a river of which the horses drank, and, after having slaked their thirst, trampled it with their feet; but the river sped on and the heaven smiled gratefully upon its rippling waters, as it flowed through the corn-beds and the dwellers upon its banks. So with the missionary cause. Captain Burton dared not have gone to Dahomey if the missionary had not gone there before him. It was their missionary who had opened up the way for European civilization and European commerce into those dark and benighted regions of the earth, and although those who were indebted to the mission for their power to do mischief

turned against it—slaking their thirst and then fouling the residue with their feet—onward in calm kindliness, unheeding, should flow the river, and everything should live "whither the river cometh." They were charged with failure: failure meant inability to meet one's engagements; now, they had engaged to do nothing except to obey the Master. They had not engaged the success; but success had been given them, and, comparing the state of the mission Churches with those at home, and the description given of the Churches of old, he contended that the success in the mission field had been as great as of old, and as in this country. They had had success in comparison with anybody else. Model farming, colonisation, education—these were things of which they had often heard as the means which were to affect the mighty change. It did not appear that the gentlemen who supported missions were but bankrupts in originality; their works would bear comparison with those of the discoverers he alluded to; and they might go to them, of course modestly, and say, "Gentlemen, it would ill become us to be unmannerly (although they call us so); we may be pardoned for intruding ourselves into your company. We are poor; we are uneducated, comparatively uncultured; we are not members, most of us, of the Anthropological Society; we scarcely dare to come between the wind and your nobility; we have failed, you say; but where are your successes? Where are the nations that you have turned about from barbarism to civilization? Where are the garlands that crown the altars upon which you have made your votive offerings to the Pan of human self-sufficiency? What reason have you to sneer at us for the apparent failure of our plans? We have written few romances; we have shot no gorillas; we love life, most of us; but we trust none of us would turn Mohammedans to save it. We have not done all we want to do, we have not done all we should have done, we have not done all we shall do; but, by the grace of God, we have done something; and, hark you! we tell you in the face of the world, and to your beard, we have done better than you." Their duty was based upon the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." In the words of Burke, at Bristol, to his constituents, he would say to them—"Applaud us when we

run, cheer us when we fall, console us when we recover, but, above all things, let us go on: for God's sake let us go on."

XIV. Concrete Christianity. *By* Rev. Dr. Parker.

Most of us have to do with concrete Christianity, with its history, its facts, its ascertainable effects upon human temper; and we find upon the side of the great argument not only relief from the noise and pressure of controversy and restlessness of self-amending philosophies; but proof upon proof, in happy and endless succession, that Christ Jesus is the healer of man; that to be in Christ is to be a new creature, and to be at the cross is to walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. "Where is the healed man?" must be the constant cry, and when the healed man is produced he must be weighed as part of the great argument. In 1832, Charles Darwin took his voyage in the *Beagle*. Coming to Tierra del Fuego, he said: "I believe in this extreme part of South America man exists in a lower state of improvement than in any other part of the world." Again, he says: "These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skin filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, their gesticulation violent"; and Darwin, in 1832, pronounced the inhabitants of that part of South America all but, if not wholly, hopeless. What can Christianity do with a case like that? A little child was found in the streets of Bristol. He was taken to the workhouse; found on St. Thomas's day, he was called Thomas; found between two bridges, he was called Bridges—Thomas Bridges. In due time he became the Rev. Thomas Bridges. He sought to become a missionary in South America. He went to Tierra del Fuego just as described by Charles Darwin; he studied the tones, he gave them shape on paper, he exerted his utmost ingenuity in the case, and gave himself night and day to the severe labour, till he was able to translate part of the Word of God into the language which he had largely himself created for the people. He put that word of God into their hands, explained it, lived a Christian life amongst

them. The people became civilized, Christianized, and when the facts were brought to the attention of the great traveller and the great naturalist, he sent a donation to the Society whose agent had been the means of doing this noble work. Beholding the land that was healed he could say nothing against it. Our own Admiralty had issued orders that English vessels were not to go near that part of South America. Intelligence of the Christian result was brought to the Admiralty, and the orders were quite recently revoked. What did that work? Let us be just; let us be decent if we cannot be great—what did the work? In the name of simple honour, justice, fairness, we are bound to say that this work was undertaken by Christian beneficence, was conducted by Christian heroism, and, if any one is to be crowned in view of this most glorious result, who will deny that the crown is due to Him who bowed His sacred head and died, tasting death for every man?

XV. Gospel Victories. *By* The Bishop of Carlisle.

The blessing of God was to be expected to incline to the side of doctrinal truth. The victories of the gospel in early days were won by the blood of the Lamb and by the Word of His testimony. When Paul encountered the men of Athens or of Rome, he did not set before them rationalism or asceticism; not words of wisdom such as man teacheth, but the teaching of the Holy Ghost. When Christ was set forth by him it was not in carving of ivory and ebony, it was not in gorgeous ceremonialism, but in the simple oral teaching of the Word of God. The weapons of apostolic warfare were those which recognised those two great principles, the value of the atoning blood and the sovereignty of the regenerated Spirit. If, leaving the victories of apostolic days, we came down to triumphs spoken of by the report, the successes obtained in New Zealand and Sierra Leone were all obtained by the preaching of the gospel of Christ, by the exhibition of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The motto of the missionaries had been, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty to pull down the strongholds of sensualism, of sensuousness, and of scepticism." However dark the day,

let men, with David of old, stick to the testimonies of the Lord; and thus the only course of safety would also be taken. The signs of the time all seemed to point to some great on-coming battle. Forces were being gathered against the Lord and His Christ, and the day was coming when, figuratively speaking, the mountains would be cast into the midst of the sea. When that day came, only that layman would be safe, only that clerk would be safe, who continued true to the fundamental principles of the gospel of Christ. Being on the side of Christ, they would be on the conqueror's side. Happy the men who did not look upon the weapons used by Romaine, Whitefield, Scott, Venn, Simeon, as mere curiosities that might hang up like pieces of armour in a hall, but as weapons that were as good and true now as they were in the days of old.

XVI. The Root Idea of Gospel Propagation.

By Rev. Dr. Culross.

In the course of a sermon on this subject, Dr. Culross said: A considerable amount of home mission work is done over the country by single Churches and associations in their own proper localities; but when it is all summed up, there still remains a great deal that is not overtaken, and a wide field for the general Society where the surface is merely scratched. He then proceeded to exhibit some of the first principles of home mission work, taking for his text John i. 41, 42. Andrew first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith to him, "We have found the Christ;" and then he brought him to Jesus. In this transaction was to be found the root-idea of gospel propagation, whether at home or abroad; and he set forth three lessons. *Find*, *Tell*, *Bring:* these three words mark out the line of the Society's work. It is a concerted seeking of the lost, in which we keep in intelligent and sympathetic connection with one another, and combine our efforts, in order that we may bring them to the Saviour. The scope at home for evangelistic labour was illustrated by an affecting anecdote of a gentleman in London whom the preacher lately attended on his death-bed. The gospel, as he drank it in, seemed altogether new and wonderful to him; when told about the

magnificence of Divine grace, he exclaimed, "Do the people of London know that?" There was a church at the end of his street, glorious in its Gothic architecture, with saints in its stained-glass windows; Christian men had met him in business week after week; and yet the story of the holy Love was as strange to him as if he had spent his life in Central Africa. There, then, in green and quiet country villages, and in our great cities, beneath the shadow of our steeples, is field enough for such a Society as this, to seek our brother and bring him to Jesus. In one of the closing passages of his discourse, Dr. Culross set forth the aim of the Society to have each convert and member of the the mission-church a missionary. The Christian is not a marble statue chiselled by a Divine Sculptor to show his skill; but a fresh and living force thrown into the battle of Jesus Christ.

III. BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

I. The Word of God. *By* The Very Rev. Dean Close.

It was in the winter of 1812 that I became a collector of a penny a week for the British and Foreign Bible Society, under the direction of the eldest son of Bible Scott, and the lesson which he often imparted to me I have never forgotten. I may truly say that from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, I have ever loved and never deserted, and never failed to support, to my utmost ability, this glorious and blessed institution. I have supported it in fair weather and in foul. There have been occasions, in past years, when I was very much more frequently able to attend your great anniversaries, when this room was not more than two-thirds full, if so much. Division and strife, always the curse of the Christian Church, had found its way even into the bosom of this benevolent and Christian society, and hence falling off, and weakness of heart. But there was something in her which I shall endeavour to show before I sit down that prevented the good ship from foundering. And now I come before you after the lapse of years, feeling

differently from what you, my lord,[1] must feel, who have presided here, year after year, for twenty-five years, and God grant you may be spared much longer. You are inured to the changes and fluctuations of this society. I live in a far country, in North Britain, according to the direction on many of my letters, far away from the influence of these great anniversaries, and I have been little able to attend them, and therefore I regard them from a different standpoint to that from which your lordship will regard them, and they strike me as most wonderful instances of Divine Providence. I speak here not merely of this great institution, but of all its kindred institutions, and I express it as my deep conviction, from long observation, that the persistency of these institutions, their consistency in their work, their gradual increase in all their proportions and all their usefulness, is a constant miracle and evidence of the truth of God in an evil and sinful age. There is one text in the Scripture which appears to me to describe in three lines the remarkable position of the Christian world at the present moment—"They shall fear the name of the Lord from the West." When that was written, and when the Gospel was first propagated, the pillars of Hercules formed the West; but now beyond those, and far across the Atlantic, another world exists, and they fear the Lord from Western America. And a fifth quarter of the world, if I were not using an Irishism, the great country of Australia, has come amongst us. "They shall also glorify the Lord from the rising of the sun." I do not know where the sun rose then, but it seems now to rise very much further east than it did in those days, and it shines upon vast countries then unknown. Here, I say, is an expression of the wide diffusion of the Gospel, both written and spoken, and I affirm it constantly that since Christ came into the world there never was anything like the present diffusion of the Gospel. The miracle of Pentecost was a trifle compared with the miracle of the Bible Society that speaks in 220 languages. I wonder how many there were at Pentecost—very few indeed, comparing, I say, the work of God then and now;

[1] The speech was delivered in Exeter Hall, and the meeting was presided over by the late Lord Shaftesbury.

it is most wonderful, and the fact cannot be denied. I am not speaking of its success, or of the number of conversions, but of the extraordinary historical fact that if you take a map of the world and put a red cross wherever the Bible is, and wherever the missionary is, you will have a reflection like the starry heavens, although there may be a deep-dark sky beyond. This, then, is one remarkable feature; but my text goes on to say that when this great diffusion takes place "The enemy shall come in like a flood;" and you will agree with me in that. The enemy does come in upon us undoubtedly like a flood, whether it be in the wild and boisterous waves of a mountain sea coming over tremendously to deluge us with noise and tempest and storm, as I might say in the violence and boisterousness and drunkenness which threaten to deluge the land,—may I not say licensed drunkenness?—and prostitution—must I say licensed prostitution?—fearful things! And these are evils which in Scripture language are like the troubled sea when it casts up mire and dirt. But there is such a thing as a still flood, like the solemn rising of your Thames, calm and tranquil; but how they watch its rise inch by inch! A few more inches, and the calm flood shall deluge 10,000 houses and destroy on every side. So we have the deluge of infidelity and the deluge of superstition quietly creeping into our houses, stealing our families and our children; one stolen off to infidelity and another to the lies of the apostate Church of Rome, and thus it is that there is unquestionably an enemy, the devil. Men may deny his very existence; he holds them fast, and then they say, "There is no such thing as a devil at all; we do not believe a word of it." But I say he thus comes in like a flood. But what then? "The Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." I believe the history of the world from the days of Paradise until now will tell the same story, that whenever the Spirit of the Lord is upon the earth, whenever the people of God rise to their duties, then the devil stirs up his people either to direful opposition or to work side by side. Now as this is the case, I believe, looking from that standpoint of forty, fifty, or sixty years ago, the great Pilot of the Christian Church foresaw this great, direful flood that was coming in, and put His Spirit into

the hearts of little bands of men here and there at the close of the last century, and the beginning of this, to pray and think, "What can we do for the glory of God? how can we circulate His Word? how can we send out missionaries?" They did not know what they were doing, but they were doing a great work, and they have done a great work, and God has blessed that work. But that work has done much more. I believe that every missionary society, every Bible society, every evangelical society of every kind, is the Spirit of the Lord lifting up a standard here at home to drive back infidelity and superstition. When we are working for this Society, and circulating the Bible in lands and languages, the names of which I should be very sorry to attempt to pronounce, and when we are having statistics and figures, which I have abhorred from my school days even to the present moment; and when we read of these great many Bibles and great many missionaries, we think we are only sending Bibles or sending missionaries to Russia and I know not where; but we are planting the standard of God's truth to defend us at home, and to save us from the incursions of infidelity and superstition. But to return to our own Society for a moment. I said that I had stood by her in fair weather and foul, and she has had some very foul weather, and received some very heavy shocks. I may mention, for instance, when I was young the wiseacres used to say, "Oh, those poor fellows at Exeter Hall; let them alone; they will talk themselves quiet, and soon be tired; the thing will evaporate, and it is all momentary superstition;" but fifty, sixty, seventy years have gone on, and I find this big room as full as ever of men with hearts and hands determined to promote the glory of God—and notwithstanding this Bible Society has been so nearly lost, and had such bad weather, I see her not only righted, but fully equipped, and she is now laden with this Word of God in all languages and tongues; she is going down channel with every stitch of sail set, with her stun'sails out and the breath of heaven wafting her, and I am sure, despite Mr. Plimsoll, with a deck cargo, and all crowded upon her deck; and above her floats, I will not say the Royal or Imperial standard, but I will say the standard of the Lord of Hosts, the flag which He flies, and under which flag

there must eventually be victory. But, allow me for a moment to ask the question, what is the cause of this great success, especially of the British and Foreign Bible Society? I daresay very few of you have looked as you ought to do into the big book of the report. Why, it is a volume! I cannot read it a quarter through; I have not time to do so; but I skimmed it over, and what a wonderful report it is! What extraordinary facts are produced! And then we come to another wonderful thing. Where does all the money come from? When I go round the country I hear very few people talking about the poor old Bible Society. It is preached for in fewer pulpits than any other society I know of, but yet it does not fail—nay, it increases. And it is, as it ought to be, the parent society of all societies, and takes the lead in money matters as in everything else. But what is your strength? Where is it? No doubt there have been great skill, great learning, deep piety, and many prayers—I would not undervalue human agency—and I confess, as an old friend of this Society, I felt a little proud—I do not know whether it was right or wrong—when the *literati* and *savans* could not find what they wanted in the Bodleian Library, or the libraries of Oxford, or the British Museum, and were obliged to come to the depôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society. There must be some learning, there must be something worth looking at, when the scientific condescend to visit our stores. Yes; I rejoice, and I believe that all the best of human learning and human piety has been devoted to this great work of translating and circulating the Word of God. But even this is not the reason of your success. Why has not your ship sunk under these storms? It is because of the cargo which she bears; it is because she bears the Word of the living God and the truth of God, and the ship swims because of her cargo. You recollect many of those Northern timber ships; they suffer tremendously in bad weather, and sometimes they have all their crew swept off their decks; but they cannot sink, because they are laden with timber; and so it is with the Bible Society. Beat her as you will, abuse her as you may, find fault with her as you choose, she will swim in spite of all, because she has the cargo of the Word of the living God! And what is that cargo? Let me be

a Custom House officer for a while, and go and examine the cargo of this ship. Perhaps you will tell me it is a very old story, a very old Book, that you all know what it is—the Bible. Yes. What is the Bible? God's written Word, or, as we call it in the Church of England, God's Word written. I do not like that definition altogether. It is true, but not the whole truth by a great deal, and it is a definition which some are disposed to take advantage of. There are some folks amongst ourselves who sneer at the written Word, and they say, "Oh, the world will never be converted by a book; it was not the written Word that the apostles and the prophets and our Lord circulated, but it was the voice of man that did it." Some folks build that pyramid with the apex downwards in my judgment; they put the Bible upon the Church, instead of the Church upon the Bible. But that is not the Protestant or the Article view of it. I say to those who advance that argument, "How do you find out that the Gospel was circulated by the voice of man and not by the Word?" They found it in the Bible. They would never have known anything about it if it had not been there; and what they know beyond that I do not care much about or have much respect for. Here we come to the grand point—the view that you take of this blessed Book, what is it? It is not merely and simply the written Word of God. The Epistles and the New Testament are the written Word of God. Perhaps the Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, and Ecclesiastes are the written Word of God, but the rest of the Bible is not the written Word of God. It was all spoken before it was written. It is the record of the oral Word of God in all ages. Our Lord speaks of it, and echoes back the Old Testament, "Every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord." That is not written—it is spoken. And I look at the source of this, and see it magnificently exhibiting the idea. Amidst the thunders and earthquakes, and sounds, and sights of Sinai, it is there said, "God spake all these words"—with a voice that made the nations hear—and when He had spoken them He wrote them, wrote them twice with His own finger on tables of stone. It was first spoken, and then written. And that is the history of the great bulk of this blessed Book. It is the written record of what God said to Adam and Eve in

Paradise; what God said to Abraham in the dark and thick night; what He whispered in the ear of Jaçob when He wrestled with him; what He spake to Mosès eighty days and nights on that Mount. It was all spoken before it was written. And the prophecies of God, they were all spoken before they were written. It is the record of what was spoken. And the beautiful Psalms—what do you think of them? Were they spoken? No; they were prayed and poured out from the voice of the penitent believer; they were said, they were sung; I do not know whether they were intoned until modern times—that I cannot answer for; but I am certain they were said, and sung, and prayed, and then they were recorded by the Spirit of God in the Book for your edification and mine. And what are the Gospels? What are the Acts of the Apostles? Are they merely writings written from God to us? No, they are the records of the very voice, and word, and action of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, so that when you hear this Book read, you hear the very words of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. This gives me an idea of the dignity and power of this Word that I never gained till I saw it. It seems to me a kind of double inspiration. I have no longer to quibble about the degree of inspiration of this or that, but I have this first of all as our blessed Lord said Himself. "Holy men of old," as the apostle, "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." They all spoke. Yes, it is the oral tradition of the Church of the living God recorded by a Divine reporter for our edification to the end of time. Therefore it is that this Society is as prosperous as it is; therefore it is that I feel, in my departing address to you,—it may possibly be my last—it will be my comfort and consolation that though one generation of advocates pass away, another will rise up. I feel almost to-day as if I was the last of a special race. Your fathers, where are they? Where, where are the men who for years and years pleaded with you in this room? Where are the mighty dead who have died in the Lord? They are gone. I believe few in this room will equal even myself in age, and in devotion to your Society. They are passed away, but I bless God that there are young men rising up among you, and I have no fear for God's cause nor for His word. His glory is wrapt up in

it. Do you but circulate His pure and unadulterated word, and the Lord will bless it to the salvation of His people, and the gathering together of His Church. I pray God to pour His abundant blessing on you all. My friends, I pray for you sincerely. You have had great advantages in London since I knew it; you have been roused and stirred up by American piety from far lands. The spirit of the Lord is there. It is all working to oppose the power and dominion of Satan, and I pray God that you may know the day of your visitation, and that every man, woman, and child here present to-day representing an interest in the circulation of the Scriptures, may represent a witness and a testimony to the power of the Word in their own souls, that they may feed upon it day and night. As an old man, now long experienced, I can say to you that the longer you study, and the deeper you study, and the more you pray over that Blessed Word, the more rich discoveries you will make of God's grace. Instead of its being a stale or a dry book, or a heavy work, the light shines brighter and brighter on every page; and when you want it most, when your flesh and your heart fail, and those around you fail, you will find God the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever.

II. The Silence of the Bible. *By* Dr. Morley Punshon.

A SENTENCE of Archbishop Trench's has been ringing in my ears repeatedly this morning. In one of his Hulsean Lectures, I think, he says something like this: "That it was observed by one wise man to another that his questions taught more than other people's answers;" and he refers back, if I remember rightly, to the Scripture in this aspect of it: "That the silence of Scripture is often more instructive than the teaching of other books." Now that silence, as it appears to me, may not be inaptly quoted as an evidence of the Scriptures' inspiration. It is silent, not by inadvertence; it is silent by design. The same spirit which prompted the writers to write withheld the writers from writing when the Lord did not will the inspiration. And so it is true, as Boyle says, that the Scripture is like

a dial in which we are informed by the shadow as well as the light; and, again, in the words of the lamented Archer Butler, "What we see is holy; but what we see not is holier still." It is the glory of God, we are told, to conceal a matter. And sometimes to repress an unhallowed curiosity, and sometimes to exercise His people's faith, and sometimes to vindicate His own prerogative, and sometimes—nay, always—to evolve His own plans into clearer and grander harmony, God mingles obscurity and brightness in the revelation of His will. There is no obscurity, mark you, upon the matters that concern salvation. They are all as clear as the morning. There is no theorising upon truth. In the Scripture, truth is dogmatically asserted. We do not get hold of the processes in which the results are arrived at; we do not see the reasons of things as they present themselves to the Divine mind. And if it be God's Word, it must be so. If it be God's Word, we must take it because God says it, and we must not be disposed to seek out irreverently what it is His pleasure to hide. Human silence, you know, may be broken by human tests. It is recorded that when the oracles of old were rather chary of response, Alexander politely compelled the priestess to the tripod and made her speak. And on another occasion, when the blood of St. Januarius did not liquefy as it ought to have done—when the priests were either unable or unwilling (I give them the choice of the dilemma)—a message came from one whose position gave him power, that it must liquefy in half an hour or the high priest should be hanged. But in spite of royal will, and in spite of military insolence, the silence of the Scripture remains inviolate. The seal of that silence cannot possibly be broken by the touch of any human hand, and it is noteworthy—and I shall come to my point very shortly (I do not know that I am very far from it now)—it is noteworthy that the subjects upon which Scripture is silent are precisely the same subjects where irreverent curiosity would fain probe to the uttermost, and where speculations have been multiplied almost without end. We ask about the creation of the world; it is dismissed in a sentence, almost in a word. We ask about the angels—those vast and lofty intelligences who are so powerful for good or evil. We do not know much about them from the Word

We ask about the existence of other worlds; we would fain know something of the conditions under which they live—whether there is sin among them—

> "Whether they have felt above,
> Redeeming grace and dying love."

We know nothing about it from the Word. We ask in reference to the origin of evil; we find scars upon the earth; a sickly and wailing child, volcano and pestilence, tyranny and wrong; and if God be God, and if He be love, and if He be pure, whence? why? Scripture is silent. It is more concern to discover the remedy than to account for the disease. We ask about the dead. What are the conditions of their existence in the world to which they are gone on, and in that paradise which is but a suburb of heaven? We do not know; the Word is silent. Who, awed by the loving ministry of the Lord Jesus, and loving Him intensely, as I trust we are getting to do as a personal Christ—as a personal Redeemer—who of us has not wondered what He was like? We know all about heroes. We know all about poets and artists. Every great man who is noteworthy enough to live in memory at all—either the pen or the pencil has brought him before us to the very buckskin, or to a ribbon. Many painters have essayed to paint Christ; but then it is left to the imagination entirely. Raphael, and Correggio, and Caracci can give us no light, nor Matthew, nor Mark, nor John. Nay, Luke even,—for he was, as a tradition says, painter as well as physician—has not essayed to draw for us upon canvas the features of the Master whom he loved. Now, mark where Scripture is silent, and where Scripture speaks; silent upon matters that are subordinate—rich with a speaking fulness upon matters that are supreme, silent where irreverent curiosity would probe or arrant fancy would wander; abundant in its revelation where the intellect thirsts for knowledge and where the hunger of heart would be satisfied with the fulness of the Word; rich in its proclamation of everything that can lead the tottering steps of a wayfaring man to Jesus; abundant in its revelation of the one way to God and of the honours that are to be given to the Redeemer and to the Holy Spirit in the salvation of sinners; free and unrestricted in its offers of mercy, and

with such a power in its words that the lame man leaps as a hart and the tongue of the dumb sings; yet there is a silence—an unmistakable, inviolate, painful silence—where misgivings, or rather scepticism, would inquire, or where unhallowed curiosity would probe. The Bible is like the Master who talked freely about the mysteries of His kingdom to blind beggars, and to fallen but penitent women, but who uttered not a word to the blasphemous audacity of Caiaphas and the insolent impiety of Herod. Now I should just like to ask, Is not there something in this that may be quoted as a collateral evidence of inspiration? If an impostor, or a set of impostors, had gone about to write a book, shrewd, skilful men, knowing human nature, and knowing how much of the Athenian there is about human nature still—for all the Athenians, you remember, and the strangers that were at Athens, were bent upon nothing else but either to hear or tell some new thing—if a shrewd impostor had tried to write a book, would he not have just been keen to satisfy the hunger of curiosity, which is, I venture to say, as rife in human nature to-day as it was in the time when the inspired writer wrote those words? Have not impostors uniformly done so? The Apocryphal Gospels, the heathen mythologies, the Book of Mormon—do not they all peer underneath the surface, and give ridiculous and impious details in their endeavour to be wise above what is written? It is the Bible alone that preserves a dignified and majestic simplicity. Reticent upon all those matters that might, perhaps, have settled controversies with a word, but that are not necessary to make us wise unto salvation; and so, in the strong words of a former dignitary of the Church of England, a grand man—Archbishop Whately—no impostor would, and no enthusiast could, have written the Scriptures. They are not of man's device, therefore, but they are the words of the living God. Now, it has struck me, that we are sometimes in danger in these days of ours of conceding a great deal too much to our adversaries. I am afraid that one cause of the apparent hold which some of the fashionable scepticism of the present day has got among the people is a sort of hesitancy which Christians have come to have in speaking with such men about their belief in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Now, if we show them

that we begin to doubt we have lost half the battle. Have we faith? That is just the question. Have we faith in our own cause? For my part, I am not disposed to yield a hair's breadth to impudent unbelief. For my part I am disposed to claim, that the Bible should be the great intellectual educator of the age. Yes, I say the great intellectual educator. I know that witlings will sneer at this. It is good, they say, for feminine instincts—though that is a grand compliment to the ladies, by the way—good for feminine instincts, good for emotional satisfactions, but altogether out of place—a laggard behind the age—in reference to the manly growth of the intellect and of the reason of man. Well, Sir William Jones did not think so; Robert Boyle did not think so; Isaac Newton did not think so; and I think we may let that matter pass until we get a modern sceptical philosopher half as big. Guizot has put that strongly in his lectures on civilization, where he claims that from the Reformation—which, by the way, was the very first thing which put the Bible into the hands of the common people—was the start in that race for intellectual progress which gave the first wholesale impulse to English literature, and which filled the spacious times of great Elizabeth with sounds which echo still. And so with the social life of England, for the argument might be almost indefinitely extended. I am not at all concerned, however, at this meeting, to defend the Bible. I want to encourage ourselves in our adhesion to it—to its principles, to its precepts to its hopes, and to stimulate our personal endeavour to circulate it unto the very ends of the earth. In my best moments, in my calmest and most trustful moments, I am not afraid. I do get a little fretful and impatient sometimes. I suppose that is in consequence of the infirmity, or of the lack of my faith; but I am not afraid in my highest and most trustful moments at all as to the future destiny of the Bible and of the Christianity which it embodies. I have marked how God has been in connection with it from the beginning. It is a marvellous thing to think about—that from the beginning of the world there has been a special need; there has been a special interposition. I think I could trace out, if I had time, that God had a purpose of mercy towards Britain. Now, I am not

going into ecclesiastical history. I do not know, certainly, whether Paul was ever in Britain or not; but I do know that Paul was in Rome. I do know that Eusebius tells us —and he is rather an authority, you know, as an ecclesiastical historian—Eusebius tells us that Paul was in Rome in the second year of the Emperor Nero. I do know this, that Caractacus, the Christian King of Britain, was in Rome as a hostage at the same time. At any rate, we know that Caractacus and Paul were both in Rome, and it was at the time when Paul was acting as a local preacher —when he preached, not at St. Peter's, but at his own hired house, just as some of us do at the present time, who are not favoured with large endowments, and that sort of thing. He preached in his own hired house, and Caractacus and Paul being in Rome together, and Caractacus coming home, as some say, and establishing, or, at any rate, aiding in the establishment, of Christianity—that shows that just as God sometimes sends the heathen to the Gospel, when the Churches will not send the Gospel to the heathen, there is a providence over all the affairs of men that works all things steadily and surely to the accomplishment of His own great and gracious ends. Well, then, if you come down a little further still, there was John Wycliffe preaching away at Oxford with most wonderful vigour and success—with such wonderful vigour and success that the mendicant friars hated him, and they got up a persecution against him, and drove him away from Oxford. Well, that was not the only time that a grand and good thing has been done for the world by a man that has been driven away from Oxford. I am not sure that we should have had that grand battering ram against Rome if somebody had not been driven away from Oxford. However, God had a much greater work for Wycliffe to do than he could ever have done in Oxford. He had a work that required the seclusion and the quiet of Lutterworth Rectory. And so he was driven away from Oxford and silenced from preaching, that he might do the grander, nobler, better work of translating the Word of God. His preaching would have died with him. When the tongue of the orator is silent the voice of his persuasiveness is over, and the effect only exists as a dream of exquisite memory. But the labour of Wycliffe is a labour that will

stand for ever. After Wycliffe had done his work, and after he had gone home, they disinterred his bones. The first experiments of burning that were made in a certain locality were made upon bones—a very harmless sort of thing though, and Wycliffe suffered posthumous martyrdom—the most pleasant sort of martyrdom, I should fancy, inasmuch as there was not much personal feeling about it. But you know what has been said, that the ashes were taken from the Swift to the Avon, and from the Avon to the Severn, and from the Severn to the sea, and were scattered all over the world. Well, then, by-and-by came Erasmus, and he entered upon the same work, too, under the same disadvantages. Henry VIII., who, with all his contradictions of character, knew a strong man when he saw one, and had rather a respect for strength, was disposed to be his patron. There was a monk, or rather a bishop, who was, *proh pudor*, ignorant enough to say that Paul's epistles were written in Hebrew, who did not like Erasmus at all, and who waxed very wroth both with him and his book; upon which King Henry VIII. whispered in his ear one day, "It is not quite safe for a beetle to attack an eagle." That was a wise saying, and if we may quote Royal authority for it, there are a good many people in our day who would be none the worse for listening to that savoury comparison. It is not safe yet for a beetle to attack an eagle. Well, then, Erasmus did his work of translation for the cultivated. Then there was wanted one to do it for the vulgar. Who was to do that? Why, Tyndale was raised up of God just at the proper time, and he went to Oxford, and he met with Wycliffe's Bible there, and it inspired him to do what Wycliffe had done for the cultivated on behalf of the common people. And so he printed and published his edition of the Bible—what he thought a very incorrect one; and Tunstal, who was the Romish bishop at that time, bought up every copy that he could find of Tyndale's Bible. "Gentle Mr. Pakington," he says to the merchant, "do your diligence, I pray you, to get them. I will pay you whatsoever they cost you. The books are naughty books, and I intend to get them and burn them all at Paul's Cross." There is the second experiment of burning, you see. They began with bones, and then they went on to books. That was the next step.

There was the burning of bones, and then the burning of books. That is the comparative degree. Well, Tyndale's reply is quaint, almost arch. He says, "I shall get money of him for these books to bring myself out of debt, and the whole world shall cry out at the burning of God's Word, and the surplus of the money that shall remain shall make me more studious to correct, and newly to imprint the same." And so, out of the burning of books, just as the devil and all his emissaries are accustomed to outwit themselves in their craftiness, there came the new and corrected edition of God's Holy Word. And that sort of thing is continued yet. I hold in my hand here a report of the Canadian Bible Society. That is not three years old, and in this there is the veritable statement that one of the colporteurs has distributed thirteen copies of the Holy Scriptures in the district just between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and that, by the connivance or at the instigation of the Romish priests, twelve of those copies were publicly burnt—within the last three years publicly burnt. And yet there is a change. Everybody is getting liberal, and tolerant, and merciful now-a-days, and they did not believe in the burning of the books. But it is continued still where there is a chance of doing it without an outrage upon public feeling, because the principles of the hostility are the same. Then, you know, by-and-by the great witness himself was arrested and imprisoned, and multitudes were burnt with the libel or little book round their necks, and suffered for the truth of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ, and there came the superlative degree—the burning of bones, the burning of books, the burning of men. And yet what has come out of all this? Why, wherever there has been a determined opposition, wherever the forces of evil have gathered to a head, and concentrated force and effort for a decisive struggle, God has brought good out of evil; just, for instance, as when Rome sent forth the merciless Alva, or lit the fire of Lollard martyrdoms, or whetted her sword for a St. Bartholomew massacre, or gilt the prows of the invincible Armada. What was the result? Only to show the indestructibility of persecuted truth, for

> "Truth pressed to earth will rise again—
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error wounded writhes with pain,
> And dies amid her worshippers."

And just such an head has infidelity made when she mustered the wits and sages and philosophers of the encyclopædia for their marvellous and pronounced atheism. What was the result of that? Why, to rouse Christian people from a passive holding of their hope to a determined purpose to spread it to the uttermost ends of the earth, for we must never forget that in the throes of that great revolution the missionary enterprises of the Churches were born. Well then, in a few years, the greatest historic attack—the most subtle, sinister, acute attack upon Christianity—came from South Africa. How did God manifest His power then? Why just in the way that He always delights to manifest His power—by making mercy triumph over judgment. In the very same region, in the very diocese from which that attack came, there was one of the mightiest revivals of pure and undefiled religion that has ever been known in this world. And now to-day, in the midst of us, at our very doors, when Herod and Pilate are made friends, when there is the most subtle and determined opposition to the truth, when science, falsely so called, is putting on all its energies, when superstition on one hand and infidelity on the other are setting themselves against the truth, God has shown us how that He can work by simple men coming with a directness of aim, with a purpose grand in its simplicity, and, above all, with a firm, thorough, hearty belief—for that is the secret of it—with a firm, thorough, hearty belief in God and Christ, and His power to save at once. God is waking up the masses of hitherto embalmed life in this metropolis of ours in a way such as we have not known in our generation. I believe that God is a match for His enemies—that He is always on the alert, and that His providence is neither dead nor sleeping. He is in no haste to vindicate Himself; He is in no unseemly hurry, He knows the end from the beginning, and He can wait through the patient years, assured that the recompense shall come. But I do feel to-day that it should be ours, in the midst of all this, to give ourselves more thoroughly than we have done to earnest, hearty, Christian work. There is a tendency, I know, to leave old beliefs behind, and press to some imagined beyond of truth and beauty that nobody has ever yet tracked, much less explored; and there are many quarters in which it is not scrupled to say with the distin-

guished German philosopher that the desire for truth is a better thing than the possession of truth—a brilliant fallacy, but a fallacy, notwithstanding its brilliancy. And it is considered a proof of manliness—alas! that it should be so, for it is one of the most hopeless signs of our times—to have outgrown the faith of our childhood, which, after all, is the sturdy faith upon which the bold manhood of our fathers grew. But surely it were a weary world if at this time, in this age, nothing were settled. Surely life is of the shortest to be spent in dreams. While we battle out our great world problems, men are dying, and if the old faith be true—and in no battle-field has it ever been worsted yet—they go somewhere. Yes, and we are dying, too; and are we to have no fringe upon the cloud of the sepulchre? Are we to pass away, as we must do, if you take from us our Bible—to pass away with the cheerless conviction that life is a balance of chances, and that death is a leap in the dark, and all this when the light awaits our summons—all this when we may be at any moment summoned into a glory that is richer than golden—all this when Christ, our Surety and our Saviour, sits unmoved and expecting upon His throne! Oh, I know that there is a great deal of impermanence attaching to all human systems of teaching. I know that the test of inquiry, and the test of more accurate scholarship, and the crucial test of the last assize, may sweep away some of the inscriptions of frivolity and vanity that men have carved over the old truth; but the truth that God has written remains upon the face of the rock undefaced and permanent for ever. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." I pray that the conscience of this large assembly may be bound under a spell from which they know not how to be disenchanted, and from under whose power they shall pass to their eternity—that each one of them may labour, and pray, and give as if the whole of the work depended upon his single contribution, at the same time resting implicitly upon the blessing of God the Holy Ghost as if he knew—which, indeed, he does know—that we can do just nothing at all, and that it is only God who can make our work to prosper.

III. The Motives to Bible Circulation. *By* Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

I BELIEVE that we have arrived at the "good old times"—the times were never so old as they are now—and I very much question whether they were ever one-half as good as they are now, and they are going on to be better, thank God, and that, I trust, by very great strides. My spirit would be indicated by a little story which occurred to me while Mr. Richardson was speaking, as happening to myself some three years ago. Sitting in the Colosseum at Rome with two or three friends, I said, "Is it not glorious to look at this old ruin and see how Christ has conquered here; how all these ruins tell what desolations He hath made in the earth; how He breaketh the bow and scattereth the spear in sunder?" So I said, "Let us have a tune," and we sang the verse—

> "Jesus' tremendous name
> Has put our foes to flight;
> Jesus, the meek, the humble lamb,
> A lion is in fight."

Up came two strangers, and said, "What is that you are singing? Let us join you." One was an American, and the other an English clergyman, and we sang together the next verse—

> "By all hell's hosts withstood,
> We all hell's host o'erthrow;
> And conquering them through Jesus' blood,
> We still to conquer go."

And so we shall mark our track by the ruin of our adversaries; they shall only be remembered by the place which they once inhabited, which shall be a desolation and the habitation of the bittern for ever and ever. I want to speak practically now. I think the time has gone for defending the Bible against anybody, whoever he may be; whether he happens to be a bishop, or to come from the opposite side, wherever he may happen to come from, let him come! The Bible really has been so often defended, and the defences are so admirable, that I must look upon her now as the other day I did upon a little village church which I

came across in the middle of a wood—Oakwood Chapel in Surrey—a church subjected to a great many changes of the weather and buttressed, and there are about twice as many bricks in the buttresses as there are in the church. There seems to me to have been twice as much done in some ages in defending the Bible as in expounding it, but if the whole of our strength shall henceforth go to the expounding of it and spreading it, we may leave it pretty well to defend itself. I do not know whether you see that lion—it is very distinctly before my eyes; a number of persons are going to attack it, and there are a number of us who would defend the British lion with all our strength. Many suggestions are made and much advice offered. Will you open the door and let the lion out? He will take care of himself. Why, they are gone! He no sooner goes forth than away they fly. The way to meet infidelity is to spread the Bible. The answer to every objection against the Bible is the Bible. Meet any man who raises objections against it, and it is very rare that you will find that he has candidly studied it, and sought to understand it. It does sometimes occur, but even in his case I think, if he would read it again, and if he would ask the Author what the meaning of it is, and the Author is still accessible, he would soon come to a knowledge of the truth; at any rate, I shall not convince him much by argument. You have heard the story of the good clergyman who attended the Bampton Lectures—a very excellent course of lectures, no doubt—and thanked God, after hearing them all, he did remain a Christian. After reading some of the defences of the Bible, it really is a grand thing to find oneself a Christian at all. Spread the Bible every one of you, and spread the Bible for this reason—that, first of all, it will help to keep us all right—I mean the different ministers here belonging to different Churches. It is an admirable law which forbids the adulteration of milk, and it is a capital plan to keep a lactometer. The Bible is every Christian's lactometer; he may just see how much of adulteration there may be in the milk. You know I am never afraid of the Bible myself on Baptist grounds, and when any young person comes to me and says: "Can you recommend a little book which sets forth your views of baptism?" I always say, "Yes, there is a little book which you may buy for

twopence—the New Testament—a wonderful Baptist book" —in fact, I never give them any other. If they cannot see it there, well, then, I must love them all the same, if they love the Lord Jesus Christ. We all of us try to spread the Gospel and to preach Jesus Christ fully and freely ; but we are something like those water-carriers in Venice who cry out, "Aqua ! Aqua !"—and it is a very pleasant sound. I thought once I would have a little water, and he gave me a glassful for my halfpenny. Well, it tasted of the glass ; I did not like it. There is a good deal of the Gospel that tastes of the glass. I am afraid there are few of us that hand it out quite pure. What a grand thing it is that the people can keep a fountain at home to which they can go and draw for themselves. When you give them the Bible there is no necessity for their getting the Episcopalian twang, which is not very sweet to me, nor for their having the Dissenting twang, which is not very sweet to other people ; they can just go and draw from the living fountain itself the pure Word of God ; therefore spread it, for it will help to keep us all right. I cannot believe it of my countrymen that after all they will go sheer over to Popery. I do see very hopeful signs among those who have got to be very High Church indeed, that they love the souls of men and mean to preach the Gospel. I believe that is because the Bible is open, and when it is open, men may go a long way in their tag-rags and ribbons, and the like, but there is something or other that will hold them to the Gospel ; there is a centripetal power which will not allow them, after all, to go right away into the wild dark regions beyond, which are said to be under the dominion of his Holiness the Pope. Spread the Bible, dear friends, because that will bring us together. If anything will ever unite the entire Church of God, it must be around Holy Scripture that we shall unite,—certainly never anywhere else. I would rather say, I believe, the whole Church of Jesus Christ is, and always has been, one in the sense in which our Saviour prayed it might be one ; for I find myself incapable of believing that the petitions which we have offered to-night were unheard of God. I believe there is a deep, secret, essential vital union between all the elect of God who have been quickened by the power of the Holy Spirit, and have been washed in a "fountain filled with

blood." I think we keep each other alive a bit, and wake each other up—not always in the right spirit, perhaps, ourselves, but yet God overrules it for the right. But if any man shall say of any other man beneath the stars that he loves Jesus Christ, and denies that I am his brother, he lies in his throat. I am his brother, and there is my right hand. If I be one with Christ, it is no credit to me to say, "I will meet him on the platform of the Bible Society." Why, I cannot help it. If my little finger, because it is more properly than the rest of the body—I am alluding now to the Baptists who are just that—if my little finger were to say, "I will have no communion with the rest of the body"—well, it can only get out of the body by death, but as long as it lives in the body it must really commune, because the vitality of the whole body necessarily causes a communion between all the members of the body. It must be so, we cannot help ourselves. You shall reach down from your shelves a book, and not know who wrote it, and find your heart warming and glowing towards the man who wrote it, and when you look at the title-page you say, "There, now! I believe that man spoke at the Liberation Society." Or else on the other hand, you will say, "That is the man that said those tremendous things there in favour of Church and State at the Church Defence Association." Well, my dear friends, I think there is room enough in this great world, and plenty of room enough in a land of liberty, for us to speak our own minds, and love each other just as well after we have done. I for one feel sometimes just like Robin Hood, who never received a man into his company till he had played him at quarter-staff. It is a little exercise sometimes; besides, it tries the joints of our harness, and lets us know where our weak points may be. But if ever we are to meet—and God grant we may!—that in the movements of Providence Christians may come more closely together, it must be through our all coming nearer and nearer to the great standard of truth, which is the Word of God. Dear friends, I would urge very especially that we all try to distribute the Scriptures just now, because a very large number of persons have been converted—there can be no doubt about that—and they will want instruction, and no instruction will suit them but that which comes from the Book,

I feel great confidence in the present religious movement because, you will notice, the Bible is to the front. One of the marks of a convert now, is, that he or she is carrying a very unwieldy Bible of Bagster's best edition. I am afraid it will happen to be rather like a phylactery, if you do not mind ; but I am quite satisfied if the Bible is really brought to the front. The teaching given is Biblical exposition, and very much more of Scripture is given in those addresses than will ordinarily be given in our common services. Then the spreading of the Bible may avert a great many evils. The danger of an excited time of revival is, of course, fanaticism. I like a white heat ; I am rather a salamander. I long for the day to come when all the newspaper press will call us fanatics. I should like to hear them hiss between their teeth, "You are fanatics and fools." I should think we were getting to be wise then, and getting something near the point. It is an evil day for us when men speak too well of us ; but when they begin to talk of us disparagingly it may be that then we are having honour in the sight of God. There is no fear, however, of fanaticism ever doing mischief if we keep the Bible always to the front. That will be the master of the fire, and the fire will be a good servant to us. Above all, do keep your Bibles multiplying to arrest the progress of Popery—that must be stopped. You perhaps have seen upon the Arch of Titus in Rome the seven-branched candlestick. We are told that, after the triumph, that seven-branched candlestick was lost in the Tiber. The Church of Rome has never had that seven-branched candlestick ; she has lost it. I am rather glad of the idea of purifying that muddy stream. Perhaps they will find it by-and-by. I should not wonder that, by God's blessing, by the help of Garibaldi, they may find out several little things that they have lost. And now that the Bible Society has a place in the Corso, the way to find out the true seven-branched golden candlestick which is to illuminate the world is straight before the eyes of the Romans. We have got the lamp ; let us carry it. Do not find fault with the darkness, light the candle. Do not begin to complain about there being error in the world, proclaim the truth. And by what means can we better proclaim it, than by scattering the Word of God on all hands ? Dear friends, what are you doing towards

scattering the Bible? Do you give it away? Somebody may say it is very little use giving away Bibles and Testaments. That is a very great mistake. I have very seldom found it to be a lost thing to give a present of a Testament. I was greatly astonished about a month ago. A cabman drove me home, and when I paid him his fare, he said, "A long time since I drove you last, sir!" "But," said I, "I do not recollect you!" "Well," he said, "I think it is fourteen years ago;" but he says, "Perhaps you will know this Testament!" pulling one out of his pocket. "What," I said, "did I give you that?" "Oh, yes!" he said, "and you spoke to me about my soul, and nobody had done that before, and I have never forgotten it." "What," said I, "haven't you worn it out?" "No," he said, "I would not wear it out; I have had it bound!"—and he had kept it very carefully indeed. It encourages one to give books in that way. Sometimes people won't value a tract. I believe it is often the cheapest thing to give a better thing; that which costs you rather more will be more highly treasured, and—"a Testament for twopence!"—who would not scatter such a thing broadcast? And should you be unable to give away the book itself, quote the Scriptures often. A colporteur last Monday said there was a man in the habit of addressing him upon religious subjects when he was half seas over, as they call it, or something of that kind. Whenever he had plenty of drink in him he always came up to the colporteur to talk about religion. He said "He came and knocked at my door, and I felt vexed that he should so often come to me in that condition, and I hurled four texts at his head out in the street with all my might." He quoted the four texts. They were very appropriate to the man's condition, and contained a full statement of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He said: "I do not know whether I did that man any good or not, but there was a woman next door, who just opened her door to put two dirty children off her doorstep. She stood still and heard all the four texts, and the Spirit of God carried them home to her heart and conscience;" and he added, "I have been awakened at night many times, and glad to be awakened, by hearing her sing, whilst she lies dying upstairs in the room next to mine." I wish every person here who knows the power of the Scriptures on his

own soul would incessantly be trying to spread the Word of God and to expound it. Never associate the Bible with anything that is dull and unhappy in the minds of your children. I think one of the wickedest things in the world is to make a child learn a chapter for a punishment. Make the Bible a sweet, dear book to your children ; give them plenty of pictures, and try yourself to make pictures of the Bible by your conversation. A little boy once was at his mother's side, and she was reading to him. "Mother," he said, "would you let me go out and play for a quarter of an hour?" "What for James?" said she. "Because then you will please read that book to yourself, and then, when I come in in a quarter of an hour's time, I will listen so nicely if you will tell me what the book says." That is the thing ; read the book yourself, and get the meaning of it ; then talk it out again to the children ; they will receive it so much the better. We want subscribers to the Bible Society, but we want readers of the Bible and expounders of it, so that even the little ones may understand. I wish this to go home to every one here. There is a something for all to do. I believe there is a somebody in the world that God means to bless through you and nobody else. He has given to His dear Son power over all flesh that He should give eternal life to as many as His Father gave Him, and I think He has divided that power out among us, and given to some of us powers over certain flesh, and others power over others. There are some who never will enter heaven through my preaching, but they will enter heaven perhaps from your private admonitions, or through the little New Testament which you intend now to put in their way, and the gentle word which you mean to add to it. Beloved friends, look at the great city that is now before you, which God is visiting. Now that we are speaking about the Bible, assist in the visitation of this city, house to house, all of you, and connect with it the trying to discover whether the Bible is in the house, and if it be not there, let every house in London be supplied with the Bible. I wish the Bible Society would join, if it could, with that organization, and determine that every house in London should have a Bible at once. Let us all help in doing the work of visiting and scattering the Word of God, and let this be your motive : if we love the Lord Jesus Christ there is an intimate con-

nection between us and everything that has to do with Him. Years ago, when servants used to be servants, there was a certain lord who was greatly amused with the way in which his old body servant always used to talk. They were down in the country, and there was a wagon standing at the door of the country seat, and his lordship said, "John, whose wagon is that?" "Oh," says he, "that is ours, my lord; it has brought some of our goods down from town." In a minute or two he said, "John, what coach is that coming up the drive?" "Well, my lord," he says, "don't you know—that's our carriage." "But," he said, "I see some children in it; are they *our* children, John?" "Oh, yes, my lord," he says, "bless their hearts, they are our children, and I am going downstairs to bring them in," and he went downstairs to bring them in. Now whenever we look upon poor, lost sinners, and look upon any whom Jesus Christ would look upon with love, let us say, "Oh, blessed Lord, these are our children, these are ours; we seek them because they belong to Thee." It looks rather daring to call what is Christ's ours, but his lordship was not vexed with his servant for entering into such a unity of interests with him, and our Lord above will not be aggrieved with us if we call this Society our Bible Society; and as we call the Bible our Bible, we will try to spread it amongst our poor citizens all around us, in whom we have an interest, because Christ has an interest in them.

IV. The Perils of the Age. *By* The Most Rev. Archbishop Tait.

Some think that the Christian Church throughout the world is at this time approaching a great crisis. I do not know that we are approaching one of those sudden revolutions which often come on persons when they least expect them, and produce great and vast outward changes; but there are revolutions and changes in the social condition of mankind, and in the civilized world, which often come very silently, and look, when they are accomplished, more complete than even the changes which come by great revolutions. And comparing the statements now with what I remember a few years ago, I cannot help think-

ing that the great cause which this Society has in hand has difficulties to contend with now which were not known then. No doubt, our fathers were exposed to perils quite as great as any which threaten society now; but in the years which passed during my youth, things had become quieter. The great French revolution of the last century had apparently cleared the air, and men were settling down quietly to the old beliefs and the old state of things. Again, the symptoms of great changes among the nations are to be heard and seen. Again, new modes of thought are making themselves felt amongst intelligent men; and no one who looks carefully at the present state of public opinion can doubt that a more determined set is now made against the simple belief in the power of the Word of God than we remember forty or fifty years ago. Therefore, I say, this is a time for all men who love the Word of God to cast aside—as far as they may, without a compromise of principle—the differences that keep them asunder, and to rally together for the defence of the Christian faith, which, thank God, we all rejoice in, and that Word of God on which the doctrines of that Christian faith are built—to know as few distinctions as possible between those who serve one common Lord, and take the Word of that common Lord as the rule of life—as the charter of their hopes for eternity. Therefore, I, for my part, think it wise that we should in these anxious days, as much as possible, join hand in hand; and no cause so completely and so naturally unites us, and forbids any sacrifice of principle, while, at the same time, it calls us to the other points on which we agree, as that cause to which the Bible Society has been so successfully devoted during these many years. I say that there are great dangers with reference to the reverence which we all desire to pay to the Word of God. Great—I will not call them insidious, for they are very open—great efforts are made to persuade the rising generation that we have all, for these many centuries, been under a mistake in believing that the Word of God is what we believe it to be. Great attempts are made; a circulation—not, thank God, equal to that circulation of the Scriptures of which you have heard in this report; but, still, great and well organized—of books, the object of which is to shake our faith in the Scriptures, is going on, not only in this metropolis, and

throughout all the great towns of this kingdom, but in our rural districts also. And not in this kingdom only, but throughout the whole of Europe; and if we are wise we shall not, by any unnecessary divisions amongst ourselves, play the game of our common adversaries, and expose that great Word, and that Christian religion with which we are put in trust, to the assaults of our enemies while we are quarrelling amongst ourselves. This Society has always appeared to me to recommend itself to the good sense of Englishmen by many qualities—by none more than by the simplicity of the work which it takes in hand. All Christians, nominally at least, allow that the canon of the Old and New Testament contains the Word of God. All Christians, however they may practically neglect it, theoretically bow to this Word of God; and, therefore, by undertaking that work which all Christians, if they are worthy of the name, must allow to be the work of our heavenly Master, we cast aside points of difference, and practically—not merely in theory, but practically—find that we can act together; and this is a great recommendation of the efforts of this Society to all common-sense and practical Englishmen. The very fact of our circulation of the Scriptures appears to me to show that we have adopted a wise course in answer to the cavils of those who would shake our reverence for the Sacred Volume. But we are exposed not only to the arguments of infidel writers. We are exposed to attempts to secularise the whole system of our education, and the whole system of our government, in this land; and our answer to all such attempts is this:—Remembering that the word secular speaks of the world and things worldly, that the very name means a worldly system, and that the system which we desire to inculcate is a spiritual and religious system, we say we shall best meet the attempts of secularists by placing in the hands of all who can read this great charter of our spiritual rights, and enabling men to understand that it is not for a short life in this world, but for an eternal life in the land of spirits, that the human soul has to be prepared by education; and that the affairs of this world can only be well conducted if there is a distinct reference to higher sections than secular, and to higher truths than any which secular knowledge can convey. I think, then, that we do adopt a

wise course as to both speculative and practical attempts to shake our religion by circulating as widely and freely as possible the Scriptures of truth. I, for my part, believe that the civilization of Europe rests upon the Holy Scriptures. I believe that during these past centuries it has been the perpetual appeal to the truths which these Scriptures include that has made the nations of Europe different from the degraded races of mere savage countries, or from those old, worn-out barbarian nations, who, never having been blessed with these Holy Scriptures as their charter, have been obliged to turn to mere human books as their authority, and that authority has failed them.

V. The Fitness of Holy Scripture for its Designed End. *By* Bishop Boyd Carpenter.

It was of the first importance to remember that the judgment which they passed upon any work must be measured, not by what they expected it ought to contain, but by what means and in what degree it attained the ends for which it existed; and in measuring, therefore, the fitness of Scripture, they were not to look for any results which it did not proclaim as its intention and design. To look for any elaborate opinion, for any exhaustiveness of treatment, even of those subjects which it took up and dealt with, was to look for that which God had not intended it to convey. The Apostle reminded the readers of Holy Scripture of that fact when he pictured the state on earth as one in which the knowledge of persons was on all points an imperfect knowledge. The Apostle said, "We know now in part;" and as if to give the assurance that he did not mean those words to apply merely to the limitation of scientific knowledge, but that it was also intended to refer to sacred subjects, and that even there some limitation was to be expected, he added, "We also prophesy in part." And the Apostle continued, that "We shall be seen then as we are seen, and known as we are known." To impress that upon the minds of the audience, it was only necessary to add, what no doubt they would be led to adopt upon reflection, that they did not expect, when they heard of a man who was perfect as a painter, that he also possessed the qualifications of a

physician; they did not expect that a man whom they consulted about their bodily ailments could also write a good essay or compose a fine poem. Exactly the same measure and principle ought to be adopted in dealing with Holy Scripture. He would ask what God really intended when He gave His people the Bible—its purpose must be understood in order that its fitness might be appreciated. Its purpose was clearly defined in many parts of the book itself to be the moral elevation and the spiritual restoration of mankind. And if, then, that construction was so given unto the world, then they were at liberty to examine it upon the grounds of its own claims. If any individual contemplated the works of God in a captious spirit, he might make numberless objections. The Word of God claimed to convert the heart; it claimed to enlighten the eyes; it came to rejoice the soul of man. Besides having a clear view of what the object of Holy Scripture was, they should have some knowledge of the object itself. The rev. speaker then supposed that a person was present at a surgical operation, and was desirous of seeing how the operation began; to the mind of the witness the surgeon dealt very roughly, and hacked in directions which he thought unnecessary; but the surgeon would answer that the operation was not understood by the person who was present. And so with the Word of God; there were difficulties about it which were perplexing, and those who doubted should ask themselves whether they understood the disease with which the Scriptures were intended to deal. The rev. speaker often thought that there was a wonderful harmony between the growth of knowledge on one side, and the growth of religious feeling on the other; and that that harmony was not without a purpose—that the Almighty had so arranged the economy of history, that often great discoveries fitted in at a fitting moment for the advancement of spiritual or moral truth. His hearers might hear more and more of the scientific difficulties without being disturbed, if they could say that as for God His work was perfect, and as His work was perfect, so they were content to measure Scripture by the end for which it had been sent—the regeneration of the heart. They saw that under the influence of the Spirit the Word of God was controlling sin, and they saw its power for

good, and the high work it was carrying out, for there could be no higher evidence of that given than that it was fitted by God for a great and glorious end, for a great elevation of the hearts and minds of those who were under its direction.

VI. The Bible on the Continent. *By* The Dean of Chester.

I EARNESTLY advocate the claims of this Society on the ground that it provides the help which is essential for all other religious agencies without hindering any one of them. We find it essential in all our efforts in doing religious good to use the Bible—at all events, we should make very sorry work of it if we made the attempt without that Book. Now, this Society does precisely this, it gives to us a Bible in whatever form we may find it most useful. It aids every other Society which labours for the spiritual good of mankind. For instance, the missionary operations of the Church of England could not be carried on without the assistance which comes from this source. In this country itself, of the five languages which are spoken within our islands, the Holy Scriptures are to be obtained in three of those languages only from this Society. And if we turn to foreign missions, I believe nearly twenty of those translations which the committee of the Church of England Missionary Societies employ would not be found at all unless it were for the efforts of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Hence it is a most obvious act of justice, as well as of gratitude, that a Church of England clergyman should stand here to urge the claims of this Society on the generous support of the whole community. Another consideration which has weighed very much with me is this, that the work done by this Society supplies we might almost say, the whole of Christendom with the means of correcting religious error when that error arises. I am not at this moment alluding to any special errors which surround us. I am alluding to the fact that error is sure to arise. The Christian religion in contact with human nature—and we have nothing to do with the Christian religion in any other connection—is sure to be liable to corruption and distortion. It is of the utmost

importance that we should have at all times within our reach the means of purifying such corruption and correcting such distortion, and this is precisely what is done for us through the parental precepts of the Holy Scriptures. I know it may be said, in answer to this argument, that even in the direct study of the Scriptures, we are all liable to make mistakes. No one denies this, but unless we do directly study the Bible, we are sure to make mistakes. Thus, on the ground that this Society puts within our reach the Holy Scriptures for the direct study of all men, we are bound to do all that we can to promote its interests by our prayers, our exertions, and our contributions. Another argument is this—that in our English Bibles we have a most precious bond of union amongst us here in England. It is quite true that we are sadly divided, but we have in the English version of the Scriptures a bond of union, the value of which can only be understood by reflecting upon what the state of things would be in this country if every religious community owed allegiance to separate versions of the sacred volume. It is often said that on the platform of the British and Foreign Bible Society compliments are paid one to another with regard to our religious harmony and unity, and as soon as the meeting is over those very persons proceed to take part in bitter and acrimonious controversy. I dare say this is very true, but I imagine the remedy for such an evil is not to be found in diminution of our common interest in the Holy Scriptures, but in an increase of that common interest. In fact the cure is to be found in coming back again to the platform of this society. We must not forget that it is also a Foreign Bible Society, and permit me, in using this word "foreign," to carry your thoughts across the streak of silver sea to the continent of Europe. It has been my fortune to be brought somewhat closely in contact with the Old Catholic movement, not only in Germany, but in other places, and I could furnish you with illustrations of the increased importance which the Scriptures are assuming on the Continent in consequence of this movement. It has many sides, each one very interesting and deserving careful study. But the one fact that comes pre-eminently before the view is that there is an increasing sense of the necessity for the Bible, and

of the great harm which results from secluding it from the common people. The words in the report with regard to Italy were somewhat discouraging, but allow me to say the great political changes in that country have indicated a very Protestant character in the Italian mind, and I am very much inclined to believe that these will end, under God's blessing, by producing similar results with regard to religion, though not at present. Preliminary movements have been going on for many years. I was present at a very remarkable meeting in a cathedral city of Northern Italy, with about a dozen Roman Catholic priests more or less interested in the question of Church Reform, and priests with whom I had the great happiness of joining in prayer. We all knelt down and used an Italian version of one of those prayers for unity contained in our Prayer-book. One of those men spoke to me privately of one great distress which weighed upon his mind. He was a most energetic young man, and a professor in the Ecclesiastical seminary. He expressed his great grief that the training in the seminary was casuistical and not biblical. What he craved for was a training for the young priests in the Bible, but he said, "If I say this to my colleagues, not one of them agree with me. I am a marked and a ruined man." In another cathedral city in the northern part of Italy, a priest expressed his earnest desire to have a Bible suitably edited for circulation in his parish, and he begged us to use our best efforts to provide it. These, I think, are hopeful signs. I turn now to a different side of the subject, though it is one which also has been touched by the Bishop of Ripon. An Italian statesman came to this country to examine our system of education, his attention being specially directed to the education of the middle and upper classes. When his report was presented in Italy, he called attention to this remarkable fact, that wherever he went among those middle class and higher class schools, he saw the Bible. I dare say he did not fully enter into all that we are thankful to see in the pages of the Bible, but he used language of this kind about this Book, which he spoke of as though it were a startling and delightful novelty to him. I do most earnestly join with what has been said, and I do implore all those who have

any doubts upon this subject to think once, twice, and many times more, before they do anything which tends to dissociate the close connection of the Bible with the education of the young in this country.

VII. Christian Union. *By* Bishop Boyd Carpenter.

It was a satisfaction to find that the operations of this and kindred societies were making real progress amongst the great Latin races, and all the more so, because something like a taunt had been flung out by an eminent historian, that Protestantism could never take anything like deep root in the Latin mind. In the report a denial is given to that proposition; and the auspices to be drawn from the past promise progress for the future. A gladness would cross their minds when they turned to these western sides of the Latin race, and took their stand where the atmosphere teems with recollections of the grand and inspiring heroes of the past. The shade of Dante seemed to accompany them amidst all the splendid palaces, and they remembered the spot where Michael Angelo conceived his splendid thoughts, to leave them for a legacy to humanity. They were told the spirit of the Italian mind was oscillating painfully away from the dark superstitions under which it has long groaned, and that the natural rebound will be the dreary waste of doubt and infidelity; but there are other symptoms to be noticed, and one is that this Society is going forward, and giving out clear, simple, Divine declarations of the truth as it is in Christ, and the influence is beginning to spread. He was glad that, in the method adopted by their Society, they were not content to give merely religious tracts, but were determined to call the attention of those to whom they came to the great facts of history. He felt assured that an inducement to the study of God's Word was to be found in spreading abroad clear and definite knowledge of historical facts. In the report they would see that amongst those most anxious to maintain the cause of truth, there is a great desire that all Christian people should be united together and organized against that splendid organization whose very power of confederacy was one of their greatest obstacles. He often

thought of a story he had heard told by one whose name should be mentioned with reverence, the Rev. Hugh McNeile. He was landed on the Kingstown Pier, six miles from Dublin, where he wanted to go. A large number of cab-drivers gathered round him, all contending for the honour of carrying his lordship (as they called him) to Dublin. He was attracted to one rude vehicle, because the driver said it was drawn by a poetical horse; but he found the animal the sorriest jade he ever met with. At length he was landed in the dirtiest capital in Europe, and he asked the man why he called his horse a poetical horse. "Well, your lordship," said the man, "I will tell you now you are landed. It is just because his perfections are more in imagination than in reality." And though they cannot boast such a magnificent appearance of union in the Protestant Church as can be found in the splendid organization of Rome, they might perhaps doubt whether what is boasted of has not more virtue in imagination than in reality. They claimed that which would make them true to one another. Men will be drawn together by the bands of brotherhood, which distance of time and space can never dissolve or annul. The peace of righteousness was that which they prayed for, for the help of the people to whom they sent the Gospel of God.

VIII. The Bible and the Priest. *By* Rev. W. Arthur.

There is a saying that "of making books there is no end." Be that as it may, it is very certain that of making books there was a beginning. We do not exactly know when the beginning occurred, or where, but we have no reason whatever to believe that the first beginning of making books was away somewhere about the roots of Mount Sinai. Very probably upon the beautiful banks of the Euphrates or those of the Nile, or on other more fertile places there had sprung up books before that time. But there came a root out of a dry ground, a book beginning in the desert, written by one who had the double disadvantage of being under the training of heathen priests full of false doctrines, and having only to address a community of ex-slaves who

had never been organized to the habits or illuminated with the ideas of freed men. I do not know what other doctrine than that of the survival of the fittest will enable us to account for the fact, that while all other attempts to begin books in those ancient times, telling of such things as the creation, the first being, the first act, and so on, have passed away, the Bible still remains. I challenge its enemies to say whether there is in the world one power to be compared with that of the Bible. Twenty years ago, you thought that in twenty years from that time, the fact which they had always been proclaiming, that the day of the Bible was beginning to go down, would become apparent to the most purblind. Very well, the twenty years are passed; is its circulation more restricted? Are its doctrines more discredited? Are its morals less sound? Are its prospects less bright? Are there fewer of the nations that are valuing it or not? The fact is I do not know that its enemies can point to any part of the world where the Bible is thought to be declining, except that the Romanists say that they are sure to triumph in England presently. They are not saying that of any other country. They admit that in Asia, in Africa, and upon the continent of Europe, Bible ideas and institutions are making way against all their power. They say that here it is not so, and that here they have a clear prospect of winning us back and locking us all up again within that wonderful enclosure where there shall be a Bible—but where? Not in the pulpit, not in the school, not on the family table, not in every man's closet, not in every child's hand; but it shall be in the keeping of the confessor, and with the accredited notes of the church. Take the case of Von Schulte, hear his testimony—that in all his schooling he never had a Bible lesson. Had he not a religious lesson? was he not religiously educated, and was not the first postulate of religious education in the hands that had to handle him—the exclusion of the Bible? The design of the Vatican is to substitute the word "religious" for "Scriptural," to exclude the Bible and exalt the priests. Now, I say, never surrender the old English word, the Bible—the Bible and teaching out of the Bible, and no priest, no pope above us;—the Bible and the Queen! no other power to be acknowledged. Alluding to the efforts

of this Society in the various spheres of labour, one feels it very hard to say where we have most to encourage and most to stimulate. I do not at all feel discouraged by the gloomy statement of the Report about Italy. It is perfectly true that as yet the number of truly godly men in Italy is very small; but it is equally true, considering the time and the agency, it is, I believe, as great as you can find on record in any other country in the world. Let us not be discouraged there. Bible meetings have been held in Rome, and Bibles are sold in Rome, and the Bible is being read in Rome. At the last census 2,900 people within the walls of that city returned themselves as Protestants. That is not a matter to be despised. Then if we look to that great Germany, of which so much has been said, I do trust that Providence is so over-ruling it that the Bible shall become more and more the symbol of international sympathy between the great Protestant countries, Germany, England, America, England standing between the one and the other, between the old world and the new, having ties with both and claim upon both, a union not against the world but for the world, for I believe that our dear friends in France the best thing that could happen to France would be to have neighbours all around her as strong that she should ask nothing better from them than to be let alone, and they ask nothing better from her than to be let alone. When it comes to that all the world round, we may hope for the time when men may begin to learn war no more. As to the great work in India, thank God that it is going on. Many thousands of towns and villages your colporteurs have reached, in many a place the Bible has been its own witness. Africa wants the Bible. The heart of Livingstone is in Africa, though the clay of Livingstone lies yonder in Westminster Abbey. When I saw that clay laid there, and saw the President of the British and Foreign Bible Society following it, and saw the veteran missionary who sits there, Robert Moffat, I felt as if there were an undercurrent of voices—the voice of the great scientific world, and the voice of the historic world, and the voice of the literary world—that passed so softly; and then, as if there was the great social voice, mother Britannia, saying with satisfaction, "He has been restored to my bosom," and Scotia saying to daughter

Albion in the sight of mother Britannia, "Well, well, he shall sleep in your bosom, but he was my bairn." And above all to me came the voice of Africa saying, "I must have the light! I must have the light! The deserts and the crimes of men have shut me off long enough from the light, but I must have the light!" And another voice saying, of England, "Which is committed to my trust." We often speak of our trust in God, and ought to do so; we seldom think of that solemn act in which God puts trust in us, "Committed to my trust." What is committed? a message—a message of glad tidings. Every one remembers that event in the history of old time, when news reached Athens of the fall of Mitylene, and in a fit of madness and pride the Athenians decided that every man of Mitylene should be put to death, and sent off a swift galley with the doom. But in the night they repented, and sent off another galley with the command that the people should be spared. The gospel of life was committed to them; they had to row for dear life. They were in time, for the people were saved. England! England! it is committed to thy trust, for India, for Africa, for many another land. May God give thee faith to fulfil it!

IX. The Power of the Bible. *By* Rev. E. Herbert Evans.

He had gone through North and South Wales for several years as a deputation for this noble Society, and he had always found that when he could get audiences to see their indebtedness to the Bible personally, and socially, he had a contribution exceeding the one of the previous year. The Bible took with it everywhere a standard of morality simple enough to change the life of the inmates of the humblest cottage home, and high enough to transform a world with a Paradise regained. There were three Bibles that were great powers in the formation of character in Wales, the Family Bible, the Teacher's Bible, and the Mother's Bible. Having illustrated the power exerted under these forms by the Scriptures, the speaker dwelt upon the varied influences exerted by the religion of the Bible, and the failure of all efforts to destroy its power,

The Bible still remained, he added, on the study table as an unsolved problem, with a self-conscious sense of power, seeming to say to all the other volumes in the library—

> "Books may come and books may go,
> But I go on for ever."

IV. TEMPERANCE.

I. The Church of England and the Temperance Movement. *By* The Bishop of Bedford.

We are here as a Branch of the C.E.T.S., and as a Bishop of the Church I feel very keenly desirous to promote its interests in every way I can, and I think that as I am addressing Church people to-day, I will venture to say, Let us try to work as far as possible upon Church lines. We love our dear old Church of England, and I do not think we can do better than stick to her and work on her system and on her lines. I mention that, because I think it will be a great advantage to this part of our work if as many Branches in various parishes are not only parochial movements confined to a particular parish—there are a certain number of such—but that they should be definitely and distinctly affiliated to the Parent Society. I believe myself that the Society is not aware of the great number of Branches, because those Branches have never taken the trouble to make themselves known and to go through the very simple process of declaring themselves Branches of this Society. I think it will be very desirable if, as far as possible, the Juvenile Branches, wherever established, should be affiliated to this Society in order that we may have the strength of sympathy and fellowship, that we may know what large numbers there are all working in the same cause, and that we may feel that our cause is not an isolated thing, not a mere movement circumscribed by the boundaries of any one parish or district, but it is a great national movement as well as a Christian Church movement. With regard to the juvenile part of the work, certainly my great hopes for the improvement of the

country lie with the young. I have heard a great deal during the last year with regard to the state of our poorer fellow countrymen, the homes especially in which they live, and have listened to a good deal of painful evidence upon the wretched and disgraceful state of those homes—if you can dare call them such, for one is ashamed to give the beautiful word "home" to such places—and this evidence makes one feel that there is a great deal to be done before one can look upon this country as in at all a fit and proper state for the training up of the next generation. The places in which so many of our poorer brethren live are so hopelessly crowded, and the apartments of those places are so wretched, the rooms so dirty and ill-adapted for cleanliness and for healthfulness, that one feels pity for the poor children who are brought up there, and one knows as a matter of common experience that the ill-ventilated, crowded, and unwholesome rooms, in which so many are brought up, are amongst the greatest incentives possible to those habits of drinking which we deplore, and against which we are fighting. For my part, I grieve with all my heart over the way in which strong men and strong women, who feel the sinking of such a life, and even little children too, are often driven to the public-house. It makes one's heart bleed to know it, but at the same time one feels that if one lived in such places as have been described before the Royal Commission to inquire into the housing of the poor, one's wonder is really taken away—not one's pity. It is sometimes a wonder that people will stop in of an evening in such places at all. I say that my hope is in the young, and it is so because we must train them to better habits, we must teach them cleanliness, purity, some sanitary matters, to know how to make their homes healthful, and we must so train them that when they become the generation of fathers and mothers of our land they may be in a far more wholesome state than the present generation is in. If we are to do this work, surely that Branch in which we are engaged is a most important Branch, and one that must stand in the very forefront of all our endeavours. I do not see how children are to be trained to any better life than that in which they will come to unless they find an escape from the perils of drink. Unless they really are trained up to fight against it, to

resist it, to flee from it and save themselves from the misery it brings—I say, I do not see what hope there is of better homes for the future or better habits amongst our people. I hope that, looking at it from that low point of view, we may see this movement progress and prosper. But, then, we want to rise to something higher. I want to feel not only that we are bound to do all we can to train up our people socially, and civilize, and brighten, and humanize their lives, to give them something more to interest them than they have at the present time—all that is true, but beyond that surely what we do want most of all is to teach them the fear of God, to follow the Saviour, and to lead religious lives as well as pure and cleanly lives. I believe that as the drink is the great enemy of purity and cleanliness in the habitations of the people, no less certainly is it the great enemy of all religious life and character. It seems to me that the familiarity not only with drink itself but with all its surroundings is one of the most deteriorating things to the whole moral atmosphere. The children cannot be expected to be brought up to lead the lives we should wish with such surroundings, and therefore every single child we can enrol in our Bands of Hope, and who joins this Juvenile Section, is one more on the side of hopefulness and on the side of what we are all fighting for—the rescue of our people from degradation, from poverty, from misery, from irreligion. Therefore, I do hope that God will bless this work very much indeed. Children sometimes fancy that they can do very little themselves. They can be trained, helped, and guarded by others, but they often think that there is not much that they can do themselves. Now, very little children, do remember this, that you can do a great deal more than you think. The example of a little child joining such a Society as this, and steadfastly refusing to enter into temptation—because that is really what you are doing—is of the greatest possible benefit. We pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and I cannot imagine anything much better for people to see and to know than that little children not only pray this, but as far as possible act up to it by avoiding temptation. They reason, "I say every day such a prayer as that, but how can I say it if I allow myself to go into temptation?" Therefore, you are doing

a good deal in the way of example. I will tell you a story which will show you how an example may be blessed. There is a large hospital in the East of London, and in one of the wards where a good many men are always lying in their beds, there was quite a little boy brought in one day. There were several other boys there. He was not so ill that he could not get up and down from the bed himself, so at night, before he went to sleep, he knelt down; and a rough man called one of the nurses and said, "What is that lad doing?" "Saying his prayers." "What does he belong to?" asked the man. "I will ask him when he is done," said the nurse. She went to the boy and asked him where he came from and what he belonged to. He said, "I am Church of England." She went back to the man and said that the boy belonged to the Church of England. "Then," said the man, "I should like to see the parson of the parish he comes from." So they sent for the parson, and he came; but before he did so that little boy had been a missionary in the ward. He had been telling the men and the other boys that they ought to say their prayers; and he had so prepared the way for the clergyman that he was astonished to find what one little boy had done by his example. Now, dear children, you try and do the same.

II. The Picture Reversed. *By* Canon Fleming.

We have all perceived by the delight we have received that this is the Scotch evening, and I read in the *Temperance Record* that an Irish evening has preceded it, and so we all feel that the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle have been united in this, and in every good work of the past and the present, and we believe it will be so in the future. There is no time at which we could be better reminded of the fealty and loyalty of the United Kingdom than at a time when we have just heard from our good Queen of the betrothal of her youngest daughter, and in a week when all England has celebrated, not with pageant as in olden days, but with the quiet respect and homage of their hearts, the coming of age of our young Prince Edward, reminding us that, no matter what may be the clouds upon the horizon for old England, the throne of this country rests fast and

strong and deep upon the foundation of national loyalty. It also reminds us—does this rose, shamrock, and thistle—of three bonds of union in reference to the Temperance cause which brings so many of our hearts together even on this wet and inclement night ; I mean that in the past days when it had its hard beginning there were three things that were dead against this cause—Science, Experience, and the Church. Science, so called, was opposed to this cause in the shape of the doctors, and the wives joined the doctors in those days, and that made science so much the worse for the married men. The consequence was that whenever any of us dreamed of becoming a teetotaler, the wife got the doctor on her side, and science was dead against us. But now what a wonderful change! Modern wives dare not say a word on that side now, because, though there are men here and there who no doubt hold fast to the old drinking customs and the good the drink is supposed to do to their patients, more than 2,000, you will remember, long ago, of the *élite* of the medical profession signed in favour of total abstinence, and we have such men as Dr. Richardson and other eminent scientists of the day all declaring that stimulants are not necessary for bodily health and daily work. Then we had in those days Experience against us. That is to say there was no experience at all. People had not tried it long enough. The good men who were the pioneers of this cause first began it ; then old friends came to them and asked them very crucial questions about how it would suit them, and they could not quite answer, so that formerly a man used to sign the pledge as if he were going to be hanged, or going to be married, and sign it with a far more unsteady hand than we clergy are accustomed to see some of you sign your names to the register when you are married. If a man now comes and says, "I want to know how this will suit my constitution," then, of course, you can hear from him—because you must sympathise with his constitution—you can hear from him what kind of a constitution he has, and then say that "for many years there have been hundreds and thousands of just such a constitution as yours who have done without it and have done very well." And then if a person comes and says, "You must remember that I am no longer young"—we do not always like to acknowledge, men as well as women, our age—"but

how do you think it will suit my age?" Of course you must let a man tell you in a general way. Do not ask a lady her age, but let a man tell you in a general way, and you can say, "There are hundreds and thousands exactly your age and older too, who have done a long time without it, and done very well." Hence we have now got experience as well as science; and then there is the third thing which makes up the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle in this great cause, the Church of God is on our side. In the early days of this movement there were hardly any of the clergy—twenty years ago when I joined it there were hardly any, and hardly any of the Nonconformist ministers, comparatively speaking, who were on our side, but now the Church of God, and by that I mean the whole Church of God—I do not mean any particular section of it, but I mean the universal Church—for I desire to remember in this, in every cause, that every Christian is my brother, and if we cannot learn that here below, and if we cannot learn to shake hands over God's good cause, it will be a very bad thing for us because we shall have to shake hands when we meet in heaven. Well, the whole Church of God is taking hold of this cause, and the consequence is that there is a wave of Christian temperance going over this land, and we have these three things, which were once against the cause all on our side—Science, Experience, and the Church of God. And now, friends, another year has just turned with all of us. We have come here to listen to charming music, we have come here to have the infliction of a ten minutes' speech, but we are not met either to listen to music or to talk only. If we are honest, and if we are sincere in our purpose, in our work, and in our duty, we meet to consider how each of us ought to act, and what we ought to do. As Longfellow said:

> "Act, act in the living present,
> Heart within, and God o'erhead."

What are we going to do this year for this good cause? Let us all find out something we can do to advance it. If we have not joined it let us do so this year. Give your influence, your example, your name to it; you will never regret having joined this cause, and if you have joined it, then strive to bring others along with you this year. Strive

to make your influence and example more felt than they have been yet. Remember, we are united in God's cause. God is on our side. You will never hear men get up now and defend this thing as they used to do long ago. There is not a father to-night who, if his son were going out into the world this New Year, would not rejoice to know that he went out as a total abstainer. There is not a mother in London to-night who, if her young daughter were going out into the world far away, would not rejoice to think she went out as a total abstainer. There is not an employer in London to-night—I care not whether he be a moderate drinker or an abstainer—who would not be glad to employ a young fellow of whom it is said, "He is a staunch teetotaler," in his business. So, brethren, we are banded in a good work. It is God's work. God is on our side, and let us recollect that we are banded against a terrible evil—the great curse of this country, because it is one of the most widespread. You have heard a great deal in the last year of the cholera. You know how many thousands that plague has swept off. We have all just heard of that terrible earthquake and the shocks that are still felt, as it were, beneath the feet of the living, and you know how many lives that earthquake has destroyed; but recollect that the cholera and the earthquake together, yes, and war and other things added, and disease and sickness—they have not slain more in comparison than this evil and curse of strong drink is doing in the homes of this land. And then remember that this is an evil of our own creating. It is an evil of man's creation—not an evil of God's dispensation. So let us be united in our fight against this evil. The victory is not won yet. The battle has only begun. Let us be united in our purpose and in our effort, and remember that we shall never desist while there are drunkards still to be rescued, and while there are homes—miserable homes—still to be filled with the gladness and the sunshine of Christian joy.

"In the Name of God advancing,
Plough, and sow, and labour now;
Let there be when evening cometh,
Honest sweat upon the brow."

"And the Master shall come smiling
When work stops at set of sun,
Saying as He pays the wages,
'Good and faithful man—well done.'"

III. Temperance Arguments. *By* The Bishop of London.

The Bishop remarked that the arguments used in the Temperance cause must be repeated again and again. It was only by gradual process that the practices of mankind could be changed. Long after they had convinced men's reason they would cling to their own customs, and do things which they professed to regret while they did them. The advocates of Temperance did not profess any magical method, and they must persist in their work so long as bad customs were persisted in, and must let people know they did not intend to be defeated by the slowness of their own progress. Indeed, though their work might be called slow, there was enough of it to show God's blessing was with them. Work of this sort must take the labour of more than one generation. But this would not daunt those who had taken up the cause of Temperance. They were growing in numbers as they were growing in resoluteness. The young were growing up who had never known the taste of drink, and with the princely heart of innocence walked in the midst of temptation without harm. And those who hesitated to join the Total Abstainers were joining the General Section in large numbers, and that was a very strong evidence of the growth of the cause in public opinion. It meant that though there were a great many not yet convinced, it was the duty of every one not yet convinced to take part in the work. And by joining the Society they showed they did not disapprove the methods of Total Abstainers. He looked upon the growth of the general section as a remarkable phenomenon in the history of the Temperance cause, although he himself had long joined, and joined with all his heart, the cause of total abstinence. The general section was a proof that they endeavoured to force no man's conscience in spite of their enthusiasm. And a large number of those who began in the general section had ended in the total abstinence section. In this way also all society was penetrated. They were leavening the whole of society from the highest to the lowest. At many a gentleman's table now there was no intoxicating liquor at all, and at almost every table one sat down to the quantity had diminished and diminished

year after year, until it was very rare indeed to see now what ten years ago was exceedingly common, namely, men who never got drunk in their lives, but who yet, nevertheless, indulged very foolishly indeed. Then, what had been done by this enemy of all good? How had it ruined our trade far more than any other cause? Let them think how this evil had interfered with our faith far more than any other cause. Scepticism and infidelity—what could they do, evil as they were, in comparison with that indulgence which robbed a man of his reason to begin and degraded him body and soul at last? Or how could they deny that the souls that had been lost by any such cause as this could be numbered against the souls perishing because all religious life was dying out through indulgence in this dreadful sin? There were many other things doing mischief, but there were no others that could be compared with, or that could be set by the side of, this monarch in the kingdom of wickedness. They meant to go on and fight to the end, and they were sure to win. It was true that at present it seemed as if they had as yet only dealt with the fringe and surroundings of the mass of mischief. There was, as it were, a hard and solid core of evil that they had been unable effectually to reach, and which they could not touch as yet. They wanted more workers; they wanted more devotion to the cause, more entire self-surrender, and they would surely get that. For, as the cause had gone on, this had occurred—that whereas at the beginning there were but a few earnest men who made themselves conspicuous by their labours in the endeavour to deal with this evil, whose names would never be forgotten, now the work was taken in hand by thousands upon thousands whose very number obscured their fame. This was indeed a matter which perpetually gave him the deepest delight—that go where he would he found amongst all men, and in every rank, and most of all in the ranks of those who toiled with their hands for their daily bread, champions of the cause who were fighting hard—who were unknown to the world, but who would not lose their reward either in this world or the next.

IV. Temperance in the Army and Navy. *By* Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P.

Mr. Caine said: "In bygone times it was supposed that an Englishman, like the denizen of any other country, could not fight unless he were primed with intoxicating liquor, but the National Temperance League had taught the world that English sailors and soldiers at least did not require 'Dutch courage' to enable them to do their duty. On the contrary, the experience of every day was demonstrating in both the army and navy that the greatest hardships could be endured, the most difficult campaigns carried through, and the hardest work achieved by men who wholly abstained from intoxicating liquor. In the campaign up the Nile, Lord Wolseley knew well what he was about, and the country was persuaded that he was carrying to a successful issue one of the most difficult campaigns it had ever fallen to the lot of a British general to conduct. The greater portion of his army had already traversed the worst part of the desert route, and done it upon water. That water, he regretted to say, was of inferior quality, being largely tinctured with mud, and the ration was only one quart per man per day, but still so successful had the march been that there was scarcely an invalid. Again, the most brilliant infantry charge of modern times—that of Tel-el-Kebir—was carried through on cold tea, and not upon the spirit ration; while every day they were proving in the navy—the finest service in the world—that the seamen and marines could do all the miscellaneous work that fell to them in campaigning and at sea infinitely better as teetotalers than under other circumstances. As regarded the bluejackets, 8,000 of them were teetotalers. Add to these the 4,000 or 5,000 teetotalers in the training ships and in the naval schools, and they had a grand total of about 12,000 men and boys in the Royal Navy who were abstainers. Intelligent officers were glad to see their men becoming teetotalers, knowing perfectly well, whatever might be their own opinion as to moderate drinking, that their men could do their work better without intoxicating liquors than with them. The agency by which this satisfactory state of things had been brought about was the National Temperance League. They began with the boys in the Greenwich

Hospital School, where there was a flourishing Band of Hope, and where Captain Burney, the superintendent, gratefully recognised the service Temperance work had done to his charge. When the lads entered the training ships they were still encouraged to persevere in Temperance principles, and finally, when they went on board the men-of-war, they found the Temperance Society, which existed on nearly every ship, ready to receive them, and there they made friends with abstainers older than themselves. For the first two years after entering a man-of-war, instead of drawing the spirit ration, the boys were allowed cocoa, coffee, and other substitutes. These substitutes they lost if at the end of the two years they elected to have the spirit ration. This change also was largely due to the National Temperance League. The Temperance education these boys received in the Greenwich Hospital School, afterwards in the training ships, and finally in the Temperance Societies on board the men-of-war, encouraged these lads to persevere as teetotalers, and hence the remarkable change which had been brought about. In this great improvement the work of Miss Weston should not be forgotten. She had the largest public-houses in Devonport and Portsmouth without intoxicating drinks, for they were for the elevation and not the debasement of the sailor, and they were self-supporting. No one could tell what the British navy owed to the successful efforts of the League to improve the *morale* of the sailor both at sea and on shore. The way the League proceeded was by persuasion —not by compulsion. He might claim to have helped it in the House of Commons in getting certain concessions made to the abstainers in the fleet. When, not long ago, he was seeking re-election at Scarborough, his opponents asked the question of the people, 'Will you vote for a man who is going to rob poor Jack of his grog?' and the answer of the electors was to return him by a large majority. He explained to them, as he wished to explain to this meeting, that he never proposed to 'rob poor Jack of his grog;' all he wished to do was to give him every possible facility and encouragement to give it up voluntarily and become an abstainer. He did not believe in compulsion; that would be a great mistake; but all he desired was that the full facts of the case should be laid before the sailor, and that

then he should judge for himself. If in a few years they had been able to persuade 12,000 men and boys in the navy to become teetotalers, need they despair of a time when the majority, if not all, of them would be voluntarily abstainers from that which, in his opinion, degraded and debased the men who used it, whether they were sailors or landsmen? He had shown that the Temperance cause was marching on in the navy as elsewhere, and all he asked from his hearers was that they should give to this subject their impartial consideration as to whether it was not their duty as Christians and as citizens to abstain from that which, more than anything else, was inimical to the peace, the prosperity, and the happiness of the country."

V. Licensing Laws. *By* Prebendary Ainslie.

Our present licensing laws are an attempt to place some control upon the liquor traffic, and of attempts, not to make men sober by Act of Parliament, but to prevent that impoverishment of the country which was the result of excess in drink. Some of you know that there was a special fine upon drunkenness in a public-house, because the licensing of that public-house was supposed to make it a place where the drink could be sold without drunkenness, and if the holder proved himself unworthy of that license, there was a heavy fine upon drunkenness in a public-house. I will say one word upon the definite position of total abstinence in reference to this great movement. I will say that, to the inebriate, total abstinence is a necessity. Those in trades which bring them into danger and temptation, which we may believe to be irresistible—to such total abstinence is a necessity. Why do I mention this? Because I know that we are often prejudiced against the Temperance movement by the extravagant, enthusiastic, and fanatical language employed. But do you know perhaps that some of the most extravagant utterances are made by those who are working men themselves, and who know the absolute necessity of total abstinence as the only security for their fellow working men. I have already given you one instance of not perhaps very brilliant logic. You do not expect these men to

be very brilliant logicians, but they know what they are about. They know that the young soldier who has just enlisted, if he be not an abstainer, his chances are a thousand to one against his remaining sober and keeping out of the punishment lists. You may remember that at the meeting held in this room last year Lord Napier of Magdala told you that he had taken the trouble to investigate 18,000 cases of offences of soldiers, and not one single one was committed by a teetotaler. What does that show? It shows that to the young soldier entering upon his dangerous career—the danger from the drink is far greater than the danger from the bullet. His only proof armour is, under the grace of God, total abstinence. When the working man then says that nothing but total abstinence will do, try not to be offended. Try to put yourself in that man's position, and look at him in his earnestness, and see whether you cannot take him by the hand and say, "Nothing you can say will offend me. I know it will not be universally acceptable to the country, but God help you to do good as you are doing it." Be very patient. How do you know the reasons why these enthusiastic advocates speak as they do in burning words. Do any of you know what it is to have intemperance in your own families, to have a home desolated, to have a home that the world would call respectable, destroyed by intemperance? And then, do you think that a man who has seen that, and who believes that he can, by earnestly pleading, prevent it in the case of others—do you believe that such a man can measure his words? You do not know human nature if you think he can. You have never felt what it is to be enthusiastic; God grant that you may feel it. Therefore, do not be hard upon those who will, perhaps, offend your fastidious ears by the burning enthusiasm of their words. Turn your thoughts into your own memories. Do you not recollect a time in your lives when you were enthusiastic, when you used words, perhaps, a little too strong—I mean the time before you were married. Were there no little exaggerations in your little methods of expression? Why was it so? Because you felt very deeply and you were apt to express yourselves a little bit warmly. Those people feel deeply, and no wonder that they express themselves warmly. I turn to my total abstinence friends,

for I am a total abstainer, and I say, do you be patient with those who are abstainers. Instead of snubbing them, try and show them how can they help you. A branch that has a good general section is a strong branch, and do not discourage it. You remember what we read, "Is thy heart right with my heart? if it be so, give me thine hand!"

VI. What Doctors Say. *By* The Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A., *Chaplain of H.M. Prison, Clerkenwell, E.C.*

For good or for evil the power and influence of the medical profession in the matter of the use of alcoholic drinks is equalled and limited only by the paramount claims of duty on the one side, and of the *vis inertiæ* of perversity and a vicious appetite on the other.

It is honestly admitted, though the denial of every doctor in the world would not alter facts, that infinite and often irremediable harm has been done by the well-nigh indiscriminate prescription of alcohol as a panacea for every ailment, by the unscientific way in which the amount taken has been practically left to the patient, and by the continued neglect of many doctors to inform themselves by experiment or even by serious reading of the chemical and physiological effects of this narcotic and irritant poison. It is doubtful if more harm has ever been done in the name of science than by the eminent physician who popularized the port wine treatment of disease, with results that generations yet unborn will lament, but lament in vain, until under the influence of better fashions and better science the physical evil has gradually died out. Who has not heard the excuse of the immoderate tippler, "My doctor orders me to keep my constitution up by stimulants, by some generous (?) wine"? Who has not met with the excuse, "I only take it as a medicine"? True, these excuses are often known, even by those who depend on them, not to be reasons; true, there is as much dishonesty on the part of patients in the use they make of a palatable prescription as there is carelessness on the part of doctors in the way that prescription is given, its effects watched, and its disuse ordered; yet still the medical grounds for or against the use of alcoholic beverages (the question of

the retention of alcohol as a drug is entirely separate and not yet ripe for settlement) must always be seriously examined, whatever be our predilections or habits. And it is worthy of note that the examination of the properties and powers of alcohol has been largely forced on medical men by their patients, and perhaps still more by the existence and health of those who rarely become their patients. It is not so long ago that the medical officers of Insurance Societies to a man advised their Boards not to accept the proposals of total abstainers, who must, *ipso facto*, be moribund or chronic invalids at the best; now the perversity of teetotalers in retaining their health and proving their comparative longevity has forced such officers to enquire most closely into the Temperance of every would-be insurer, and to assent to the declarations of many an actuary that from a purely business point of view the life of a teetotaler is better than that of a moderate drinker. Nothing should more excite our thankfulness than that the medical profession has been obliged to study facts instead of evolving baseless theories, to minimise the prescription of alcohol to an extent that almost amounts to a revolution in therapeutics, and especially that many have studied deeply and spoken as clearly, as strongly, in favour of the strictest temperance. The disease of intemperance can only be prevented or cured by the co-operation of the physician with the priest and the teacher, for it attacks the body as well as the spiritual and mental faculties, the whole man, in fact, in his tripartite nature. Grace is mighty, and prayer guides the hand of Omnipotence, but yet a physical disease needs physical remedies, as our Lord pointed out when He said, "this kind goeth not out but by prayer *and fasting*," which latter term may be taken to comprehend all physical remedies as prayer would include every means of grace. We thank God, therefore, for the inestimable advantage given to our work as Temperance reformers by the labours and works of such men as Drs. Richardson, Carpenter, Kerr, Parkes, Edmunds, Ridge, Acland, Clark, Drysdale, and Greenfield; Professors Miller and Bernays, Sir H. Thompson and Sir W. Gull, and we pray that their brethren may more, and that speedily, come to see the responsibility that lies upon them to learn exactly the nature and effects of the alcohol they "ex-

hibit," to be more careful in prescribing it, and more careful when it has been prescribed, that the intended remedy does not induce a habit and even a disease worse than that it was intended to alleviate or cure.

But as the evil as well as the good that men do lives after them, so, unfortunately, if the medical profession were to abandon entirely the prescription of alcoholic beverages, and dispense simply the pure drug from their toxicological cabinets instead of from the cellars of their patients or the public-house, there would remain, for a generation at least, the tradition and the acquired habit which would seek to justify the use and even the abuse of alcoholic drinks by the quotation of medical advice, dating from a less enlightened era, and given under different circumstances of health or even to different persons.

It is then to aid those who would create a more healthy and honest public sentiment in the matter that I have read some hundreds of papers or reports of speeches (my labour being largely facilitated by the excellent *Medical Temperance Journal*), and extracted from them brief and pointed utterances on points as to which instruction is still obviously needed in the face of the ignorance, prejudice, and interests which exist about the use of alcohol in health or sickness, and its effects upon the normal or occasional conditions of the human frame.

These heads of instruction will be on alcohol and health, alcohol and nutriment, alcohol and strength, alcohol and warmth, alcohol and digestion, alcohol and the brain, alcohol and maternity, alcohol as a medicine, and alcohol as a poison.

Doctors will disagree no doubt as long as doctors exist, and my aim is not to give both sides of the question, for the simple reason that that side which falls in with the inclinations and habits of a nation in which drinking customs have held sway in every class is but too well known and too eagerly quoted. I shall but attempt to make it clear to the most prejudiced or ignorant that our side is supported by the clearest testimony of eminent doctors, and thus haply to remove a stumbling block from the weak, and a cause of reproach from a noble profession whose attitude and teaching is but too frequently quoted as a justification for innumerable follies and ills. But as one

pin with an indubitable point will humble a windbag, however solid it may seem, so one clear demonstration of science, one dictum logically deduced, may cause each one of the fallacies about the use of intoxicants which are popular in both senses of the word to be seen in their true colour as absurdities and untruths, until of all the arguments and reasons for drinking none remain save the last, though most honest, refuges of the advocates of alcohol—"I like it," and "It's the fashion."

I would only add that I shall be grateful to any who will bring to my notice such additional dicta of medical men of the same character and length as those I shall quote, and on the points enumerated above, as may have escaped my eyes. This, with a view to the collection of the articles into a small pamphlet hereafter, which I would have as complete as possible.

VII. Alcohol and Health. Alcohol not Necessary or Beneficial to Health.

"THERE seem no useful effects to be anticipated from the use of alcohol in health."—*Dr. Parkes.*

"Alcohol is never beneficial to a person in health."—*Dr. H. Lee Norris.*

"People in ordinary health do not require alcohol in any form, and are not benefited by it even in very small quantities."—*Surg.-Major H. Cayley.*

"A healthy man, with healthy surroundings, not only requires no alcohol, but, daily taken as an article of diet, it is in the end pernicious."—*Mr. H. Wiekes.*

"Neither spirit, wine, nor malt liquor is necessary for health."—*Insp.-General Sir J. Hall.*

"As for the old opinion that people in health, or living in ordinary conditions, could not live or work without wine, it is an opinion no careful or thoughtful physician thinks of maintaining."—*Prof. Acland.*

"Upon the whole the human race would be situated just as favourably if the use of alcohol did not exist."—*Dr. Bardon Sanderson.*

"To a person in good health alcohol is not in the least necessary or beneficial; he will do harder and sounder work without it."—*Dr. H. Maudsley.*

"Health cannot be benefited by alcohol in any degree."—*Dr. A. Clark.*

"Fermented and distilled liquors are never necessary for any purpose, except in certain persons in whom habit has created a need of them truly morbid."—*Royer-Collard.*

"A man or woman who abstains is healthy and safe. A man or woman who indulges at all is unsafe. A man or woman who relies on alcohol for support is lost."—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

"I have in no case met with a single instance wherein abstinence has exercised a prejudicial influence upon the individual in any way."—*Dr. Fergus Ferguson.*

"Disease is much less frequent among teetotalers, and disease is much less troublesome."—*Mr. A. J. H. Crespi.*

"A man finds that he enjoys best health when he abstains altogether from wine and spirits, and drinks plain water."—*Dr. Murchison.*

"There can be no excuse on physical grounds for rejecting the practice of total abstinence."—*Declaration of* 43 *Army Doctors in India.*

VIII. A Teetotaler in the Slums. *By* Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P.

In the course of a sermon Mr. Caine related the following incident:—

"They knew it was sad when a lad was never to be found at home; and it proved the necessity of parents making their homes as bright and cheerful as possible. No harm could come to the boy who loved his home, and the girl who loved home would never go wrong. Where home was an attraction the devil found it impregnable. The chief result of the public-house was to deprive the home of its pure family life. Some time ago he was talking to Mr. George Russell, the Under-Secretary of the Local Government Board, who told him that he was not going to the country that summer, but was going to spend his holidays in the slums of London. He asked, in a joking way, 'Is there nothing I can do in the slums for

you?' He (Mr. Caine) said: 'Yes, there is. Will you find me a teetotaler in the slums?' Four months afterwards Mr. Russell came to him and said he had fulfilled his commission. He had found a teetotaler, but he lived in a bright and cheerful room in one of the most wretched of all the slums in London. On inquiring into the cause of the cheerful aspect of the room, Mr. Russell was told by the wife of the teetotaler that both she and her husband had signed the pledge. Once let such people break that pledge," said the preacher, "and it would prove the destruction of all their bright and cheerful homes."

IX. The Best Stimulants.

I WAS deeply impressed by something which an excellent clergyman told me one day, when there was nobody by to bring mischief on the head of the narrator. This clergyman knew the literary world of his time so thoroughly that there was probably no author of any mark then living in England with whom he was not more or less acquainted. It must be remembered that a new generation has now grown up. He told me that he had reason to believe that there was no author or authoress who was free from the habit of taking pernicious stimulants, either strong green tea or strong coffee at night, or wine, or spirits, or laudanum. The amount of opium taken to relieve the wear and tear of authors was, he said, greater than most people had any conception of, and all literary workers took something. "Why, I do not," said I; "fresh air and cold water are my stimulants." "I believe you," he replied; "but you work in the morning, and there is much in that." I then remembered, when I had to work a short time at night, a physician who called on me observed that I must not allow myself to be exhausted at the end of the day. He would not advise any alcoholic wines, but any light wines that I liked might do me good. "You have a cupboard there at your right hand," said he; "keep a bottle of hock and a wineglass there, and help yourself when you feel you want it." "No, thank you," said I; "if I took wine, it should not be when alone, nor would I help myself to a

glass; I might take a little more, till my solitary glass might become a regular tippling habit. I shall avoid the temptation altogether." Physicians should consider before they give such advice to brain-worn workers.

X. The Duty of Governments.

By The Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. "*And He looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry.*"—Isaiah v. 7.

Without an apology, I shall speak of those questions as being essentially religious. We are citizens of no mean city, and though, like St. Paul, we were free-born, yet with a great price obtained we this freedom—the price of agonies and energies, the price of the sufferings, the courage, and the blood of our fathers. Get rid, I beseech you, of the ignobly feeble notion that when we have observed the proprieties, and scraped up a pittance for our families, we have done our duty as men or as citizens; or that we are saints, or even true Christians, if we have merely adopted a censorious profession, the mother of ignorant Pharisaism and the daughter of shivering fear. We are not units, made merely to clutch each of us at our own plank amid the weltering deluge. We are brother men in the great family of God. We are the children of an imperial country, which, if we do not impoverish its traditions, and degrade its ideal, may yet bear a splendid part in the history of nations. We are heirs of a mighty past, rich in liberty and in heroism. As English, we speak the tongue of Shakespeare, and hold the faith and the morals of Milton. We are the trustees of posterity; we are the children of a pure and holy Church; we are the redeemed sons of God, and heirs of Heaven. We must be mean indeed if we feel no gratitude for these advantages, and derive no inspiration from them. They are lent to us, not given, and it is our plain duty to hand on the kindled torch of our great empire, with undiminished lustre, to those who shall come after us. There is nothing so revolutionary, it has been truly said, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed, when all the world is, by the very law of its being,

in eternal progress; and the course of all the evils in the world can be traced to that natural, but most deadly, error of human indolence and selfishness, that our business is to preserve, and not to improve.

Here, of course, I shall not touch on any question of party politics. What I would rather aim at is to press home the eternal truths by which all questions of policy must be ultimately decided. The saying of the old judge, that the Bible is part of the common law of England, may now be derided and disputed. It may be stigmatised as only a phrase to speak of Scripture as the statesman's manual, yet certain laws there are which it behoves not statesmen only, but all citizens, to keep solemnly in mind. Laws they are not of to-day, nor of yesterday, but they live for ever, and none knoweth whence they dawned. Heaven was their birthplace; God is their Author. They spurn the force of oblivion. The whirling wheel of time cannot destroy them, nor the disdainful cavillings of worldlings. Strong are they as adamant; immovable as the granite basis of the hills. The nation, no less than the man, which stumbles against them, shall be broken, and on whomsoever they shall fall, they shall grind him to powder. Of these the humblest servant of God may speak to the highest sovereign. Such service is above such sovereignty.

My friends, in time of coarse, material prosperity, states may perish of slow decay, if men content themselves with the passive enjoyment of sordid and spiritless comfort. It is not so many years ago since M. Guizot, as Prime Minister of France, said, with conscious or unconscious cynicism, to the bourgeois of Paris, "Enrich yourselves!" Has the spirit of self-enrichment done much for France? But when the times are rife with serious problems, then if the rich and the privileged dwell on their rights, and forget their duties, states may perish, not of slow corruption, but of swift catastrophe. We need at this moment while yet there is time, the action and the reaction, the play, and counter play, of two great forces at their fullest power, the force of the individual and the force of society, the liberty of the citizens and the strong hand of the state. When the individual is passive and paralysed, the vital powers of the nation are sapped. When the state is with-

out courage and without initiative, it will be overthrown sooner or later in deluge and earthquake. The air and the wings are equally needful for the eagle's flight; and in the nation the wings are the individual effort, and the Government should be as the controlling and supporting air. Take two pictures by way of illustration—Issachar and Israel. "Issachar is a strong ass crouching between two burdens, and he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant, and he bowed his shoulder to the yoke, and became a servant to tribute." There is passivity and serfdom. On the other hand, in Israel "there was no king in those days; every man did that which was right in his own eyes." There is individualism and anarchy. Should nations follow individualism, they sink into the Issachar condition, they stagnate into impotence, they sink into the condition that has been described as atheistic do-nothing-ism, the philosophy of the breeches pocket, the comfortable, lazy creed of the good man who never, indeed, cut a throat or dishonoured a bill, but who ground the last stroke out of the puny, pallid children in the factory, and defrauded the hireling of his wages. When, on the other hand, nations become like Israel under the Judges, when states are palsied and the passions of men are let loose, there you have the orgies and the madness of revolution, the guillotine reeking with the blood of the virtuous and the noble, cities blazing with petroleum, and tumbrils rolling through their streets. Nations may avert these if taken in time. We want men, men who will set their faces as a flint against tyranny and against oppression, but who will be obedient as children to all beneficent and noble laws; men of independent minds who let the crowd chatter at them and are silent; God's children by election, God's image by beneficence. On the other hand, we want ruling powers which, indifferent to the bickering of factious and selfish interests, will maintain the weal of peace, and the godliness of the people. We want the state to be the Pallas Athene of a Christian land, who, while on the one hand she smites down crime and anarchy, and cleaves the hoary head of inveterate abuse, with the other flings her ægis over the suffering, and protects virtue with the terrors of her Gorgon shield.

It is rather of the State than of the individual that I

would speak this morning, and I would point out that while we would religiously retain what belongs to individual liberty, we have a right as citizens that the State do for us, at our bidding, things which we have no power to do for ourselves. It is the plain duty of governments to protect the interests of the poorest and of the weakest who are least represented in them, to save us from that deadliest and most despicable of all forms of rule, the tyrannies of strong and united fraud ; to protect men from the wrongs of others, and, if need be, even from the vices of themselves. Men talk of a *laissez-faire* policy, but a *laissez-faire* policy is, in plain English, a do-nothing policy. In other words, it is no policy at all. It consists merely in not doing, and not letting others do. It is to throw the reins loose upon the neck of headstrong selfishness. It is to leave us victims to powerful rings of organised monopolists, supporting by ill-gotten wealth immoral interests. Those who would have government inactive for moral protection and for social advancement, stigmatise state control as interference, and philanthropic legislation as grandmotherly. Well, I pity the man, and I pity the state, that is daunted by epigrams. The strongest ruler whom England has ever seen was the one whose principle it was to strike directly at political evils, regardless of private interests, and to supply public needs without reference to prejudice or to precedent. Is it, or is it not, true that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right? Is it, or is it not, the duty of governments to make it easy to do right, and difficult to do wrong? If that be grandmotherly, I say that such legislation has given us some of the noblest orders in the statute-book, that it has been entirely beneficent, and entirely Christ-like. It was such legislation which emancipated hundreds and thousands of miserable slaves. It was such legislation which declared that our brave sailors should not be sent to sea in floating coffins ; that women bent double when still young should not be harnessed to trucks like beasts of burden in the galleries of our black collieries and mines ; that little children should not be blighted before their time by ignorance and slavery ; that the many should not be robbed of rights, eternal and indefeasible, by the greed of the few ; that the bread of the poor should not be scanted for the gains of the farmer; that brutal

sports should not demoralize the callous hearts of the multitude; that the leprosy of impure literature should not be disseminated broadcast among corrupt thousands; that gambling houses should not be the portals of ruin and of suicide, nor haunts of vileness flaunt themselves like the gates of hell. Whether that be grandmotherly legislation or not, I know not, but if it be, I for one prefer it to the legislation of the prodigal and of the publican; I prefer it to the careless legislation which fosters want; to the cruel legislation which is indifferent to misery; to the interested legislation which would sacrifice the million to the millionaire; to the unjust legislation, which, while it loudly proclaims that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, does not proclaim with equal loudness that the rich have no right to the property of the poor; to the blind legislation which will not cut off the entail of a nation's curse; to the Moloch legislation, which slays yearly the lives of thousands of children, sacrificed to the brutality of drunken parents; to the Mammon legislation, which will not ruffle one feather of the gilded plumage, but which is indifferent to the agony of the dying bird; to any legislation which leaves us stake-holders in a nation's sin, and therefore subject to the ruin of a nation's expiation. Yes; and if the policy of *laissez-faire* were indeed adopted and persisted in, as I trust it never has been, or never will be, then one of two things would speedily happen—either the pent-up forces of discontent will raise the shout of anarchy, and shake all social order to the dust; or the people, weary of empty forms, of wasted hours, of sterile recriminations, of party watchwords—weary of a franchise which only mocks them with the semblance of power joined to the reality of wretchedness—weary, most of all, of a constitution which staggers hopelessly beneath the load of its difficulties, with no ear to hear, with no heart to sympathize, and with no arm to save, will listen at last in time to some strong voice which shall rescue them from moral and physical destruction, even if that voice shall sound as stern as that of old: "Take these things hence!"

Let me point out two spheres of action in which the nation may look to its Parliament to save it from dangers which individuals are not strong enough to cope with. Those dangers are partly physical and partly moral; but

the two are inextricably intertwined. The physical evils are the result of the struggle for existence—the pressure of population, the huge abnormal growth of unwieldy cities, the spread of manufactures, the limitations of land, the indifference of encroaching selfishness to national rights. It has been said that we live by three immaterial things—by admiration, hope, and love; and by three material things —pure air, pure water, and pure earth. Pure earth. Many of us have never possessed, and never will possess, one inch of our native soil; not even a corner for our graves. So it must be. The good sense of Englishmen will show them the utter folly of socialism, and the crime of confiscation, however plausible the euphemisms under which they may be disguised. But we should do well to remember that at the back of every social problem lies a social wrong. It is not Mr. Henry George, but it is the prophet Isaiah, who has said :—"Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!" It was not Karl Marx, but James, the Lord's brother, who wrote to callous oppressors :—"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the calamities that shall come upon you." The state can and may watch over the rights of the many and of the poor. It can, directly or indirectly, discourage the aggregation and facilitate the partition of these vast estates, which were the ruin of ancient Italy, where one man bestrode the narrow earth like a Colossus. It can watch jealously at least that open places be not filched away, that fields are not absorbed, that commons are not encroached upon, that peasants are not driven from their humble tenements, that roadsides are not stolen from them, that field paths are not wantonly blocked up, that river sides and sea shores, that glens and mountains, the natural property of the world, be not greedily monopolised, and that, if but few can own, yet all nevertheless can enjoy God's common earth.

And pure water. Who but Governments are strong enough to restore the rivers and streams of England, God's priceless gift to us, to the condition in which some of us remember them in our youth, when the thrushes sang amid the wild roses which blossomed over their crystal windings, as they slipped over shining pebbles or golden sand? It

is impossible for us; but is it too late for Governments to save them from being what most of them have now been made—foul ditches of putrescent scum? Is it too late to save our great rivers from being sewers of filthiness, in which the fish die, poisoned by the refuse of manufactures?

And pure air. Is it impossible to hope any longer that what should be the bright, invisible atmosphere, which makes it a luxury to breathe the breath of life in these huge cities in which so many of us are pent up through life—is it too late, is it impossible, for Parliament to save us from the foul air amidst which our spirits always falter in the mist caused by these noxious gases vomited by privileged manufactures—which yearly cost you £2,500 merely to replace the crumbling away of your new Houses of Parliament? Is even the Parliament of the nation powerless now to right these wrongs to our teeming multitudes, or, as in the Apocalypse, disgusted with the greed of an ignoble race, has one angel of God poured forth his vials upon the earth, so that the plague spot has broken forth on all the worshippers of Mammon; and has another angel poured forth his vial on our fountains and rivers of water, so that they have been turned into poison; and has a third angel emptied his polluting vial into the air in which we gasp, so that over half of England, for many days, men breathe nothing but soot, and gaze on nothing but gloom? Often it seems as if the sun were turned for us into blackness, and the moon into blood, before that great and terrible day of the Lord. Is it beneath the dignity of legislators to toil for these high ends? Would they not be more useful than most of the things they do? Or is this nation to perish with the curse of its unlawful desires, when, as one has said, all the old green places have been monopolized, when all the sky is full of smoke, and the rivers reek with poison; when forest and stream, and moor and meadow, are banned and forbidden; when every gentle and timid being of brake and bush, of air and water, has been killed because it robbed men of a berry or a fruit; when the earth is one vast mill, whose children hear no sound but the hiss of the steam, and know no music but the roar of the furnace; when the old sweet sights, and the old, sweet songs, and the old, sweet fall of midsummer

showers, and the green of hedgerow buds, and the glow of purple heather, and the notes of cuckoo and of cushat, and the freedom of waste and wild, are things dead and remembered no more? Then the world, like the Eastern king, will perish miserably of famine and of drought, with gold in its stiffened hands, and gold upon its withered lips; gold which can do nothing for it, and mocks it horribly; gold for which we have bartered peace, and holiness, and happiness; gold that has won but a grave.

But, besides, are there no moral, no social dangers? I shall not ask you whether the condition of the poor is better or worse than it was. I only know what it is. None of us can plead ignorance of this; for if we have never seen it, we have been told of it of late in hundreds of voices. Your leading newspaper has said that the people who live in our slums and rookeries, to call them by the hideous names with which we are now familiar, are really examples of the retrogression of mankind towards savagery, almost towards the condition of the brute creation. In their filthy habits, their restlessness, their destructiveness, their love for strong drink, their cunning, their ferocity, and their moral obliquity, it is necessary to recognise that they belonged to a different type from that which is possessed by reasonable men. And remember that in the brutality of these criminal classes multitudes of the innocent are dragged down to misery. It is not to die, said Thomas Carlyle, or even to die hungry, that makes a man wretched, but it is to die slowly all his life long with the thought that he lies imprisoned by an infinite injustice. Can we find nothing serious to think of in the recent speech of one of the most eminent men of science, who, having first lived in the East-end of London, and then having travelled all round the world, deliberately told us that, contemplating the supernatural and astonishing deadliness and deadness of these poor people's lives, with no amusement except the public-house, with nothing but miserable toil, rewarded by slow starvation, he should deliberately prefer to theirs the life of a savage; and that this state of things, if not amended, would be a great Serbonian bog, which, in the long run, would swallow up the surface crust of our civilization.

Notice too, once more, the boundless superfluity of wealth

by which this grim people is touched and jostled, and then say whether the warning voice may not be true which tells you that if some jar or shock dislocate the system, the fountains of the great deep will be broken up, and that it is not the deserts and forests as of old, but roadsides and city slums which are nursing the barbarians which may be to the new civilization what the Hun and the Vandal were to the old. It is idle to say that these terrible evils are irremediable, but if they be indeed irremediable be sure that they will be fatal. In every country, said a living statesman, you find the nation in the cottage; and if the light of your legislation does not shine in there, your statesmanship is a failure, and your system is a mistake. Individual effort, individual beneficence, say rather the love of Christ burning in individual hearts, has done something, but without state aid it cannot do much more. The social dangers are summed up in the words vice and pauperism. Every one who knows anything at all about the subject tells you, and has been telling you for fifty years; all your judges with one voice, all your police, all your gaolers, all who have really mixed among, and seen for themselves, the condition of the poor, are telling you, that the chief cause, both of vice and of pauperism, is drink. For more than a hundred years, good men, stung to the heart by pity, have been telling you to stay the plague, and heal the cause of drink,—as yet in vain. Here is one thing which you might do, you might if you had the heart to do it, and the courage and the moral insight to do it; and so save England from what the ablest prince of our Royal house the other day designated as the only terrible enemy whom England has to fear. You may be deceived by epigrams —you may be afraid of wealthy monopolists—you may be afraid of custom—you may be paralysed by immoral acquiescence in long-continued evils—you may be eager about political combinations which neither increase our happiness nor improve our morals; but so long as we find ourselves surrounding the minimum of strength with the glaring maximum of licensed temptation to work the curse and ruin of men, will vice multiply and pauperism spread. We plead with you for the sake of our country. The masses of our poor countrymen have long been pleading with you to save them from their miseries, and to save them even

from themselves. Will you once more lift no finger to help them? Which do you really think will make the people better, and which do you seriously believe will add to their happiness and reduce their degradation?—the possession of some forty-millionth fraction of political power, or some of these strong and simple measures, the work of a people which fears God, which might rescue them from the intolerable and interminable malignity of corroding vices. Other nations and other empires have fallen each in turn, undermined by their own sins, or blasted by their own ambition. They have been choked in blood, or unmanned by lasciviousness, or clogged with greed. Where is the cedar of Assyria, and the lion of Greece, and the eagle of Rome? Did the gold of Spain save her, or the fleet of Venice? What has happened to the trampled golden lilies of France? And, is England safe except by her faithfulness to the eternal moral law? "Is not Calno as Carchemish? Is not Hamath as Arpad? Is not Samaria as Damascus? Shall I not, as I have done to Samaria and her idols, so do to Jerusalem and to her idols,"—yea, and to England and to her idols?

Two of those idols have to be destroyed, let me but mention in conclusion. One is the idol of vested interest in national wrongs. In the days of the slave trade some one said to an abolitionist, "What! would you stand between a man and his vested interests?" "I started," he said, "as if one had trampled on my grave, and exclaimed, 'A vested interest in a human being!'" Let it be understood, once for all, that there can be no vested interests in that which is the source of a nation's ruin, and a nation's wrong. Other selfishness may be as intense, but none is so unblushing, because none is so much tolerated as the selfishness of monopolists claiming a vested interest in public infamy.

And the other is the idol of spurious liberty, which thinks that freedom consists in unlimited licence to do wrong, and that we ought to be allowed to do what we will though the result may be the injury of our neighbours. The liberty to do wrong is the mother of bondage. No man is free, and no nation is free, which is free from righteousness, and a slave to vice. The impulse of appetite is slavery, and the obedience to salutary restraint is the only liberty. Till

England learns this, so long as her liberty is the spurious idol of selfish individual licence, her glory is built upon the sand.

"Who are the free?
They who have scorned the tyrant and his rod,
And bowed in worship unto none but God;
They who have made the conqueror's glory dim,
In chain, in cell, though manacled in limb.
Unwarped by prejudice, unawed by wrong,
Friends to the weak, and fearless of the strong;
They who will change not with the changing hour,
The self-same men in peril as in power;
True to the law of right, in spite of frown,
To grant another's as maintain their own;
Foes to oppression, wheresoe'er it be—
These are the proudly free?"

This is what the sons of England should be. This is what the High Court of Parliament, at this time assembled, might help to make them. Thus, and thus only, can all things be so ordered, as we pray by "their endeavours, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations."

XI. The Law of Temperance Higher than the Rule of Total Abstinence. *By* Rev. Harry Jones, M.A., *Vicar of Great Barton, Prebendary of St. Paul's.*

Drunkenness must be reckoned as a great social curse of this land. It is the greatest which can be anywise freely spoken of. It is so notoriously mischievous an evil that no one ventures to plead for or defend it. Though excuse may sometimes be found for his indulgence, that excess in drink which makes a man for the time into another sort of being, not to be trusted as man, unfit for speech or act, for work or play, can never be deemed right. The worst drunkard, the man who deliberately intoxicates himself, would not like to be judged by what he said and did while he was drunk, and thus he virtually admits drunkenness to be a state of degradation, or humiliating ecstasy. He may, indeed, so indulge his appetite as to lose all power of self-

control, and rapidly excuse his act, when the thought of restraint presents itself, or he may have become such a slave to the repeatedly-tasted sensation as to court and hail its recurrence greedily, but intervals of sobriety arrive in which even he curses his own curse.

No doubt there is excuse for some whose homes are narrow and foul. Their blood is starved. Their morning pulse pleads importunately for help. People who have every comfort about them, who eat good food and breathe good air in roomy houses, should be the last to rail at a poor man who is so depressed by unwholesome monotony of business and continuous home stench as to seek relief in alcohol, and so contract the habit of drinking to excess. But even in this case, if he is thus mastered, he is willing to allow that excess brings mischief along with it. However bad a home may be, drunkenness makes it worse. However trying a trade may be, it becomes harder to follow when a man has weakened himself by intoxication. I wish there were a mission against the material misery of poor homes, and the needlessly exhausting circumstances of some trades. I wish men would totally abstain from any agreement with a landlord who did not produce a warrant from an accepted officer of health that his house was in good sanitary condition. As it is, many sin and suffer in ignorance, and, both among the rich and poor, need to have their eyes opened to their defiance of God's laws of health.

It is not my purpose now to attempt the drawing of a repulsive picture which shall display the drunkard's home and household, nor to dwell upon the mischief done to his business, credit, and health. Examples of misery and ruin arising from excess in drink, in every class of society, are too familiar to all. In each man's circle of acquaintance there are sure to be some who have destroyed their power, position, and prospects by habits of intemperance.

I would, however, notice one form of excess which is widely committed, and grievously harmful, but which does not cause the same shameful offence as when a man gets openly and grossly drunk, and in that condition is a spectacle of humiliating degradation. I refer to that species of sot which does not drink enough at any one time to destroy consciousness, but into which the stream

of alcohol is continually trickling. Here the man takes "drops" rather than draughts. He is not caught wholly incapable. He is able, after a fashion, and for a while, to give attention to his business. He does not create a riotous uproar. He is not seen reeling in the streets. But silently, selfishly, almost respectably, he is poisoning the powers of his life. Here is a prevailing form of intemperance, which, though it may not shock society with examples of disgusting helplessness or brutal violence, is yet a great social curse, and may really be classed under the head of drunkenness as well as the more degrading forms of this evil.

It is not to be wondered at that associations as well as individuals have arisen so profoundly penetrated with a sense of the mischief that comes from excess in drink as to lose all patience with the matter, and distinctly to affirm that no real cure can be found for the evil except in total abstinence from all kind and strength of alcoholic mixture. This is, anyhow, intelligible ground to take; and such as are not total abstainers are able, honestly enough, to apprehend and honour the motive of those who look at the evil in question as it appears to the advocate of complete prohibition. He should be treated with respect, not ridicule. Of course the man who rules his own life and tries to rule that of others by hard and fast lines, and is occasionally unscrupulous in the importunity with which he seeks for proselytes to his inflexible regulations, is likely sometimes to find himself in a position which seems absurd to others, and which may be allowed to provoke a smile in them; but genuine total abstinence is no mere laughing matter.

Some men cannot be temperate. They have gradually lowered themselves to a state in which the merest taste of alcohol drives them to break down all purpose of moderation, however sincere. But they can bring themselves wholly to bar their lips against its entrance. And they are obviously much helped by such societies as I have alluded to. The power of sympathy is incalculable. A man who has been drinking to excess, and cannot moderate his cups, though he may be able to put them aside altogether, finds the performance of his resolution easier as he is joined in the effort by men of like weakness with

himself. Possibly, even, he cannot alone unaided pass from excess into abstinence any more than into temperance, though the former be the easier step of the two. Then he is much helped by the hand of such as had fallen, but afterwards stood upright. Anyhow, it is a great protection for him to belong to a society where he is supported by all the members in his determination to have nothing whatever to do with the power which had overcome and humiliated them and him. If he finds it better to desert, than to disobey the tempter, he feels his determination more practicable when shared by an army of recusants. Thus, though I look on temperance as a higher condition of life than that which peremptorily denies every one the use of any stimulant whatever, lest it should be used to excess, all reasonable men must admit that total-abstinence societies are most valuable as an escape for the intemperate who cannot pass from excess into moderation. We may be thankful that they exist, though we may be radically convinced of the unfairness with which some insist on thrusting their treatment on the sound as well as on the sick. However, fortunately, all is not fanaticism which fanatics have laid hold of.

Total abstinence societies, moreover, not only find a harbour of refuge for the sot, but they are national protests against a great national sin; for though, no doubt, if the truth could be told, more would be found to be laid at the door of alcohol than it deserves, it is often perverted into an engine of terrible mischief, and drunkenness may truly be called a great national sin. Against this, associations of total abstainers, feeling safe only in abstinence, are national protests. They are historical reproductions. They represent, in our day, the religious societies of the early and middle ages. In those times there was an abundance of open licentiousness and glaring social depravity which it is not easy for some to realize now—though society be not yet purified. Thus there arose bands of men and women who virtually said, "We will deny ourselves all the enjoyments of domestic life. We will vow celibacy. We will wholly shut ourselves off from an evil world. Common, even home, society is so degraded that we will withdraw from it altogether. The family is so tainted, the honour of woman is so insecure, that we will deny ourselves the

pleasures of family life. We will stand apart from our fellows; mateless, childless. We will drop even our names, and be brothers and sisters in a separate and peculiar sense. Thus will we fight against excess. Thus, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked, will we make a stand, and, instead of attempting to live in domestic purity, deny ourselves all domestic intercourse, and band ourselves together against that ordinary social life which has become full of degrading abuses."

This was, really, the protest made by the monks and nuns of early ages; and while society was roughly impure and unsafe, we appreciate this form of remonstrance and escape, involving, as it often did, much self-denial. We may think that households, sturdy in their pureness, might have been better protests; and indeed they have shown greater vitality; they have survived long after the disappearance of religious houses. But these last did a grand work. They made a strong protest till the day came when they were bound to pass away; in some instances exhibiting the very kinds of impurities from which they were created to provide an escape, and indulging in excesses which it was their original mission to restrain or make impossible.

Now I look on associations of total abstainers as occupying, in the present day, a similar place in the community to that claimed by the early religious houses, and really filled by them whilst they remained pure and self-denying. They afford an escape for such as cannot trust themselves, and they give scope to the zeal which sometimes passes into fanaticism, but for which, in every people, there should be working room. Teetotallers are the real modern monks and nuns. They are the present conspicuous takers of life-long vows. Still, though we may credit them with a keen perception of social abuses and a certain self-denial, and though they hold out a hand to such as struggle in the slough of excess, my ideal of an excellent world is not composed entirely of them, any more than of monks and nuns. For that which is a wise rule and precaution for some must not be forced into a law for all. I repeat that a nation of total abstainers, with not one temperate man among them, is not the highest ideal of national excellence. A wholly temperate people, having realized that dominion

over the fruits of the earth which God gave to man, is really the loftiest aim of humanity. Indeed, a nation entirely ruled by, and obedient to, an imperative law, excluding, *e.g.* the use of any stimulant, would, I fear, endanger that perception of tolerance which marks national health. Indeed, we have an example, not altogether wide of the mark, in the Turks. They are a nation of professed total abstainers. They are also fanatics. Probably their fanaticism is deepened because they have sought to govern themselves by rules and regulations instead of great principles capable of adaptation and application to the experience of years and the discoveries of time.

One of the risks that threaten the future of any societies which take some stiff social rule as the basis of their existence is that of their becoming radically intolerant. They are in danger of becoming so pleased with and proud of their exclusiveness as to lose their original singleness of character and spirit of self-sacrifice. They may become puffed up, and eventually spoiled, like the religious houses I have spoken of. It is possible to exchange carnal indulgence for spiritual pride, and then the man or the society comes clearly under the warning "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Then the old devil that was turned out possibly transforms himself and returns with fresh power of mischief in his train.

In short, no mere *rule* can be laid down for all time, and very seldom for the whole of a man's life. A rule, however severe, may be recognised as useful and wholesome for a season, like that given by St. Paul for the conduct of a particular society in which he said that even marriage was unadvisable; but there is a risk in the procedure of all restrictive associations, whatever purpose or aim they set before themselves. They certainly call marked public attention to the danger of excess. They help the weak to escape it. They may be and are useful for a time, but cannot, without eventual loss of true Christian liberty, be made bodies of perpetual obligation. They do their work. They are corporate protests against popular evil. They are refuges for the weak, but must not be made into prisons for the strong. They provide wholesome restraint for such as cannot restrain themselves, but must not be forged into chains for those who are capable of freedom. They assert

that certain excesses are intolerable, but they themselves must not be allowed to grow into centres of intolerance.

There is a higher course than the complete prohibition of anything that is easily capable of abuse; I mean the law of Temperance, which applies not merely to the use of drink, but of all that God has given to man. All our tastes, appetites and passions are obviously implanted in us to be exercised. There is no shame in the possession and employment of our bodily senses. Shame comes in with their abuse. We become degraded as we do not control them, but allow them to control us. They are given to be our servants, not our masters. Cases may arise in which it is needful to take the most extreme measures with an appetite which the man feels to be too strong for him. But the man who has power is bound to exercise that power. If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; but surely do not pluck it out unless it be a cause of offence, though others so look on what they ought not as to deserve blindness. If thy hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee; but remember that the man thus saved is after all, at best, a maimed man. It is well to save the whole body at the loss of so precious a gift of God as the eye or the hand, but it is better to use the eye and hand as God would have them used. It is well to save the ship at the cost of the cargo, but it is better to bring both into the haven where you would be.

The true saint, the righteous man, is he who uses body, soul and spirit truly, righteously. Holiness is not eccentricity. It is not best seen in exclusiveness or asceticism. The body fulfils its purpose best when had in such subjection that it obeys all orders, not when it is, in some respects, so prohibited from obedience as to be therein incapable of disobedience. You may keep a man from some kinds of mischief by locking him up, and occasionally he may be so mischievous that he must be locked up. But we do not imprison a man who has done no wrong for fear lest he may be tempted to be hurtful. It is absurd to say that because A burns his fingers at the fire, B may not be permitted to warm his hands. But if he cannot be kept, or cannot keep himself from burning his fingers, he had better sit in the cold. We demand liberty of action for those who have not abused their freedom. That is the great law, and

surely it holds in the case of those who use any of God's gifts in moderation. The knife is for the diseased, not for the whole; medicine is for the sick, not for the sound. This is common sense and Christian truth. "I came not," said Jesus, "to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

We will give our measure of respect—some good men are able to feel more of it than others—to those who, in all sincerity, forego the legitimate use of anything because they think they ought so to deny themselves, and that the cause of humanity is eventually benefited by their self-denial. If a man thinks so, let him bravely live up to his thought. But let us admit the presence and force of a yet higher thought and deeper conviction, and believe that a man who rules himself by the great principles of righteousness and temperance, and looks to God for light and strength so to live, is really in a higher condition of life, both as a man, and an *example*. Possibly he may be flouted, especially by the religious world, as merely self-indulgent. Thus Jesus was sneered at when the question of total abstinence was talked of in His day: "Behold" the people said "a man gluttonous and a winebibber." And He felt the sneer. He always suffered when tried. He was even, on a rare occasion, tempted—for the taunt was specious—to defend Himself with the retort "But Wisdom is justified of her children." We may, indeed, believe that such as would honestly use this liberty of Christ in the conduct of their own lives are thus justified.

But as we claim a higher state than subjection to any code of expediency, as we strive to rise above the materialistic rule "touch not, taste not," let us recollect that we claim a state which is very high indeed. It is not the easier course. To some it is the strait path, while to others the life of rules is the broad way. It is simpler, and may be easier to kill than to command; and sometimes the suicide of an appetite is needful. But power over the whole being is best; it is nearest to the measure of the stature of Christ, whose liberty is not spiritual licence, but such freedom from mere ceremonialism as enables us to know and do the will of God among the manifold temptations to intemperance, in word and deed, which surround us all.

XII. Individual Responsibility.

By The Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. "*How long shall the land mourn?*"—Jer. xii. 4.

The thoughts of us all are, probably, more or less exercised with that shocking series of crimes which horrified and agitated us yesterday afternoon. The attempts of these dynamitards are one of the most frightful signs of the times. In their aimless malignity, in their atrocious recklessness, in the extent of alarm and of burning indignation which they kindle, in the brutality of hatred which they exhibit, in the deadliness of criminal insult to the Majesty of England who has desired with all her heart to be just and generous to their country, they are the crimes not of men but of human fiends. These cold-blooded murderers of the innocent are the shame and abhorrence of mankind, the common enemies of all the race. God has over-ruled and frustrated the possible results of conspiracies so devilish; but some of the blackest crimes which history record, look pale before the insane wickedness of these. Whatever else may be their message they surely call upon us as a nation to watch and be sober, to seek God while He may be found, to repent in dust and ashes for our sins. I cannot now speak further of these. It is my duty this morning to plead the claims of the Church of England Temperance Society, and that means that I must try to bring before you once more the deadly evils which are now being wrought in this land, and which for more than a century have been wrought on this land, by its national temptation of drink, by its national sin of drunkenness. My task is neither an easy nor a pleasant one—not easy, because I have often had to speak on this subject before; not pleasant, because it never can be pleasant to touch on facts which fill one of the darkest pages of human experience. On such a subject I have nothing new to tell you. All eyes may read, all hearts estimate, the awful evidence which is accumulated day by day in the records of misery and crime. It might well seem as if, on this subject, the conscience of the nation had become hard with a terrible callosity, and needed the probing of some terrible calamity; as if the day of warning had passed ineffectu-

ally by, and nothing remained but to await the day of retribution.

1. To trace the effects of drink—to set before you the issue and outcome of our present system, with its making of ill deeds by the sight of means to do them; to watch the ever widening ripples of fire on this great lake of ruin—we need never, alas! go beyond the limits of our own parish. People who talk of "exaggeration" in this matter talk with inexcusable ignorance. The evils are always close beside us, too glaring and too terrible to be ignored. Here, even in your own parish of 4,000 souls, under the shadow of the Abbey, under the shadow of the Houses of Parliament, in the course of a few short years I have seen in drink and drunkenness—again and again, and day after day—the direct cause of the most foul brutality, and the most amazing wretchedness. I have seen widows who have become widows through drink, and children fatherless through drink, and homes desolate through drink, and suicides, and murder, and deaths by *delirium tremens*, and the sacrifice of children, and brutal assults of husbands on their wives, and sons on their mothers, and pecuniary loss, and individual ruin, and spiritual wreck, and family destruction, and social degradation, and places where human beings live made worse than the lairs of wild beasts—and all through drink! And to know what drink and the drink system is doing in England, you must multiply by hundreds of thousands this which is daily going on within the limits of a single parish, until you have a festering mass of crime, lunacy, and despair, and guilt, and disease, and anguish such as no imagination can conceive and no tongue name—a festering mass of sin, and shame, and curse; which your own Prime Minister has told you produces results more deadly, because more continuous, than those of war, famine, and pestilence combined. And against this evil demon which glares in the midst of us, and daily, weekly, monthly, yearly, in our very sight, slays silently, yet with intolerable and interminable malignity, its tens of thousands of miserable victims—against this evil spirit, against this pestilent and rotten system, thousands have appealed, There is scarcely a Judge on the Bench who has not told the nation in his most solemn tones—there is scarcely a Recorder, or Prison Chaplain, or

Vicar of any large parish, who has not emphatically declared, that the present drink system, and its reckless multiplication of public-houses, means on a vast scale the injury of the community; and yet, year after year, and decade after decade, not a finger is lifted to provide and adequate remedy, till even a fool can see that the pleasant vices of the nation are being turned into her terrible and cruel scourge; and it has come to this—that England must amend her ways—that she must get rid of this curse and crime, or she must gradually perish by the class of paupers and criminals who are poisoning her national life, and who, so long as our present drink system continues, will remain untouched by the amenities of civilization and much more by the influences of religious faith.

2. I cannot express—I never have been able to express—half so forcibly as it should be done, the results which force themselves upon my mind from the long and repeated observation of the universal horror and destruction caused not here only, but in India, in Africa, in Australia, in America, in the islands of the Pacific, all over the world, alike of civilization and barbarism, by this master fiend of Intemperance. From London, from Liverpool, from Glasgow, from Dublin, from New York, from San Francisco, from Melbourne, from the Mauritius, from Madagascar, alike from Scandinavia and from Switzerland, alike from the banks of the Congo, and of the Hudson, rise the groans of the ruined and the perishing against this Moloch, on whose altar we offer as holocausts the bodies and the souls of men for whom Christ died. The evidence, if only you would take the trouble to regard it, is immense, accumulated, damning. The defenders and monopolists of the drink system cannot refute it—never attempt to refute it. They know that there is not a cask of the ardent spirits which they sell which does not contain in it a freight of potential misery, and which may not do, more effectually than any other fiend could do it, the work of hell. They rely on paltry sophisms about liberty and the rights of the minority. Liberty! as if liberty meant the unlimited power of doing wrong! Liberty! as though liberty meant the leaving defenceless of poor besotted victims who have palsied the very will to protect themselves! The rights of the minority! as though, in these hard days, the rights of

the minority included the right to burden the sober, the honest, and the thrifty, with the intolerable burdens entailed upon them by the crime, the infamy, and the wretchedness to which they inevitably doom the weakest and the worst. You might as well talk of protecting the vested interests of a cancer, as protecting the existing condition of a system which, in the language of the President of one of its own Defence Leagues, gives us at least 64,000 too many, out of our 107,337 licensed public-houses, of which he describes some as "seething hells of vice, immorality, and crime." Every one is crying out that trade is depressed; that it is hard even for honest men to get a living. Why is it hard? I will tell you with confidence one reason. It is because we have to support in the United Kingdom 1,000,000 paupers, of which very few would have been paupers but for drink. It is because the nation yearly spends in drink a sum which would be enough to give each of these 1,000,000 paupers an annuity of £100 a year. It is because the working classes alone spend at least £36,000,000 every year—as much as all that they pay for rent—in drink. Talk of luxury! The demagogue and the socialist rail at the luxury of the rich; and all luxury is an evil; and the days are coming, yea, have now come, when the duty of perfect simplicity and stern self-denial will be incumbent on every class of the community. But I, who have often spoken plainly enough of the faults of the rich, declare that their luxury is in no respect so deadly and so outrageous as that of the drunken poor. There is many a working man in these streets, many a cabman, many a labourer, who spends, every day of his life, on drink, a sum which I could not afford, and which I should think it criminally luxurious and disgracefully extragavant in myself to spend. And when these drinkers and drunkards thus poison their very lives and their very souls by wallowing in the depths of self-indulgence, they will come and clamour for charities, and we, out of the sweat of our brow, shall have to pay for the prisons which punish these atrocities, and the workhouses in which they end their worthless and wasted days. Here is a specimen—one of hundreds. At the police court a married woman (and the case is not at all uncommon) makes her sixty-second appearance for drunkenness and wilful damage; she

is the daughter of a man now in the workhouse, who has undergone more than 100 terms of imprisonment for drunkenness, and whose single family of shame and worthlessness has cost the ratepayers of his parish over £1,000. We pay this money, thus miserably wasted, and who profits by the manufacture of these wretched drunkards? Some one, I suppose, must profit by, some must gain their wealth from, a system which to many means childhood without innocence, youth without shame, manhood without honour; from a system which involves the plunder of many a home, and the starvation of many a little one; which ministers, in some at least of its patrons, to every vile and vicious passion and propensity; which makes drunkards, and thieves, and embezzlers, and gamblers, and wife-beaters and murderers; which brutalises and degrades, which debauches, impoverishes, and injures, if not (as a leading American newspaper has said) all who are brought into contact with it, yet the multitudes who succumb to its temptation and become its victims. The prosperity of the drink trade means the misery of the people by which it thrives.

3. In these later days tens of thousands of Englishmen and of English women, and a very large number of the Clergy of all denominations, have become total abstainers, and most of them have become so because they hate to have anything to do with that which, from the days of Noah down to this day, has proved so blighting a curse to millions of their fellow men. They have become total abstainers because they believe that any form of alcohol is needless for those in health, and because they can furnish proofs to show that, while their main wish is to help and influence others by their example, they themselves, in every normal case, gain rather than lose by total abstinence—gain in purse, in health, in strength, in longevity, in clearness and peace of mind. But I would remove a misconception. We who are abstainers do not dictate to others; to the untempted, to the old, to those who are in weak health, to all we say—With your moderate use of stimulants we have neither the right nor the wish in any way to interfere. Only this we say, that we do not repent of our decision, because we know that tens of thousands, and in the world's history millions of mankind, have had

to rue the effects of drink in their own persons, and in the persons of those whom their example has influenced. I will give you an instance of each kind. Through one single common lodging house, in one of the London slums through which men and women file into the workhouse, recently passed a paymaster in the Royal Navy, a Cambridge man, a master of the hounds who had once inherited a fortune, a physician's son (himself a doctor), a Sunday School Superintendent, a member of the Stock Exchange, a clergyman who had taken high honours, the brother of the Vicar of a large London Parish, the brother of a scholar of European reputation, whose wife also was drinking herself to death, and whose three beautiful children were rescued by friends from a miserable den in the neighbourhood—themselves, alas! but too likely to suffer from the awful heredity of crime. So much for personal peril in all classes. And is example nothing? A father tells us how he once started alone to climb a steep and perilous hill, purposely choosing a time when his children were at play, and when he thought that they would not notice his absence. He was climbing a precipitous path, when he was startled by hearing a little voice shout, "Father, take the safest path, for I am following you;" and on looking down he saw that his little boy had followed him, and was already in danger; and he trembled lest the child's feet should slip before he could get to them, and grasp the warm little hand. "Years have passed since then," he writes, "but though the danger has passed the little fellow's cry has never left me. It taught me a lesson, the full force of which I had never known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of our leading those around us to ruin, without intending or knowing it, and the lesson I learnt that morning I am anxious to impress upon all to whom my words may come." Again I ask, Is example nothing? Let me give you another instance. The other day at a meeting a clergyman got up and won the usual applause by the usual deplorable platitudes about alcohol being a good creature of God and so forth. When he had ended, there rose in the meeting an old white-headed man who said, "I once knew a fine youth who had been persuaded to become a total abstainer; one day he went to the

house of a clergyman, who told him that total abstinence was fanaticism and I know not what. The young man thought that the clergyman must be right; he began to drink; for him, as for thousands of others, it was impossible to be moderate; he died in a few years of *delirium tremens* —a wasted life. The clergyman who spoke thus," added the old man, "was the gentleman who has just addressed you; the young man"—and here his voice was broken by a choking sob—"the young man was my only son."

4. Well, then, to all who feel themselves safe, whose habits are formed, whose years have passed their zenith, I do not say a word about total abstinence; but to you young men, and young women, of the poorer classes especially, I do say—with all the strength of my convictions, and with any authority which my office gives me, to you I do say, plainly and distinctly, you cannot do a better, a wiser, or a safer thing; you cannot do anything which would be more likely to save you, or some about you, from peril, shame, and misery hereafter; you cannot do anything which would be more likely to secure you a more honourable life, and a more happy home, a filled purse, a clear head, a more perfect health, a more untroubled peace. Life is full of temptation which you cannot avoid, but there is one awfully blighting and destroying temptation which you can avoid with perfect ease—it is the temptation to drink. If any interested person talk to you about liberty, say that you will part on the very cheapest term possible with the liberty to destroy yourselves. There is not a doctor, however inimical to total abstinence, who, if he did not say to you, in the words of Sir Andrew Clark, "Fly from the enemy of the race," would not at least tell you "that if you eat well and sleep well you do not need strong drink, and are better without it." I would say it, especially to all of you who are servants, and to all of you who belong to the poorer classes, and the working classes. To suppose that beer or spirits is necessary, either to your health or your work, is the merest delusion. It is not necessary. It has been proved again and again that the very best work, and the work which requires the severest strain, whether mental or bodily, can not only be done without it, but done better without it. Whether you be youth or maiden I say to you, Never enter the door of a public-house. Never

marry any one who drinks. If you are fond of drink give it up for your own sake; if you are not fond of drink give it up for the sake of others. If you are fond of drink give it up now, and at once, for good habits must be gradually built up, but bad habits can only be blown up; and no moral dynamite can be too strong with which to blow them up. If you are fond of drink, or getting fond of drink, even if you have never actually disgraced your manhood or your womanhood by the loathsome infamy of drunkenness, then I say to you, in God's Name and as God's message, if you do not want a diseased and degraded life, if you don't want to hand down to your children after you the seeds of your disease and degradation, if you don't want to drift from the street to the slum, and from the slum to the workhouse, or to the felon's dock, or to the cell of the lunatic, or to the grave of the suicide; if you do not want to become one of the fresh recruits in the miserable army of dishonoured drunkards, who, from generation to generation, ruin their own life and make terrible their own death—then come this very day to the Vestry after the service, either this morning or this evening, and I will give you the pledge of total abstinence, in God's name; which, if you keep it, by God's grace sought in prayer, and strengthening the concentrated resolution of your own manhood, may save you from one at least of earth's self-chosen and preventible evils, which might otherwise bring fatally upon you the wrath to come.

5. For let me give you but one or two illustrations of what drink means; what drink, which is always, of course, begun in moderation, has been to millions, and therefore may be to you, or to some of those whom you most dearly love.

What does drink often mean to *the individual?* Here is a passage, given me by a parishioner, copied from a paper found in the case of an old watch:—"Drunkenness expels reason, drowns the memory, defaces beauty, diminishes strength, inflames the blood, causes internal, external, incurable wounds, is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse, the beggar's companion, a wife's woe, children's misery, the picture of a self-murderer and a beast, who drinks to others' good health, and robs himself of his own." And here is a passage from a recent

book upon taxation :—"The gin palace," says Mr. Dudley Baxter, "allures its throng of monomaniacs. Emaciated, and in rags, the drunkard gulps down the wages which should have supported his children, calling for glass after glass, till his earnings are exhausted, and then staggers off to a poverty-stricken home to wreak his madness upon his wife. Thousands and tens of thousands are merely funnels for drink, and divide the sweat of their brow between the distiller and the State." "Mere funnels for drink." Could there be a reproach more infamous for men made in the dignity of God's image, with the sign of their Redemption marked visibly upon their foreheads? Will any of you young men or young women who hear me, will you be hereafter of the unhappy wretches whom our present drink traffic reduces into a thing so abject as a mere funnel for drink?

To society. All history has taught us that there can be no direr curse to a nation than a criminal and pauper class at once vicious and miserable. Now that is just the class that drink creates. Here are some actual scenes. They will horrify you; yes, but can there be a more shocking hypocrisy than to be horrified at things which are going on almost at your very doors, and to be too finely fastidious, too delicately reserved, too daintily sympathetic even to hear them mentioned? Is it not shocking that you should dislike these slovenly, unhandsome things to come between the wind and your nobility, and yet not only not throw the whole force of your influence into the cause of those who would die to amend them, but not even lift one finger to help them? A few months ago all London was ashamed at the bitter cry of the outcast, and there were Royal Commissions of Princes, Cardinals, and millionaires to improve the housing of the poor. Why, Temperance workers had not only been telling you for fifty years about the infamous housing of the poor, but they had also told you the cause; and until you are brave enough and wise enough to cut off the cause, we tell you from the beginning that your efforts are foredoomed to miserable failure. Leave the cause, and you will never appreciably alter the horrible effects.

Again I quote the testimony of an eye-witness :—"More than one-fourth of the daily earnings of the denizens of

the slums goes over the bars of the beer shops and the gin palaces. On a Saturday night in a particular thoroughfare there are three corner public-houses which make as much money as the whole of the other shops on both sides of the way put together. Enter the gin shops and you will see them crammed—labourers drinking away the wages that ought to clothe their little ones; women squandering the money which would purchase food—for lack of which their children are dying." There is cause, here are effects: "Turn out of the main thoroughfare into the dimly-lighted back streets, and you come upon scene after scene of grim and grotesque horror. Women with hideous, distorted faces, shrieking vile songs; men interchanging with them foul oaths and evil jests; a cry of murder; a woman pursued by her drunken and furious husband; the yell of an injured wife, or of some drunken fool entrapped into a den of infamy, robbed and hurled into the street by some professional bully; the heavy groan of a drunken man, and then stillness; he has staggered up the stairs to his attic, has missed his footing, and fallen heavily. Spend any Saturday night in a slum, and say if one-tenth of the habitual horrors have here been catalogued. And all these people who can spend so much in drink are the abject poor!" Can you wonder at it, I ask, when year after year you acquiesce in the system which leaves in one block of wretched houses 1,082 families, and 41 public-houses; in another 2,225 families, and 38 public-houses. And here you shall have one or two of the stories of the children told by themselves.

M. L.—Father drunk; struck her mother and hurt her skull. The mother went raving mad. The father slipped off a barge when drunk and was drowned.

R. S.—Father gets drunk and beats mother, and is now in prison. Children dread his coming back, he is so cruel.

C. L.—Mother drinks awfully. Dropped baby on the pavement and it died. This is the second which she has "accidentally" killed.

M. A. H.—Comes to the school with arm broken by her father; who "didn't mean it, only he was drunk."

Read these facts, face them, dare to face them, try to take them in; try before God to understand what they mean. Read that in the single town of Liverpool, 150

infants are yearly overlaid, for the most part by drunken mothers, and then ask whether the fires which were lit to Moloch, in the Valley of the Children of Hinnom, were one hundredth part so hateful as this holocaust of her children which England yearly offers to the fiend of drink! Talk of crime, talk of pauperism, talk of Horrible London; it is nonsense to dream of any remedy, or any amelioration, till the conscience of England is aroused to deal with this question of drink, as it was once aroused to deal with the infinitely less ruinous and damning curse of slavery. Talk of the Franchise, of Redistribution, of Land Laws; for any real good they will do to the people, for any real help which England will gain from them in her hour of need, they are of an importance absolutely infinitesimal compared to the urgency of the necessity to repress, control, and limit with a strong hand this curse of drink. I say, with the late lamented A. M. Sullivan, that if this question be much longer sacrificed to the mean doctrine of political expediency it will be a perfidy and a treason against the rights of man. A drunken people can never be a wise people. The victims of demagogues—uncontrollable passion their temptation and their guide—who can safely trust the future, and the institutions secured by toil and blood, to a race making and groping its way amid such evils and such weakness? If you desire the safety of England educate the moral sense of her people by placing new and more stringent laws for the repression of drink upon her Statute Book, and Englishmen will soon grow as much ashamed of the horrors caused by the present condition of the liquor traffic as they would be ashamed to renew the slave trade with all its agonies and crimes.

6. If any of you, wrapped up in supercilious acquiescence, are so ignorant of the whole subject as not to be aware that every syllable which I have spoken, and ten times more and worse, could be supported with overwhelming demonstration; if you do not know that I have had no time to tell you a millionth part of the dismal and ghastly tale; if you do not know that an indictment far stronger than I have uttered has been uttered for years by multitudes of our deepest thinkers and our greatest writers—from the days of Shakespeare and Milton to those of Ruskin and Carlyle—yet at least you will, perhaps,

listen to what one or two responsible statesmen have said. Here, then, are the words of one of our Cabinet Ministers —Mr. Chamberlain—spoken eight years ago :—"Drink is the curse of the country. It ruins the fortunes, it injures the health, it destroys the lives of one in twenty of the population, and anything that can be done to diminish this terrible sacrifice of human life and human happiness is well worthy of all the attention and study that we can give it. If we are silent the very stones will cry out. If I could destroy to-morrow the desire for strong drink in the people of England what changes should we see. We should see our gaols and workhouses empty; we should see more lives saved in twelve months than are consumed in a century of bitter and savage war." Here are the words of another Cabinet Minister, Mr. Trevelyan, spoken three months ago :—"There is nothing which rulers are prepared to give you which has one twentieth part the importance of this. Here is a question which is, indeed, the question of the people. The people lose everything that is to be lost by this traffic and gain absolutely nothing. The time has arrived when we could postpone everything to the task of wringing from Parliament the instant suppression, by Imperial legislation, of a vast proportion of the drink shops of the entire country, supplemented by the concession of your undoubted right to be yourselves the custodians of the morality, the prosperity, and the peace of your own streets and homesteads. Do not flag in your efforts until you have obtained that great measure, compared with which all other reforms are but as dust in the balance." And you, if such there be, who think it more important that brewers and gin distillers should be millionaires than that the sons of your country should be saved by thousands from themselves, and from the glare of deadly temptation with which you surround their homes; you, if such there be, who, wrapped in the serene Epicureanism of your own comfort, would pass by these drink-wounded wanderers who strew the highways of all the world; you, who think that you show all your worldly intellect by pooh-poohing with a sneer the Temperance cause—I warn you that your selfish *laissez-faire* policy is rapidly becoming a desperate anachronism. When Cabinet Ministers use such language as you have heard; when

your Prime Minister tells you that it is true for us, and it is the measure of our discredit and disgrace, that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges—war, famine, and pestilence; when a man like Lord Cairns tells you that there is no question which so deeply touches the moral, the physical, and the religious welfare of the world; when a Lord Chief Justice like Lord Coleridge declares and reiterates that the vice of drunkenness debases and brutalises the people of these islands; when Sir W. Harcourt, with all his experience as Home Secretary, tells you that the evils of the liquor traffic are immense and intolerable; when such a man as Mr. Cowen, of Newcastle, tells you that on the side of drink you must put "criminality, pauperism, the woes which cannot be measured by arithmetic, the tears of broken-hearted wives, the cries of perishing children, the wrecks of noble intellects"; when it would be most easy to multiply testimonies a hundredfold—the day for callousness, and sneers, and sophisms, and for a logic which despises charity, and for a fatal gilding of the licence to do wrong with the name of liberty, is past. Yes, and has not the day for action come? Woe to England if she entrust the reins of her destiny to "the unspiritual god, circumstance!" Postponement of the duty of right action is a sin against the supremacy of God.

7. Let me, then, in conclusion, most earnestly beg your aid to the wise, noble, but—unhappily—struggling Church of England Temperance Society. It has played no small part in the forefront of the battle against this vice of intemperance, and all that causes it. If you want any testimony, Lord Shaftesbury, with all the weight and wealth of his noble experience, has said, "The more I examine and travel over the surface of England the more I see the absolute and indispensable necessity for Temperance Associations. I am satisfied that, unless they existed, we should be immersed in such an ocean of immorality, violence, and sin, as would make this country uninhabitable." If you can help in no other way as patriots to deliver your country from this clinging curse, as Christians to rescue the perishing souls for whom Christ died, you can help—I hope you will help with noble generosity—by your gifts to-day.

XIII.—The Vision of the King.

By THE VERY REV. H T. EDWARDS, M.A., DEAN OF BANGOR.—"*Then said I, woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts. Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.*"—ISAIAH vi. 5–8.

THIS passage records a new view of existence that was seen by Isaiah, and the effects of it upon his soul. Every man's course is shaped by the view that he forms of the Supreme Ruler. If a man has no such view, he has no principle, and he is living either in anarchy or in slavery to some other mind. There are hours in every earnest life, and especially in every powerful leading life, when new truths or new views of old truths breaking in upon the eye of the soul change all the aspects of being and give an impulse that never loses its force. Such an hour of insight as came to Jacob at Bethel and afterwards at Penuel now came to Isaiah in the temple.

Let us consider this evening, in the first place, the Prophet's view of the Supreme Ruler, "Mine eyes have seen the King," and, in the second place, the effects of that view upon the soul as recorded in this passage—first, producing an abasing sense of personal sin; secondly, quickening the sense of social sin; thirdly, bringing to bear upon the life a purifying power; and, lastly, giving to that life an ardent mission.

I. Let us consider, then, in the first place, the view of the Supreme Ruler.

Isaiah now passed through a great spiritual excitement such as marks the hours of conversion, the chief turning point in the careers of great souls. The leading idea is described in these words, "Mine eyes have seen the King."

A new real power had risen within his life. Now in his first natural, unenlightened, unregenerate state a man sees no supreme authority that has a right to rule his inner and his outer being. He is rather like the wild ass used to the wilderness that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure, and he lives as he likes, according to his impulses, as far as social and physical necessities will permit. But when the light of God dawns upon his soul then man becomes conscious of a personal will that claims to rule his life, and of a personal mind that knows his downsitting and his uprising and understands his thoughts afar off. We have heard this evening in the first lesson that "God made man after His own image." As man, therefore, must reflect that image when it is seen by him in the light of knowledge, no less truly than the water must reflect the splendour of the sun that shines above it, so man cannot fail to bow to the sovereignty of God except by refusing in blind self-will to see God. Man can only be alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in him, because of the insensibility of his heart. In the natural world we have sometimes seen on a dark and cloudy day the mist suddenly lifted and the landscape revealed in a flood of light. In the world of intelligence, fields of inquiry that have been, through the ages, hidden in darkness, have sometimes been discovered by the sudden flashes of genius, and at once, in a moment, added to the mental dominion of man. So in the spiritual world; sometimes Divine realities that have been hidden through the ages in mystery are unveiled as if by the rolling away of a cloud or the rising of a curtain, and the secret of God shines upon the tabernacle of life.

In this vision of the Triune Godhead Isaiah saw the Divine life now more fully and more clearly than he had ever seen it before. In words he paints for us the impressions made by it upon his soul. The sight of the Lord sitting upon a throne is the image that he uses to represent to us the conception that he now formed of the immovable authority of the Divine life sending forth its unfailing laws. Hitherto God had been to him a dim floating idea, far away in the clouds, like a distant monarch exercising no constant sway over existence; but now he recognises that the Divine life is everywhere; that all things are united to God; that all the duties, all the energies and the scenes of existence

are, as it were, parts of the royal train, wide as the world, filling the vast floor of the temple of being.

This change in the spiritual ideas of Isaiah seems to have been very similar to the change that was wrought in the disciples by the power of the resurrection, the sight of the ascension, and the inspiration of Pentecost. They had before acknowledged Jesus as their Master, but their ideas of His Divine authority were dim and uncertain. His form had not been lifted up before the eyes of their souls so as to become to them "The Most High"; His majesty had not been settled and established, as it were, upon a throne within their consciousness. They had seen His glory in glimpses through the veil of humiliation, but His influence, local and partial to their minds, had not as yet, like a royal train, filled all the sanctuary of their universe. But when He rose from the grave, when He ascended above the clouds into realms out of sight, when He sent down the light and the heat of His Spirit into their hearts and minds, then they recognised Him with the sight of the soul as the King; they then realized that all power was given to Him in heaven and in earth, that the height and the depth, that life and death, that sickness and health, that the cross of suffering and the crown of sovereignty, that the earthly course and the silent grave, the temporal home and the great hereafter, were all subject to the sovereignty of His Divine human sceptre.

Similar to that is the change that is wrought in every human soul when religion comes instead of a misty, cloudy, speculative theory, as a living power to rule our daily being. This revelation of Jesus as the King, is going on for ever through the ages. It comes to various men in various forms. To Isaiah in the Temple, to Thomas as he touched the wounds of sacred suffering, to Saul as he came near to Damascus the light shone that revealed the King of Life. Through the ages it is the work of the ministry of the Church to unfold by her teaching the features of Jesus. The work of the ministry of the Church through the ages is to pray the Apostle's prayer, that the "God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation and the knowledge of Him; the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the exceeding greatness of His

power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead."

II. Let us proceed to consider the effects of this vision upon the soul. The first effect upon Isaiah was to give him an abasing consciousness of his own personal sin. "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips." The lips being the outermost organ of that speech which expresses the thoughts and the feelings of the mind and the heart, represent all the inner life; and therefore when Isaiah says that the lips were unclean, he meant that the whole stream of life required purification. Why did the vision of the King create this sense of guilt and misery? In the King is the law of our life; it is only when we see the King's life that we know what our own life ought to be. Because we are created in the image of God we are not in our true state until we reflect that image; therefore the sight of the Divine character must create in man a sense of moral failure, that is, a consciousness of sin. As the seraphim cried before God, "Holy, holy, holy," there is created in man a bitter consciousness of his own want of holiness.

So it is for ever. Where there is no vision of excellence there can be no pangs of self-reproach. The village artist, who has never seen any works better than his own, is self-satisfied in his ignorance; but the man who has seen the master works of sovereign genius, recognises in the light his own nothingness in the presence of an ideal unapproached, high-throned and lifted up: he cries, abased, "Woe is me! I am nothing, I have everything to learn."

So is it in the moral world. When the vision of a pure life breaks in upon the eyes of the impure it creates bitter self-reproach, and at first rebellious impatience. When the frenzied, debased, ferocious slave of the demons of lust saw Jesus, the Lord of the moral life, drawing near, the sight of the most High and Holy One was agony to him, and he cried, "What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, thou Son of God Most High." So it is with us. The sight of God's perfection for ever creates in us pangs of penitence.

But the vision of the King not only makes us unhappy about our own sins, but it also makes us unhappy about the sins of the society of which we are members. Man is

a social being; we men are members of one body. If one member suffer all the members suffer with it. We cannot separate our personal life from our social life; therefore, in the moment when we begin to desire a nobler personal life we desire also to create around us a nobler social state. So Isaiah, when he saw the King, looked with agony upon the sin and the depravity of the society of which he was a member, and he cried, "Woe is me! for I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." And what were the sins that defiled the lips of Israel in those days? We have a description of them in the five preceding chapters. The fountain of all uncleanness, ever the same, is the self-will of our lower nature, that rebels against the King whose higher law is that love which constrains man to sacrifice his baser instincts for the Divine glory and the social good. Isaiah, in his first chapter, tells us that men in his days lived without the thought of God, to please themselves. God said of them, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider." That godless spirit of self-will assumed different forms in different classes of society, as the prophet teaches us. It made the upper leading class corrupt, unprincipled, self-seeking, tyrannical, luxurious. "Thy princes are rebellious and companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards." "Their land, also, is full of silver and gold, neither is there any end of their treasures; their land, also, is full of horses, neither is there any end of their chariots." "The Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of His people, and the princes thereof; for ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoil of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye beat My people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?" And the same godless spirit made men eager to be monopolists of riches, to the detriment of the common weal. "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth." The same godless spirit made the women of Israel heartless, thoughtless, shallow, frivolous. The prophet has painted the contrast between the woman of the world as she shines in the finery of her short-lived fashion, and as she lies in

the noisome decay of the shroud and the sepulchre. "The daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go. . . . The Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling . . . the chains and bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets . . . the changeable suits of apparel . . . the glasses . . . the wimples, the mantles, the crisping pins . . . the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails . . . and it shall come to pass that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink, and instead of the girdle a rent, and instead of well-set hair baldness; . . . and burning instead of beauty." But as if to give two-fold emphasis the prophet twice repeats that the ruinous root of the godless spirit of his age was its drunkenness. "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! And the harp, and the viol, the tabret . . . and wine are in the feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands. Therefore My people are gone into captivity . . . hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure. . . . Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." And in this chapter the prophet tells us what were the effects of these sins upon the tone of the nation—making the heart fat, the ears heavy, and the eyes blind to truth and beauty.

Sin is not peculiar to any age. The man who has "seen the King," the man who has the highest idea of life, must for ever say, "Woe is me! I am among the men of unclean lips. I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." Every one of us knows the plague of his own heart when he stands in the presence of the King. Our nation has its great social evil. Britain, thank God, is not like Israel—unsound from the sole of the foot even to the head. Downfall, let us hope, is not impending here as it was there. There is virtue in British homes. Society amongst us here and there has its hollow fashions, its tinkling frivolities, its haughty, overbearing arrogances, and its hidden festering vice, but the women of Britain—our wives and mothers and sisters—are not, thank God, the false, tawdry, bejewelled wantons that ruined the life of Israel by corrupting its homes. There are, amongst us sometimes, men who defile

their lips with commercial fraud, but still, thank God, the motto of the British merchant is "Integrity," and "Thoroughness" is the boast of the British workman.

But there is one fountain of uncleanness that pours forth a poisonous stream to defile the lips of the nation. The curse of strong drink is an overflowing well of shame, of sin, of vice, of woe. The national lips in the Parliament of the people have been too often defiled with sophistical apologies for this great national sin, this baneful sin that for a time feeds the finances while it starves the morality of the nation. A false social opinion has palliated it, has failed to frown, as it ought to have frowned, upon the fosterers of depravity. Men, as it is, are not ashamed amongst us of great fortunes built up, having their foundations down in the depths of human degradation; their houses are literally filled with the spoils of virtue; they deck themselves with jewels that have cost many a soul its purity, and many a home its peace. This sin is defiling our lives. Oh! how this cursed stream defiles the lips of human nature amongst us. The lips of the father, of the husband, formed by God for tenderness and love, are defiled with cruelty and cursing, with foulness and ferocity. The lips of the mother that God formed for words of purity and peace, to teach her offspring to lisp the lessons of life in accents of prayer and praise and love, are too often made unclean by the fiendish flight of the wicked words, blasphemy, obscenity, and despair.

If the prophet were to come amongst us; were he to visit the cheerless hovels where the drunkards' children are withering in hungry, ragged wretchedness; if he were to go through the courts where the cursings of the blasphemer mingle with the blows of the wife-beater; if he were to watch the crowds of men and women that carry under a fatal spell their hard-won earnings to the shrines of sensuality; if he were to stand in our gas-lit streets when the countless taverns open their unwilling jaws to pour out their midnight stream of besotted, half-frenzied human beasts to swell the torrent of shame that well-nigh chokes at certain hours our proudest thoroughfares, would he not say, "Hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure;" "Their vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah; their grapes are grapes of gall:

their clusters are bitter, Their wine is the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps"?

Now, my brethren, we feel pain at social evil in exact proportion to the clearness with which we have seen the King—in other words, to the strength of our religious convictions, and the sincerity of our religious emotions. If we take low views of human destiny, if we think of ourselves and others as only short-lived animals, breathing away our brief day, and going down, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, into the cold, dark earth, to rise no more, then we do not feel much pain when existence around us is without high ends here, or high hopes of hereafter; then we can bear to look with calmness on the masses of human misery, upon the homes that God meant to be the Paradises of earthly rest, turned into the fiery ante-rooms of hell; upon the young man, formed for knowledge, for virtue, for moral dignity, for princely self-control, for immortality, transformed by the demon of drink into the heavy, dull, soulless, or the wild, furious, savage human beast; we can bear to look upon the saddest of all sights, upon the young, blooming girl, once in her childish prime, pure as the spotless flowers of the early spring, blasted and blighted by the spoiler's breath, sliding down the fatal slope into the dark, deep, social abyss, out of which there rise to our ears the hollow laughter of the harlot's drink-forced gaiety, the pitiful moaning of the worn-out, sinking hospital patient, the last gaspings, the lonely agonies, the few hurried footsteps of the friendless, tearless, unattended funeral, dying away into the silence of the unremembered pauper's grave.

But if we have seen the King; if, in the light of His face, we have learnt what life is to be, and what by His royal grace He will make it to be, then we never can look at these social evils without feeling our own share of responsibility, without feeling a bitter, salutary self-reproach and crying out, "Woe is me! for I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips."

My brethren, the vision that brought the pains of repentance brought also the gladness of renewal. So it is always. There is no birth without birth pains. So in the moral world. The vision that brings the agony of self-condemnation brings also the strength of reform and the ardour of inspiration. That cry of woe from the prophet's lips brought

down into his life a new power from above. "Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar; and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged."

Now, what is the meaning of that live coal from the altar? The altar is a place of sacrifice; sacrifice is an expression of love, and love is a leading feature in the countenance of the King, and therefore the power that redeems us into the likeness of the King is the Spirit that brings to bear upon us the burning influence of love from the altar. The altar is the cross of Calvary, on which the Son of man gave Himself for the good of many. Love is the source of all personal and of all social good. Nothing purifies us like sacrifice—sacrifice of thought, of care, of time, of toil, of money, for the good of others. We cannot have our life purified unless we are touched by the fire from the altar. If we look at the King, if we welcome the seraphim in prayer and praise and the sacraments—if, then, there comes through the power of God's Spirit into our lives day after day the fire of enthusiasm and the light of principle, it takes away all our iniquity and it purges all our sin.

In conclusion, let me remind you that this vision which purifies gives also a life mission. When Isaiah had received the vision of enlightenment, and had been touched by the fire from the altar, then he heard a voice saying unto him, "Whom shall I send? Who will go for us?" Now that voice had been sounding through the ages, but it was only the men who had seen the King, and been touched by the sacred fire that could understand the voice, and say, "Here am I, send me." That is the voice that always comes to those who look at the King, who believe in Jesus Christ. Wherever there is misery and illness, wherever there is hard bondage and grievous affliction, there this Divine voice comes to those who see the King. It was the voice that came forth out of the burning vision in the wilderness of Midian to the lawgiver and liberator, and sent him forth to deliver his brethren from the brickfields of the tyrant; it was the voice that came to Clarkson and to Wilberforce in our own land, sending them to break the chains that cruelty,

greed, and arrogance had forged to deprive souls of the liberty that God had given them; and it is the voice that calls to-day to earnest men to go forth under the banner of temperance to break the chains of a darker slavery that is destroying the glorious liberty of souls. There is in this land darkness and sin; there are myriads in this land to-night who are suffering a bondage harder than that of Egypt, and a servitude worse than that of the West Indian negroes—a bondage that binds not only the body but the soul, a servitude that robs man not only of the citizenship of earth, but shuts him out from the franchise of that city of free spirits, the Jerusalem above, into which there shall enter nothing that defileth.

Brethren, let us live in the sight of the King. In the Church He unveils His presence. Let us turn our eyes to the King; let us welcome the seraphim of grace, that He may fire our hearts with love; that we may not, in our day, stand with closed eyes and cold hearts, acquiescing in the ruin and moral misery of men, but that we may look to the Throne and say to the King, "Thy kingdom come;" that we may have our ears opened to every call of duty; and that we may, with loyal hearts, say, whenever the King calls, "Here am I, send me."

XIV.—The Shadows of Civilisation. *By* The Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. "*And slaves, and souls of men.*"—Rev. xviii. 13.

1. The Bible, in its marvellous treasury of thoughts uttered by men whose souls were inspired and dilated by the Holy Spirit of God, contains some lurid pictures of the downfall of guilty cities and guilty nations. On the Cities of the Plain God rained fire and brimstone, storm and tempest, and, seizing Lot by the hand, the angels hurried him and his from the ghastly overthrow. On Babylon the burning lips of Isaiah pronounced its doom; on Nineveh the Prophets Nahum and Zephaniah; on Tyre the magnificent scorn and irony of Ezekiel; on Jerusalem—the religious murderess of the prophets—on her sham religionism, on her heart of cruelty and shame hidden under the gorgeous cope of ceremonial profession, the Lord Jesus Himself

uttered His pathetic burden as He sat at sunset on the slopes of Olivet. And here the mighty Angel of the Apocalypse, who lightens the earth with his glory, pronounced the doom and dirge on Rome, as the type of the great guilty cities of the world. And what was the cause of the catastrophe and conflagration of these great homes of human magnificence and power? The answer is simple. It was cruelty and luxury and lust; it was pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness; it was the wantonness, the petulance, the insolence of corrupted wealth; it was godlessness, and the vice which invariably follows in the wake of godlessness, and the avenging misery which dogs the heels of vice. Cities and nations, in the days of their visitation, recognise not their peril, and laugh to scorn the prophecies of their overthrow. What did Rome care—Rome, the eternal city, the lady of the nations, sitting on her golden throne, and declaring that she could see no sorrow—what cared she for the wild cry of a persecuted Jew? Ay, but behind the voice of the persecuted Jew was the cry of the souls under the altar "How long, oh Lord, how long?" and the voice of the mighty angel, "Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great!" and the fiat of the Eternal God, speaking in the still small accents of His irrefragable laws. And in one hour had her judgment come! She held in her hand the jewelled cup of the wine of her seductions, and her own people and the many nations drunk of it; it at once intoxicated and stupefied them; it inflamed their passions and dulled their consciences, and now that cup was becoming for her the cup of the wine of the wrath of God; even-handed justice was already beginning to commend the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to her own lips.

2. In this chapter we have the lament of the kings and merchants of the earth, as, with dust upon their heads, they gaze on the desolation of the Imperial City. Standing afar off, for fear of her torment, they recount her treasures, they bemoan her sudden destruction. First, among her stores of wealth, they celebrate the splendour of her jewelry—the gold and silver, and precious stones and pearls; and next, the materials of rich attire—the fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet; and then the costly furniture—the tables of citron, the vessels of inlaid ivory, and scented wood;

then the precious spices—cinnamon, and fragrant perfumes, and aromatic gums ; and then the luxuries of the palate—wine and oil, and fine flour ; and then the vast droves of oxen and sheep for food ; and then the magnificent equipages, horses, and chariots inlaid with silver ; and then, in terrific climax—that which was the crushing cost of all these things in the sight of God—the blood and the misery, the sweat and the anguish, the fraud and oppression, the robbery and wrong, the groan of over-wearied bodies, and the anguish of neglected spirits ; the merchandise of persons and lives ; "and slaves, and souls of men." And God's judgment had come upon it all!

3. Yes! for all this worldly pomp and circumstance—this wealth and wantonness, and delicate luxury—was only the iridescence over the deep stagnation of her decay. You will remember how when Satan, in the Paradise Regained, shows to Jesus all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, He answers that He knows

> "Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
> On citron tables or Atlantic stone,
> . . . . . .
> Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
> Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
> Crystal, and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems
> And studs of pearl,"

And He adds that He was not sent to free

> "That people, victor once, now vile and base,
> . . . . . .
> Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
> And from the daily scene effeminate.
> What wise and valiant man would seek to free
> These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,
> Or could of inward slaves make outward free?"

The contrast thus presented between the prosperity of nations outwardly and their inward rottenness, the different aspect they bear to the eyes of men and to the Eye of God, is far more forcibly expressed in this apocalyptic chapter. The world saw in Rome a queen of the world, a home of splendour rarely equalled—never surpassed ; the Apostle saw in her a doomed criminal, a fallen power. The tawdry magnificence, which dazzled all eyes, shrivelled up to nothing under one ray of Heaven's pure light, which re-

vealed the festering sores of her squalor and degradation. Her riches were corrupted, her garments moth-eaten ; her gold and silver were cankered, and the rust of them, witnessing against her, eat her flesh as it were fire. She had lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton ; she had nourished her heart in a day of slaughter. Her sins had reached unto Heaven, and God had remembered her iniquities. Her palaces had been polluted ; unclean wings flapped about their gilded roofs. She had become the habitation of demons, and the home of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. And in the midst of the wail of the world's children over her destruction, like a flash from the blue heaven, the seer interposes his own calm epitaph of retribution : "And the fruits that thy soul lusted after are departed from thee ; and all things which are dainty and goodly are departed from thee ; and thou shalt find them no more at all."

4. My friends, the luxury and gorgeousness of civilization, the splendour of imperial cities, casts a very dark and deep shadow. The Angel of St. John's vision sums it all up in that tremendous close of his catalogue of magnificence, "And slaves, and souls of men." Dante, in his intense way, expresses the same truth. In traversing the grim circle of hell, he comes to a stream whose waves of red blood make his hair stand on end. It is Phlegethon, one of the four infernal rivers that disgorge

> "Into the burning lake their baleful streams—
> Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;
> Sad Acheron, of sorrow black and deep ;
> Cocytus, named of lamentation loud,
> Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon,
> Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage."

Only that to Dante Phlegethon is a river of loathly gore, not of flame ; and plunges into the abyss in a Niagara of boiling blood. And his guide tells him how these awful rivers are formed. There stands, he says, in Crete, within the mountain Ida, the colossal image of an old man, whose head is of gold, but the rest of iron and brass, and who stands mainly on a foot of miserable clay ; and from a fissure which runs throughout that image, except its head of gold drops a stream of tears which form these rivers of anguish, and of hatred, and of blood, which streaming ever downwards

mingle and coagulate at last in the icy pool of misery, in which stands Satan, the author of all sin. And the allegory is this—that metal colossus of the old man, standing on its foot of clay, is the image of human civilization of the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and the stream which trickles through its fissured hollowness is the stream of anguish and remorse which flows from their sins and vices, and that stream of vain tears, and sullen passion, and abhorrent blood wrings the agonies of infernal torment, because men's vices become their punishment; and sin, and the remorse of sin, is the hell of vitiated humanity; and the tears of that remorse, which brings no repentance, do but sting, and burn, and form the true Inferno of the guilty, and leap down at last into the place where Satan's seat is —the icy Cocytus of despair. It is a marvellous allegory worked out with supreme imagination, but the whole tenor and pathos of it, the burning conviction that sin and misery are the invariable shadows of human pomp and pride, are compressed yet more forcibly into these verses of St. John, when he says: "And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buys their merchandise any more: the merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble; and cinnamon, and odour, and perfumes, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men."

5. My friends, read over this chapter, and mentally put England, put London, for the great world-city of the seer's apocalyptic vision. The details of it, says one of the ablest and calmest of modern commentators, "far more nearly suit London than Rome at any period of her history." Is our merchandise less memorable than this? Have we not ransacked all the world for our luxury and splendour—the silver of Potosi; the gold of Australian rivers; the spices of Arabia; the amber of the Baltic shore; the furs of the Arctic; the looms of India; the bazaars of China; the workshops of Japan? Are not the creatures of the earth becoming gradually extinct, from the elephant who bears for us his load of ivory, to the silver fox of the prairies,

and the kingfisher of our English streams, and the little feathered jewels of American forests, which are slaughtered in myriads for our adornment? Is not the toiling life of the many spent for the self-indulgence of the few? Is it less true of us than of those Florentine brothers in the poem—

> "And for them many a weary hand did swelt
> In torched mines, and noisy factories:
> Many all day in dazzling river stood,
> To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood;
> For them the Ceylon diver held his breath
> And went all naked to the hungry shark;
> For them his ears gushed blood; for them in death
> The seal on the cold ice, with piteous bark,
> Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
> A thousand men in troubles deep and dark:
> Half ignorant they turned an easy wheel
> That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel."

It seems as if it were an inevitable adjunct to men's progress in wealth and prosperity, that there could be merchandise not only in objects of splendour, but also in the bodies and souls of men. "History," says a great historian, "is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind." Slaves? you will say. "Did not our fathers abolish the slave-trade?" Yes, they did! by the noblest and most Christian act that ever emanated from a Christian Legislature! And would to God we were not content merely to praise the deed of our fathers, but would ourselves diversify the pettiness of endless political janglings by some heroic deeds of beneficent Christian legislation, as might yet prove that we are a great and God-fearing nation. But you will say, "At any rate we have nothing to do with slaves now. Is it not our proudest boast that no slave can ever set foot on English soil, for the soil of England sets him free? That no slave can tread an English ship—that in any port, all over the world, the touch of its plank has set him free." Yes, and I say again, Would to God that the example of our fathers were ever a fresh inspiration to the courage and bold initiative of our statesmanship in social reformation! for meanwhile our merchandise, like that of Rome, still includes the bodies and souls of men. Bodies, for that is the literal word for slaves. The slave tends to

become a body, to become what the ancients called him, "a live chattel," "a talking instrument." And tens of thousands among us—tens of thousands, whose interests we ought most tenderly, most anxiously to consider—are forced for daily bread to lead very hard, and wretched, and servile lives. Look at the poor storm-beaten fishermen of our coasts, often barely able to snatch food, as they are tossed day and night on the stormy surge, and wrapped in the blinding spray, while their children stare out into the storm, and their wives weep out their aching hearts. Look at our police standing for long hours of the night, exposed to frequent peril, bearing the lonely darkness, the streaming rain, the biting wind, the stinging hail. Look at the poor seamstresses—

> "Work, work, work!
> From weary chime to chime;
> Work, work, work!
> As prisoners work for crime.
> Band and gusset, and seam,
> Seam and gusset, and band,
> Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
> As well as the weary hand."

Look at the 200,000 shopmen and shopwomen in London alone, of whom many are employed between 80 and 90 hours a week, standing with cruel fatigue in bad gas-poisoned air, 13, 15, sometimes even 18 hours a day, till the brain swims, till the eyes are weary, till they are worn out physically, mentally, and spiritually, afflicted with spine diseases, smitten in growth with premature old age, through the thoughtlessness of men and women, ever multiplying among us a feebler and sicklier progeny, and making our great cities the graves of the physique of our race, till one who has seen the conditions of many millions, even in countries where despotism is untrammelled, says that even under bad governments, and amid horrid superstitions, he has never seen a more grinding drudgery. Listen again to the cry of the unemployed in this great city who cannot get work in these hard times; read the heart-rending accounts of men, faint and weak from lack of food, gaunt and haggard, with hollow eyes and famished faces, besieging the dock gates from three o'clock in the morning to get one poor day's job. Look at what a living man of science

has called the great Serbonian bog of deadness, and dulness, and misery, and degradation, worse than that of the savage, which may some day swallow up the surface crust of our civilisation, and then ask whether we in this city also have not our hapless slaves? Slaves often more wretched and more hard-pressed by far than those of ancient days; slaves for whose refuge, unlike the ancient Athenians, we erect no altar of Pity; slaves who, night after night, in hunger and misery, without one ray of comfort, await as their chiefest hope the day when God shall curtain their staring eyes with the merciful film of death. Is it not "lamentable to think how great a proportion of all the efforts and talents in the world are spent in neutralising one another?" Can any thoughtfulness of ours and of our rulers be too deep to prevent this wretched waste? Ought we not daily to pray, "Oh, let the sorrowful sighing of these prisoners come before Thee. Through the greatness of Thy power save Thou those that are appointed to die?" And praying ought we not, individually and nationally, to labour also for that end?

6. "And slaves, and souls of men." For there are forms of slavery more pitiable, of thraldom more abject, of self-chosen serfdom to demon masters far worse than the yoke of poverty and toil. The fact is, but for sin and self-indulgence there would be but little pauperism. Look at our slaves to drink! Can any slavery be more hideous, more grinding, more dehumanising, than that of our hundreds of thousands of drunkards, and persons fond of drink, whose lives are ruined, whose powers are blighted, whose health is poisoned, whose brains are maddened, whose wives and families are trampled down into unspeakable degradation in consequence of this deadly crave which drink creates? Who slew all these? Who is it who plunges so many bodies and souls of men into the cell of the madman, and the grave of the suicide? Who is responsible for the execrable system of multiplied temptation which causes so many to be rather damned into the world, than born into the world; and which, now for so many, many years, has cried aloud for vengeance to a long-suffering God, because of the disease, the curse, the crime, the misery which it entails upon slaves and the souls of men? I say it with the whole fulness of knowledge, with the whole strength of

conviction—England will never be out of deadly peril till she has had the moral courage to deal adequately with the question of drink. And are there not also among us myriads of men and women who are slaves to their lowest passions? How awful is the thought of the tens of thousands of men, who, by violation of God's high, beneficent, eternal law of purity, fill their whole being with the seeds of death! Their bones are full of the sin of their youth which shall lie down with them in the grave. Physicians —so I am assured by some of the most eminent amongst them—are coming more and more to the conclusion, that, apart from accident and a few epidemics, there is scarcely a single form of the terrible diseases which scourge mankind which does not find its origin or its intensification in drink or in uncleanness; in the vice and self-indulgence of men, or of their fathers. And how terrible is the fact that, in generation after generation, new victims of sin and self-indulgence, pouring oil of vitriol on the roses of their youth, recruit the miserable army from the ranks of blighted womanhood and ruined manhood, heaping on themselves the sore retribution which, unknown perhaps to any but God, shall yet lie down with them in the grave, and be handed by hereditary transmission to blast the happiness and help in destroying the souls of their innocent children! How terrible is the fact that, generation after generation, men, like natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, corrupt themselves in the things that they know, and utterly perish in their own destruction! Oh, as we walk these streets of London, so beset with horrible pitfalls for the inexperienced; so polluted with manifold temptations for the innocent and the young; when we witness the shameless efforts of the inventors of evil things to entrap to their ruin unwary souls; when the great thoroughfares are crowded with those most wretched and most degraded of all earth's daughters of an unutterable shame, matched by a yet more unutterable misery, which selfish, heartless, corrupted men trample down into the horrible mire and clay of earth's deepest anguish for the sake of their own violent passions, receiving into their own blood the recompense of death; when one knows that, under the very shadow of the greatest monuments of the faith of our fathers, are places so tainted with sickening

immorality as to be like great plague spots of temptation ; when we see the poor so huddled together in foul streets that scarcely a public opinion in favour of chastity is left among them, and the young girl who has sold to the enemy of man the eternal jewel of her soul, comes back without one touch of shame, with the baseborn child doomed in its turn to drink, and infamy, and death ; when we know all that we do know of the working of all these mysteries of iniquity ; when, amid the tide of being which surges past us in the street, we see so many wrecks, so many bodies wanting soul, so many base ignoble faces of the lost, so many who have sold themselves to drink and to the devil, and to work all uncleanness with greediness ; when through the hollow clay of our civilization we watch the dribbling of these streams of tears and blood—of tears that are not the tears of penitence, of blood which is not the blood of atonement—must we not admit that London too is in part a habitation of demons, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird, and that among us, too, amid all our splendour and luxury, there is a merchandise of the bodies and souls of men ?

7. I have said nothing of the countless slaves of Mammon, and of the countless slaves to the lying voice of public opinion. My object has only been to point out how solemn is our need for thoughtfulness, for personal and for national self-humiliation, for deep repentance, for consideration alike of our public and private duties. Parliament has met once more under circumstances of deep seriousness. There is gloom abroad ; there is depression at home. We waver and are divided, and hardly recognise what we ought to do. Our thoughts are so full of Egypt that no one has any time to consider the awful needs of England ; our feelings are so harassed about our poor soldiers in Korti that no one can attend to the social wreckage wrought on hundreds of thousands by drink, and vice, and fraud, and oppression here in London. Who knows what may be in store for us ? Are we being swept on irresistibly to some great catastrophe which shall decide for a thousand years our national destiny ? Shall the sun of England set in the desert of Egypt as the sun of Athens set in the Bay of Syracuse ? Have we by our shame and sins of so many kinds, by our want of Godliness and our

want of manliness, by our immoral acquiescence in preventable evils, by our Mammon-worship, and our injustice, and want of love to God and man—have we deserved God's judgments? Or alone of all nations and kingdoms shall England be exempt from the doom of the mighty Angel of Justice? Have no cities, great as this, promised themselves immortality? Where are Palmyra and Thebes? Where are Nineveh and Carthage? Where is the Tower of Belus and the hanging gardens of Semiramis? Are they not the stories of emptiness? Has not the line of confusion been stretched over them? What became of the Rome of the Pagan Cæsars?

> "The abhorred form
> Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
> Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,
> Whose names were many, and with blasphemous
> Oaths met the horrible judgment!"

Shall no harm ever come nigh us? Shall the rich ever grow richer, and the miserable ever grow with a more eternal hunger? Shall we still surround the steps of the drunkard with flaming pitfalls? Shall greedy owners still huddle the poor into infamous slums and lairs, and shall no voice cry, and no brand smite?

Two points there are of brightness among the gloom. One the spontaneous loyalty of our great colonies, which, like angels many and strong, have sprung forward to the aid of their weakened and troubled motherland. The other, that this age has produced among her conspicuous sons at least one man—one man of high purity and nobleness—who, in this decadence of all England's old heroic simple virtues, has shown a sovereign self-possession, a supreme contempt for the death we all fear, a supreme contempt for the money we all worship, a supreme contempt for the babbling and blatant voices which we all take for fame. We had him and we knew not how to preserve him; we put him in the forefront of our battle and retired, and he has been slain. And he, at least, has proved to us that the heart of the world, while it cares nothing (why should it care?) for whole armies of idlers, and chatterers, and gilded youth, and smooth ecclesiastics, and self-seeking politicians, and Churchmen with the view

of worldlings, and worldlings with the thin veneer of Churchmanship—the nations, while they care nothing for the facing-both-ways, and the pickers and stealers, and liars and slanderers, and luxurious self-seekers, and fools grown insolent with fooling, have known how to recognise a true man, at least when he is dead; and from the banks of the Guadalquivir to the Seine, yea, from Pekin to Moscow, in all the five great continents, and in the islands of the sea, have been able to discriminate between the glitter of mere tinsel and God's own gold. Among the slaves of our wealth and of our iniquity, oh! may God give us more such men as he! Among the multitudes of souls taken captive by Mammon, and eaten away by pride, and selfishness, and vice, may God give more of us grace to walk as he did in the steps of his Master, Christ, working out our own salvation with fear and trembling. Only in the righteousness of good and holy men shall be the deliverance of England. Then, and so, shall all perils be averted, when our sons and our daughters grow up in the fear of God and the service of His Christ; when we ourselves learn above all things to do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly with our God; when we halt no longer between two opinions; when we burst the bondage of Mammon, and drink, and lust; when we learn to hate and abhor lies, and to control our passion and mortify our selfishness; when we turn to God with all our hearts; when we learn to love righteousness and hate iniquity; then shall iniquity not be our ruin; then shall the axe, uplifted haply to its backmost poise, be checked in mid air; then though clouds dark and ominous loom on the horizon, they shall not blot out our sky; and though the lightnings begin to flicker overhead for our warning, the day may yet be averted (may God grant it) when they shall smite, and blaze, and burn as those which fell on the Cities of the Plain.

XV. Launch into the Deep. *By* Rev. J. C. Edghill, D.D.

"*Now when He had left speaking, He said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. . . . And Simon answering said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net.*"—Luke v. 4, 5.

It was a very hard command; it was unexpected and unexplained; it was a special trial to St. Peter's faith, for he was a fisherman, and Jesus Christ of Nazareth, who gave the command, was a carpenter. Peter had been fishing all his life, he knew the likeliest time and the likeliest place for a draught. It is very difficult to yield up oneself, in what we feel we certainly know, to one whose knowledge we are doubtful of, and of which we have no evidence. I think this is what Jesus Christ demanded when He said to Peter, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." It was a hard command, and it came just when they were worn out, tired and disappointed. During the night they had worked with a will, they had put forth all their powers, all their skill and strength, and now the morning came, and their toil was still unrewarded; they were unsuccessful and disappointed, yet Jesus Christ came to them at this moment and said, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." Now, when it is most unlikely; now, when the sun is clear in the sky; now, when the stillness of the lake is disturbed by many a boat; now, when there is a hum of voices off the shore—"Now, launch out into the deep, and let down your nets in the expectation and certainty of a draught." Is it not natural that Peter should say, "Master we have toiled all night and have taken nothing, we have worked, we have striven hard, we did not cease to work till every effort seemed fruitless, and now Thou sayest launch out into the deep?" We can almost see into St. Peter's soul; he is an open and a frank man; there is a struggle going on, he looks at the lake, and he feels that another venture will be but another failure, and he looks at Jesus, and there is something in His face and something in His word which tells of supernatural power,

and Peter says "Master, in spite of my experience, in spite of all probabilities, in spite of the fact that all the fishermen of this lake will laugh at us, at Thy word I will let down the net." And so they launched out into the deep, and let down the nets at Christ's command, and the shoal of fish was so great and mighty that their nets were beginning to break, and Peter's soul is won to the Lord; the Master becomes the Lord. That scene on the Sea of Galilee has long since passed away, but Jesus Christ speaks to us through it to-day. He no longer confronts Peter by that flashing water, but He stands face to face with us—wearied, disappointed men and women, and gives His command to launch out into the deep and let down the nets for a draught. Let us take this word of Jesus, this command of Jesus, and this answer of Peter, first with reference to our own souls, and then with reference to our own work; especially the work of the Society, which we lay before God to-night.

First, then, with reference to ourselves. Life for most of us is profoundly disappointing and discouraging; we determine to give ourselves to Christ, to put down the sins that do so easily beset us, we repent of them, we turn from them, we turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, and when we have turned, we behold the figure of Jesus on the Cross, and there comes to us from His lips words of comfort. We cannot gaze on that figure without feeling "He loved me, and gave Himself for me. He can, He will, He does forgive all my guilty past," and then we start out in the joy of that assured forgiveness with high hopes of holiness, perhaps, and with thoughts of continued advance, and then soon we find ourselves in the midst of battle and strife in the wilderness. We find that our view of the Christian life is a mistake, and we are disappointed—depressed. We lose heart and hope, and we say—it is wrung from us by bitter experience—"Master, we have toiled all night and have taken nothing." Now, to such disappointed souls, the words of Peter to Christ convey the secret of life and hope. Master, we acknowledge it all. We have failed. Oh, how utterly! Oh how terribly! We have lost heart in the strife. It seems as if these sins will pursue us to the bitter end; but, nevertheless, in spite of failures, let us again renew the

attack. Christian life is indeed a perpetual warfare with an undying foe. Nevertheless, we will go on. Our troops in the Soudan have been longing in these last weeks that they might meet the enemy face to face, and in one battle, however great the loss, complete the work. Is it not so with us? Do we not long to have some upstanding fight with that terrible foe, and then to have it over? Instead of that we are harassed on every side by his attacks, and they seem never to end. Nevertheless, in spite of this, though we are so often defeated, let us in the power of Christ never yield, but still go on hoping, even if it be against hope, and in the end we shall be more than conquerors.

And then surely, dear friends, this word of St. Peter and this message of Christ does bring to us in reference to the work of this Society lessons which we need to learn. Jesus Christ spoke to St. Peter, and to those that were with him, as to His workers. They were workers, they were those whom He was now to send in His Church to work for Him, and this miracle is the miracle for workers; it tells us what to expect and how we are to work. "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught," is the message of the Lord to all who work for Him. It came home years ago to the hearts of those men now honoured in the Church, who founded this Society, and bade the Church launch out into the deep, and let down their nets for a draught, and they have handed it on to us. Surely, dear friends, when we look out into this world we are struck by its misery, by the marvellous contrasts there are in it, by the sad inequalities. Side by side with the marvellous material progress that there is around us, there is abject misery and wretchedness. Side by side with all that is grand and beautiful, there is much that is hideous and dispiriting. Men are utterly victimised by their own weakness, and women are sacrificed in thousands by the lusts and passions of men. There can be no doubt about the misery, we see it on every hand. We may indeed close our eyes to it thoroughly if we will, and refuse to see anything outside the closed sanctuaries of our own luxurious peace, but if we do we are none of Christ's, for He faced evil. He gathered around Him every kind of evil, so much so, that when He was on earth you know He

looked up to heaven, and sighed as He saw the misery that abounded. And when the command comes to us, as it does come, to launch out into the deep of this world's wretchedness and misery, do we not find, if we attempt to do so, that the one great cause of the many causes combined is the drink? We go into our prisons, and we ask the chaplains and the governors of the prisons, what has brought about the misery there? It has been my lot, in the last few years, to be stationed in a garrison town, where there is a large convict prison, and every day well-nigh, I used to meet hundreds of these men being marched to the public works, and when I spoke to the chaplains about it, the answer came back that directly or indirectly this drink had much to do with bringing about the misery. It is a fruitful source of misery, who does not know it? Which of us, especially amongst the Clergy, does not know many a man of our own order who has lost everything simply and solely through this sin? Which of us cannot recall some brother who has stood before us, and begged, it may be, for another trial, and the sweat has come upon his brow as we have had to tell him the impossibility of recall? Which of us is there that has not sighed for a face haunting him in the silent night, when he wakes up and his thoughts wander? Oh, the misery it brings. The letters that come from wives and mothers, beseeching and entreating that husbands may again be tried in the battle of life where they have before so grievously failed, how they wring the heart! Misery! what misery the drink brings? There stands by the coffin of a dead child, a mother. Her heart is well-nigh broken; she is taking the last look at the child that has been her comfort and stay, when suddenly the door is pushed open and in comes the husband. Surely he has come to comfort and console. Surely he will take her by the hand, and kneel down and say, "Wife, we must be all in all to one another now." What does he do? Within a few moments blows are heard in that room, and a husband, brutalised by drink, in the presence of his dead child, batters and beats his wife because she cannot tear herself away in a moment to fetch for him some of her own hard-earned money, that he may spend it in drink. Oh! the miseries that come from drink! There lies a dying woman, her face is that of an angel; she

has learned patience in suffering, she has learned to look upon the Saviour's face until her own has something of His unearthly glory. Gradually she is sinking away under that fell scourge of consumption. Her husband comes in day by day from his work, his question is, "You here still?" Brother men, is that what we are? Can we come to that? Is there anything in this world to make us like that but drink? Worse remains. I speak that which my own eyes have seen, my own ears have heard. A brother sends to a dying woman a few delicacies to cheer her last moments, and one who lived in that house, with that wonderful charity and love that comes out from the hearts of the poor, making us understand how they may be God's elect, leads her to give up her time to attend to this poor dying woman for nought. But the mother and the sister of the dying woman come to see her, and they take the little delicate food which had been sent to the woman just about to sink into the grave—they take it and eat it before her eyes and refuse to give her one morsel of it, and when the poor soul, in her utter weariness, sinks to sleep for a moment, they take a purse from beneath the pillow and rob her of the single shilling she has. We talk of the inequalities of life, and sometimes we cannot understand them; but, dear friends, God never meant them to be as they are. It is the passions and the lusts of men that have made them so. Take away the drink and the evils that come from it, and you have done much, very much, to rid life of these awful, piercing, painful inequalities that make us sometimes wonder whether there is a God that judgeth the earth or not.

Well, then, dear friends, we can understand why the hearts of men, who founded this Society years ago, were moved with pity as they looked out at the wretchedness of life—moved with pity to found this Society to rescue men from this terrible foe. God be thanked that they did so. It was the Holy Spirit that inspired them to give this command to the Church—"Launch out into the deep, and let down the net for a draught." We need the command now almost as much, for no services, however beautifully rendered, and no sermon, however eloquently preached, can touch those whose Church is the public-house and whose prayer-books have handles to them.

"Launch out into the deep," is the command, and this Society helps us to do it. Go where the fish are—catch them for life and not for death. The command is needed now, for this Church of ours has not altogether risen up to it.

In the last few months three militia regiments have been employed on permanent service. They came from English counties and English towns. Four-fifths of them, to say the least, were members of this National Church by name, by profession, so that in those three regiments there were above 2,000 men. Now, we chaplains have, in one sense, a very accurate gauge of the influence and power the Church of England has on these masses of people from whom the recruits are drawn. There were 2,000 men, militia, and yet on Easter-day there was not one who knelt before the altar of God. More than that, out of those 2,000 men there was not one who was commended to the chaplains of the stations to which they were sent, either by clergyman or layman, by any Church Society, or by any Temperance Society. Having gone a little into the matter I have good reason for stating that these men were in the main uninfluenced by the Church of England, and are untouched as yet by those influences that have done so much to gain souls for Christ. I am sure of this, that if we want to touch that class we must go on the lines of this Society, and launch out into the deep, and try and win them to Temperance first, and to God afterwards; preach the preaching of John the Baptist first, and then the loving words of Jesus Christ. We are thankful that this Society has put this bounden duty plainly before the Church. You have something else to do in the National Church besides providing for the comfort of your respectable worshippers; you owe a duty to those who are not yet touched. It is your business to seek and to save that which was lost. If you would justify your position as a National Church, you must go out and catch these fish where they are to be found, and bring safe to land for life and not for death. I suppose if we have ever tried to carry out this command, we have been met, as St. Peter was, by want of success, disappointment, and failure; and the more earnest our efforts have been, the more we have been disappointed, and the more we have had to confess before God our utter

weakness and insufficiency in ourselves. "Master," we say "we have toiled all the night and caught nothing."

Well, dear workers in this Temperance movement, let me speak a word of encouragement. Do not despair because there has been apparently a want of success. Jesus Christ has been looking at you all through the night. His eye has been upon you, and now, at the most unlikely time—in the most unlikely place—He will give you the blessing you have so long been seeking. Do not despair; let us gather up the principles upon which we must work successfully. First of all, Temperance work must be done at the bidding of Christ. We welcome many other attempts to win men to higher things. We look not with jaundiced eye upon anything that tends to men's material improvement; we rejoice at it. We are glad to find that the dwellings of the poor will probably be bettered. We delight to know that education is spreading. We cannot but rejoice in the uprising everywhere of coffee palaces, or in the spread of the refining influences of music and art. We rejoice at all this, but our principle is: At Thy bidding, O Christ, we let down the net. We do not want merely to reform man's outward condition, but we want to convert man to God. Temperance work is but an accessory, so to speak. We aim at the man's reformation really through his conversion. Dear friends, it must be with the word of Christ, the word which tells of His love, the love of the loving Father, to every child, however wandering he has been from Him. This must be our strength; this our power,—at Thy word. We love this C.E.T.S. because it has dared to put in the forefront this truth—it is at the word and with the word of Christ alone that we can succeed. Let us not merely remember that saying of St. Peter, "At thy word," but let us never forget the "Nevertheless" of Peter. Oh! we want that word in Temperance work more than in anything else—Nevertheless. We say to those filled with despondency, or often dismay at the magnitude of the evil—and when men go back again like the sow that is washed to her wallowing in the mire—Nevertheless is our motto, in spite of it all we will not yield. In spite of it all—at the word of Christ we will persevere. "Nevertheless, at Thy word." Though we have been disappointed, though we have been over and

over again met with thanklessness where we anticipated gratitude—nevertheless, Jesus Christ has taught us the infinite preciousness of every soul, and so we will not yield in the strife with evil. "Nevertheless, at Thy word, we will let down the net." First of all, those of you who can help to do it, let down the net of restrictive legislation. As Mr. Gladstone said, we want to make it easy for the people to do right, and difficult for them to do wrong. We want alteration of the law; and now as power has descended to those who feel the need of aid in the strife, doubt not that we shall be able to do something in the way of prevention. Let down the net of rational amusement. We want to fill men's lives with greater brightness than they have known before. Much has been done, but there is room for much more. Oh! ye who have the means and the heart to do it, take this as your net and let it down. Do something to relieve the lot of the poor. Do something to do away with the infinite misery that God never meant should exist. Do something to justify to men your own possession of those gifts which God has given you. Let down the net of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks as beverages. This is the mission net of this Society. It rescues the fish from the element of death, and brings them into life. If you want to do anything to rescue the drunkard, we believe it must be on this line. Many other things you can do. We cheerfully accept every help. We do not wish to lay another commandment to God's ancient ten. We do not wish to bind the conscience of any Christian man or woman, but for the special work of reclaiming the drunkard we hold that total abstinence is almost a necessity. I know what it is with soldiers, and soldiers are men, and I feel that the chaplain who goes to them, even with the general platform of this Society, which we welcome and rejoice over, nevertheless will have but little power, because men want to know that you are bearing the cross; that you want to put upon them that which you are willing to help them to bear, that you are saying, "Come with us, and we will do thee good." This is what they expect us to say. Dear friends, let us be sure of this, that in laying down this net of total abstinence we are but doing that which Christ would allow, for Christ would approve every means whereby

we might save some. We do not want to discuss in this place the different platforms of the Society. We acknowledge the wise liberty it gives. We thank God that it has raised this Temperance question to a higher level than it ever reached before through its wisdom, but we do claim the right, and we urge the privilege and the blessing of total abstinence for those who wish to do missionary work—the actual reclaiming work upon the drunkards—the slaves of drink. And, again, I think this total abstinence net ought to be let down, especially in this day, to bear a protest, simple though it be, against the abounding luxury that meets us on every hand. Is it not true that men and women are living beyond their means—spending upon their food, drink, and dress, that which they have no right to spend? And surely one protest may well take the form of total abstinence; abstaining, not because we believe it to be absolutely wrong, but because it is expedient in the present distress to abstain from that upon which so much money is so unwisely and wickedly expended? A protest—and who ought to bear it but we Christians? Are we not to be a peculiar people? Has not Christ called us to this? Ought we not in society to bear the same protest? Ought we not, when we know of this abounding luxury which is ruining so many homes, by the very simplicity of our lives to show men that we are followers of Jesus Christ? Let down the net of restrictive legislation, rational amusement, and better dwellings for the people, and of total abstinence; and let them all down in faith for a draught, expecting God to do something, and God will do something. Has He not done much? Has He not answered the prayers of our fathers in this movement? Has He not, by their influence, touched the whole mind and heart of the Church? Is it not marvellous? And now it has come to us to help and uphold their hands. Let us let down these nets for a draught.

Let us be sure that success will attend our efforts if we make them at His word, and if, in the spirit of that "Nevertheless," we let down all the nets that He puts into our hands. So, dear friends, we call you to renewed efforts on behalf of this grand Society. It is the Church of England herself in her aspect towards the misery that

comes from drunkenness; it is the Church launching out into the deep, not being contented with her glorious services on the edification of her worshippers, but going out like her Lord and Master to seek first, and then to save, those that were lost. Christian workers, men and women, members of this grand Society, "Ye are the light of the world, ye are the salt of the earth, ye are workers of God." Let no discouragement damp or dull your faith, or diminish your efforts. In spite of them all, go on at the word of Christ, at the bidding of Christ. The result is certain, for Jesus lives; only work on, work ever. Set before you the immense value of any soul, and when you have reclaimed it, know, realize, that by God's grace you have been able to do a noble work—a work that Christ approves, and that Christ will reward. This Society, to do this work, appeals to you for an income of £10,000 a year. If London would give up its banquets for one night, how easily this sum would be raised. I read an appeal from this Society, in which it was said that more money was spent every hour in the United Kingdom on drink than this Society wants to do its blessed work in a year. Is it not scandalous that in Christian England this should be the case? That the work of launching out into the deep should be stopped and hindered for want of a few pounds, when every hour throughout the year that which it asks for, and does not get by one half, is spent on useless drink, and drink that could be done without; and on luxuries for which God will demand an account? Let us help it by active work, by our simple lives, and by being more and more a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Let us help it by our alms, as God has given us the blessing, and so let us give it to them that this reproach may be wiped away—that the money spent in drink in one hour may not exceed that which is given to this grand work of the National Church.

XVI. A New Year's Address. *By* The Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.

The reason I came here to-night is because the Secretary told me I should meet a number of those engaged earnestly and heartily in the work of Bands of Hope. Now several

members of my own family are extremely earnest workers in Bands of Hope in various parts of England. I therefore know a good deal about the work, and the more so because there are two flourishing Bands of Hope in my own parish for different classes of the children of the poor. I know also that the work is very self-sacrificing, often very monotonous, and I fear that in many parishes it is a work carried on not only gratuitously but without, at any rate, marked sympathy from those who are the authorities in the parish. If that be the case I can only say that in Christian work, in the beneficent work of the Church, which is carried on simply for its own sake, and because you feel it to be great and useful, is exactly the most beautiful and precious kind of work that you can do, because, obviously, it is work undertaken largely out of love to God and a belief that love to God is best shown by love to man. Therefore, that being the case, I feel that I could not possibly spend a few moments more usefully than in speaking to you a word of encouragement, if, indeed, any word of mine is at all needed, to inspirit you in what I feel to be a great and admirable cause. If I were to ask you the reasons why so many of you, no doubt engaged as you are in laborious occupations of one kind and another, are willing to give up your evenings and spend them among the children of the poor, you would reply, first of all, that you feel in the very strongest way the infinite value of the soul of every child of man; and, secondly, that you feel the infinite perilousness of the temptation to drink. Let me say one word about each of those things. First, as to the infinite value of every human soul, and, above all, the souls of children. If I were to ask where it was that we learned that lesson, you would, with one voice, truly say that we learned it from our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. If we look at the history of other nations, and if we look at ancient times, there was little or no respect for childhood and infancy. You know that among the Greeks and Romans, though they were the most polished people the world has ever seen, yet the custom of infanticide was frightful. Once before the full Senate of Rome a noble Roman senator got up and, addressing the four or five hundred senators present, said:—"You know very well that there is not one of you who has not got rid of, who has not exposed, at some time

or other, one or more children whom you did not wish to rear." That simple fact will show you how cheaply the lives of infants were valued even in a country so great, so polished, and so civilized as that. It is the same now in heathen countries. I was very much struck once to read what was said by the Count de Beaufort who travelled in China with one of the Orleans Princes. In the course of a single walk round the walls of Canton they had seen the bodies of no fewer than seven deserted infants, and the French Missionary (Roman Catholics) women constantly come out in the morning with a basket, in order to rescue the children they might find living to train them up in the Catholic faith. Thus you see that it is not in heathenism that the respect for children can be learned, but you know that that was the very lesson which our Lord constantly inculcated. When the Apostles were disputing for precedence He took a little child and set him in the midst of them, that from that little child they might learn the lesson of humility. When they were disputing He chose a little child to teach them the lessons of purity and innocence, and said that unless they would receive the kingdom of God as a little child they should in no wise enter therein. You know also, how, when the mothers brought their children to Christ and the disciples rebuked them, our Lord was much displeased. He took them in His arms, laid His hands upon them, and blessed them. In these days, because of that great lesson which Christ has taught us, a child has become infinitely precious in the eyes of every Christian man, and perhaps in those of many who have not retained a strong hold on the Christian faith. The lessons of Christian truth and Christian morality often last long after there has been a loss of any real hold upon the doctrines of the Christian faith. In the great French Revolution a celebrated prisoner, who was every moment expecting to be hurried off to the guillotine, wrote these words:—"Even at this incomprehensible moment, when patriotism and morality and everything that is best and greatest seems only to lead more certainly to the scaffold or to the prison, yes, and even on the fatal tumbril, if I were being taken on my road to the guillotine with nothing free but my voice, I could still say 'Take care' to any child who came too near the wheels. Who knows but

what I might save his life, and who knows whether he might not live to save his country." That was the case of a French philosopher whose hold upon the Christian faith was, very probably, in those dark days, weakened; but we find among Christian people, even among the very lowest, humblest, and poorest, the sanctity of the children is infinitely respected. There are stories of modern warfare where contending armies on the verge of battle have paused until a little child, who happened to have strayed between the lines, has got out of the way. There are stories of disaster at sea where much heroism has been displayed to save infant life, as read for example the case of the loss of the *Grosvenor*, told by Charles Dickens. You can see in all this how the lesson of Christ as to the sacredness of every human soul, and of the sacredness of the charge which a nation and all the good men of a nation ought to take of its children, has been learned very widely among all Christian men. I think I need say no more about the preciousness of the lives, the characters, and the souls of the immense number of children whom you have under your charge in the Bands of Hope. Let me say a word about the peril from which you are trying to save these children —strong drink. I will tell you a sight that very much affected me lately. On Christmas Day I happened to be walking along the Embankment, and I saw a fine young sailor lad of about seventeen, hopelessly intoxicated and utterly unable to walk. He was supported on either side by friends—possibly brothers—but he invariably sank down and rolled in the mire of the street. The first thought that struck me was the possible ruin of a human soul; and the second was—what a way to spend Christmas Day. What must have been the feelings of the publican who supplied that young man with drink? And that was all that he could do—trained, no doubt, in a Christian country, and in Christian ways—to express his joy, or to join in the common joy we all feel at the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It reminded me at once of those ghastly records that have now been published for three consecutive years by the United Kingdom Alliance of the events that take place in the United Kingdom during the week from Christmas Day and the first week of the new year. I am speaking to you the language of truth

and soberness when I say that I do not believe any country in the world, or any epoch of history, could possibly furnish so ghastly and terrible a record of every kind of human crime and human misery as this. The record is for the week of the year when we most celebrate our home gatherings, and when the hearts of most of us are filled with joy and hope; and the week of the year when we ought to be making our best resolutions for the conduct of another year—these weeks are so filled with crime of all kinds that it becomes almost impossible to feel that we are living in a truly Christian land. I would stake the whole Temperance cause simply upon that evidence, which has nothing whatever to do with Temperance argument, but is simply made up of cuttings from various newspapers published in all parts of the United Kingdom. In that record you will find a great number of cases of cruelty to children, and of the deaths of children due to drink, making up a ghastly and unparalleled total of human vice and misery solely owing to this one cause. As I looked at the young sailor I thought of the disgrace he had brought upon his uniform, of the disgrace he had brought upon his religion and upon his family, and, lastly, thought of the home to which he was going. What a fearful thing it must have been for any home of which that lad was the son. And then I thought of the lad's future. Possibly, a fine young fellow like that might rise in his profession, and might become commander of a ship, but what would be the safety of lives entrusted to one like that? If ever you go round Westminster Abbey and look at the tomb of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, you will see a sculptured imitation of a shipwreck. Many of you know that he was returning home with his vessels from a very successful voyage indeed, when in all the joy of conquest his fleet was wrecked upon the Scilly Isles, and every soul on board three of the vessels perished, including Sir Cloudesley Shovel himself. History says that the reason of that loss was that the greater part of the crews of these magnificent vessels were in a state of brutal intoxication in the joy of their coming home. Reason enough, therefore, why one with the tastes of that sailor lad should not be entrusted with precious lives and property.

After taking a gloomy outlook in regard to foreign

matters, the speaker proceeded—I hope that none of us may live to see the weakening of the great name, or diminution of the splendid heritage of England, but I must remind you that not once or twice England has been in danger far less from her foreign enemies than from her own vices, and if there be one thing that will ever humiliate England and drag her flag down in the dust it will be exactly with her as it has been with nation after nation in the long course of history, that her vices will be made the instrument to scourge her.

> "Vain mightiest fleet of iron framed,
> Vain those all-conquering guns,
> Unless proud England keeps unstained
> The true hearts of her sons."

I do not think we should be guilty of anything short of judicial blindness if we fail to recognise that in times of war again and again England has been more seriously endangered by the national vice of drunkenness of her soldiers and sailors than she ever has been by the forces of the enemy. I was reading only yesterday morning in the life of Sir John Moore that in that famous retreat to Corunna—which has been so magnificently described in "The Burial of Sir John Moore"—he was so horrified with the drunken demoralized British troops, that he called them all together and told them that he was absolutely ashamed of them, and that rather than they should continue as they were, he would prefer to die by the bullets of his own followers. He said he regarded them as being a greater disgrace and injury to the cause of their own country than the enemy against whom he was fighting. In the Burmese War the British were constantly surprised. Not a single regiment could be brought into action because the soldiers had been indulging in drink. There was one exception—a man who had a total abstinence regiment. That man was one of the best, one of the greatest, one of the bravest, and certainly one of the holiest whom England has had the honour of producing—that man was Sir Henry Havelock. The General in that extremity of danger made this remarkable speech—"Call Havelock, his men are never drunk and he is always ready." I dare say you remember a still more emphatic and striking warning than that, when the

whole Empire of India trembled in the balance, and that was in the great Indian Mutiny, when, after infinite difficulty, and courage, and fighting battle after battle, our army had at last advanced to Delhi and taken the outposts; then the Sepoys, having left all the drink which we ourselves had imported into India, knowing what the temptation of the English soldier is—the English under the very guns of the enemy, when they had only partially conquered that stronghold of the mutiny, rushed upon the liquor stores, broke open every possible place where there was gin, rum, brandy, beer, or ale; and the next day, with the whole cloud of the Sepoy army hanging around the environments of the town, with its fortress actually frowning upon them, the whole of the British army were in a state of such disgraceful intoxication—Sir John Kaye tells the story, and there is the testimony of those who were there—that not a single stroke could be made and not a single step undertaken on the second day after the British army had reached Delhi. The historian says, that if ever there was a time when it seemed likely that we should lose entirely the whole results of every conquest which had taken place since Clive, more than 100 years before, won the battle of Plessy, that was the day, and the cause was the national vice of the British soldier. If these warnings of history are no warnings to us then we are either very blind or not patriots. If, therefore, at this hour I still feel hope in the name and in the destinies of England, it is because I feel that although this terrible vice is the danger of our armies, there is at any rate a vast band of persons engaged heartily in the endeavour to put it down. We may not conquer it, but our efforts do tend to repress it, and since every great movement must, in the long run, win the victory, I do not despair of ultimately keeping down (especially through the agency which you yourselves put in force) this deadly vice. The work in which you are engaged is both beneficent and Christian. The peril of drink which hangs over hundreds and thousands of children is more frightful than death in any form, and you are to the best of your power endeavouring to save them from this overwhelming danger and temptation. All I can say is that you could not possibly be engaged in a more sacred or blessed work, and that every one of you, in proportion as you carry on the work

in the same spirit of self-sacrifice and singleness of heart you have hitherto shown, will hear one day from the lips of your Saviour, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

V. MISCELLANEOUS SECTION.

I. Anent "Taking the Chair." *By* Rev. J. Hunt Cooke.

The chairmanship of a public meeting sometimes involves grave responsibility. In the majority of cases it is merely a position of honour, but at times it may require much skill, and an important meeting may fail for want of efficient conduct. Every gentleman who is likely ever to be called to such a position ought to make himself acquainted with those precedents and practices which have such general acceptance that, if attended to, they will preserve order and give fair opportunity to all who desire to speak. On this question there is no written law, but a recognised method of procedure to which it is well to adhere.

The chairman should be assured first of all that he has the confidence of the meeting. If he has been advertised to preside, that is sufficient. If not, he should be elected by a show of hands from those present ere he accept the post. He should determine to act with strict impartiality, and resolve that every one who has a right to speak or vote should have that right unimpeded. And, further, that no one else shall take part except by the clearly expressed wish of the meeting. He should see that the secretary, or some other qualified person, sits at his right hand for reference on any subject peculiar to the society in whose interest the meeting is held.

His first duty is to open the meeting. This should be by a brief statement of the object, made either by himself or some other person appointed to do so. He then calls

on the secretary to read minutes, or any communications he may have. If the meeting be of a religious character, these should be preceded by a short act of worship—at the least a prayer for Divine guidance. It is well to have an agenda paper previously prepared, containing a list of proceedings. This should be rigidly adhered to, and the business taken in the order laid down, unless any unforeseen circumstances render a departure desirable. As a rule, the less a chairman says, the better. There may be occasions on which it is his duty to put life and energy into the proceedings; but in a business meeting it shows wisdom to keep to the routine, and rarely to express an opinion on the topics discussed.

When any one rises to propose a resolution, the chairman should demand a copy in writing; he may, however, consent for some one present to prepare it whilst the proposer is addressing the meeting. The resolution must then be seconded, or it comes to nought. But any one present may second it formally by merely bowing to the chairman, and reserve his right to speak and to vote against it if he please. After a resolution has been proposed and seconded, the chairman should read it to the meeting, and must allow free speech to all who desire to speak on the subject, for or against. He may check, and even stop, any speaker who does not confine his remarks to the matter of the resolution, although on this considerable latitude has to be allowed if no objection be raised. No one may speak twice on the same resolution, except the proposer, who has the right of reply. After his reply the debate is at an end, and the vote must be taken. The chairman decides as to the result, but must not object to his decision being challenged, when tellers should be appointed—one or more from each side—and the vote taken a second time.

At any time during the debate, before the proposer's reply, an amendment may be proposed; this, too, needs a seconder, and may then be discussed, and those who have spoken to the original motion may speak on the subject of the amendment. The proposer of an amendment has a right of reply. Then the chairman reads the amendment, and takes a vote for or against. But this vote is simply to the effect that the resolution be thus amended; the amendment has to be put again, for and against, as a substantive

resolution. This is frequently neglected, but ought not to be, for, strictly speaking, the acceptance of an amendment only alters, but does not pass the resolution.

After the amendment is settled, before the resolution (amended or not) is put to the vote, another amendment may be proposed, seconded, and proceeded with in a similar way. But no amendment can be admitted that will alter any amendment that has been previously carried. It is not even considered proper to admit an amendment affecting the former part of the wording of the original resolution, if one affecting any of the latter clauses has been previously considered.

Two amendments cannot be before the meeting at the same time. A chairman should insist on this. If any one present wishes to alter an amendment, he can only do it by advising the meeting to reject the one before it, and undertaking after its rejection to introduce the amended form in the regular way.

But, if no objection be raised, the chairman may sometimes simplify business by permitting the proposer of a resolution or amendment (with the consent of the seconder) to alter its wording, to meet some difficulties or desires expressed during the debate; but this ought not to be done if any one object. Although not quite regular, it is frequently found to secure the unanimity desired.

At any time during the meeting, even whilst some one is speaking, any one may stop the proceedings by "rising to order." This sometimes tries a chairman. He must at once insist on the supposed disorder being stated as briefly as possible. If need be, he should appeal at once to the secretary, if the question refer to any rule of the society, and then announce his decision, and proceed in accordance with it. If any one object, the aggrieved person should only be allowed to hand in his objection in writing, to be afterwards considered, when, if correct, it renders the subsequent proceedings null and void. This is just the case in which good chairmanship is important, and he who undertakes the office ought to be prepared with prompt and definite action for the emergency.

A debate may be stopped at the close of any speaker's address, by one of the three following proposals:—1st, That we now adjourn the meeting. 2nd, That the vote be

now taken. 3rd, That we now pass on to the next business. But no one of these may be moved by any one who has previously spoken to the question before the meeting, but when raised any one may speak upon it.

If the first, "That we now adjourn," be carried, that brings the meeting to a close. If the second, "That the vote be now taken," be carried, that brings the discussion to a close, and the proposer of the resolution should be called upon to reply, and the vote be then taken. This is a very undesirable way of terminating a discussion, but under certain circumstances it may be found necessary. The object of introducing the third, "That we now pass on to the next business," is to avoid coming to any decision on the question. This is a far better way of leaving the matter undecided than by what is called "the previous question."

There is a method of superseding a question before the House of Commons, which is called "moving the previous question." It is found useful there because well understood. The resolution really is, "That the question be now put," and the object sought is the reverse, being that the questions be *not* now put; but the rules of the House do not permit a negative resolution, therefore the proposer votes against his own resolution. It cannot be introduced when there is an amendment before the House, and it does not stop the debate on the main question. The fact is, that it is not generally understood, and frequently when introduced leads to a discussion as to its meaning. So that a chairman would show wisdom by objecting to its introduction, and requesting the proposer to state his proposition in terms all can understand, such as "That we at once pass on to the next business, and leave the consideration and decision of the question now before us to some future time."

It is an open question whether a chairman has both a vote and a casting vote. In some Parliamentary procedures he has, and in others he has not. As a rule, it is more dignified for a chairman to remain neutral, and if his casting vote is needed, to give it in that way that will bring the lesser change, which will generally be against the resolution.

If two persons rise together to address the meeting, the

chairman should select the one he noticed first, and should not allow his decision to be questioned. Decision and impartiality are the two pillars of a chairman's strength. Whatever his private opinions and feelings may be, the rule has been placed in his hands, and he deserves double honour if he rule firmly and well. There is a time to be humble and submissive, and a time to be regal and authoritative.

II. A Parable. *By* Rev. Samuel Vincent.

There was once a man, no matter when and no matter where, who was neither well nor ill, but out of sorts, as we say. He came of a healthy stock, lived in bracing air and on wholesome food, but appetite, vigour, and cheerfulness were all gone. He was not suffering from consumption, fever, gout, paralysis, or epilepsy; there was no organic or acute disease, but he had fallen into a low, melancholy, lifeless condition, and in body and mind was a man "in doleful dumps." He pitied himself, of course; felt his pulse, looked at his tongue in the glass, and complained to his neighbours, who gave him advice enough to fill a book. But none of them seemed to understand his case.

One night he "dreamed a dream which was not all a dream." He heard all the principal members of his body talking together on the low state of the general health. He was not at all surprised at this conference, for the most wonderful things seem natural in dreams. They were all complaining with one consent that there was "no life"; and each shook his head, so to speak, as if to imply, "If all were like *me*, what life would there be!" Then they began to boast, as people do who are conscious of deserving blame; and the *Feet* began it, the lowest members of all first. They said:—"What a weight we have to bear up under all the day long! and what with walking and running as fast and as far as the Body wishes, with all the other members pressing down upon us from above, and the rough dusty roads pressing up against us from below, we are a constant wonder to ourselves."

And the Hands said:—"We have to do all the hard work of the world; and then the care of the Body, too,

comes chiefly upon us, for the face can't be washed nor the mouth supplied without our aid, and what more can we do?"

And the Brain said:—"I am out of sight, and I keep silent, but what a General is to his army, or a King to his kingdom, *that* am I to the Body. I sit scheming and planning all day long, and often far into the night, and all for the general good."

"You are very much like me," the Stomach said to the Brain, "unseen, studying the good of all; you give guidance, and I give food; you are the General, and I the Commissary, and as the Eye and Ear bring you stores of information, so Hand and Mouth bring me my stores of food. Yes, you and I play a large part in making the Body what it is."

And the Lungs said:—"We never think of taking rest by day or night, but every moment and every movement we use to draw the freshness and brightness of the air of heaven into the blood."

And the Eye said:—"If it were not for us what would the Body know of stars or sunny fields or friendly faces? We are like watchmen on a tower, or like lamps that 'give light to all that are in the house'; and always we are looking out on every side for whatever may prove an advantage or pleasure for the other members of the Body."

And the Ears said:—"We are always listening day and night, and when the Eyes are shut in sleep, we are open, and stand like sentinels to guard the slumbering members that need rest, and rouse them at the first sound of danger."

And the Tongue, who talked more than all the rest of the members put together, and mistook himself for an orator, rattled on at a great rate of the service he did in giving expression to all the *complaints* of all the members, and, indeed, in acting as their spokesman whenever they wanted to communicate their wishes to the outside world, and he boasted that his devotion to their interests was so great that he was "never still."

And yet all these boasting members agreed as one in saying, "There is something wrong with this Body."

Then the Heart spoke:—and the voice was like rich music, for the voice of the Heart is the voice of love and

truth; and all the members could hear this *central* voice, and loved to hear it, too. "I have been thinking," the Heart said, "for I have thoughts like the Brain, but humbler thoughts than his"—"No, no," the Brain said, "your thoughts are clearer than mine, and have more of heaven in them. I often have to come to you to help me out of my difficulties." Then the Heart thanked the Brain and said, "I know that God is love, and that God is light, and that He has made me the seat of love, and so my thoughts *may* shine with heavenly light, but if they do, they come from Him; they are not mine, and I should be grieved to seem to boast of them as though I had not received them." Already, even in this moment, a wonderful change had passed over the spirit of the various members; the disposition to boast had vanished quite away, and they seemed half ashamed—but the Heart went on:—"I was thinking, that the whole Body is nothing else but the union of us members. The Body is *nothing* without *us*. If the Body is wrong, *we* must be wrong. Now, simply from my central place, I am in a good position to observe where the blame lies, and I will tell you the conclusion that I have come to, with sorrow."

Then all the members were silent; even the Lungs stopped after a deep sigh, while the Heart beat stroke after stroke without speaking. At length he said:—"I don't think I have been beating quite heartily enough."

"Oh yes, you have," the members all said in chorus; "Oh yes, you have—the fault has not been with you."

And the Heart replied:—"It is very kind of you to say so, but I know that a feeble Heart spreads languor and listlessness through all the frame; if I have been sluggish in the past, forgive me, and trust me that in the future I will beat my very best."

Then a confessing mood fell upon all the members.

The Feet said:—"We might have moved more briskly many a time, and when the Body needed exercise, we were reluctant, but now that we see that the Body is nothing but the living union of the various members, and how much depends on even the least and lowest of them, you shall walk on willing Feet."

And the Hands said:—"Whatever we find to do shall be done henceforth with all our might; you shall have no

grudging work from us, you shall never complain of folded Hands, or of 'Hands that hang down' when there is anything to do for the general good."

And the Brain said:—"On reflection, I can see that I did not keep myself to *profitable* thoughts, but indulged in day dreams like an idle apprentice; and yet I compared myself to a General and a King! How could the Body profit under my care? I was too proud to think true, quiet thoughts of daily duties, and to marshal the willing members to useful work; but I see at last that, if I am above all, 'tis that I may serve all. Forgive me for the past."

And the Stomach said:—"Hereafter I'll do my very best to tackle any tough morsel that may come, and not turn up queer at every little thing that hardly suits me, and upset the whole Body. I fear that the 'often infirmities' of the Body have been largely due to my careless work, but from this hour I will endeavour to send timely supplies of wholesome nutriment to every member, and I will not be puffed up with my stewardship any more."

And the Lungs said:—"We have been too much given to sighing, and that is depressing; but we'll take deeper draughts of the pure air, and send brighter blood to the Brain, and purer, fuller floods of life to the languid members, and spend no more breath in sighs."

And the Eyes said:—"We see clearly now that we ought to look longest at cheerful sights, and so bear cheerier impressions of outward things to the Brain. We never saw it so before, but the melancholy and gloom of the mind may have been produced or prolonged by us, but you shall never find us from this time gazing at sad sights, and only glancing at the gay and happy ones; we have looked down to the earth too much, and up to the heavens too little; we have forgotten too long a pleasant saying that the Ears once reported to me, that 'Daysprings are from on high.'"

And the Ears said:—"We have often listened more willingly to slander and blame than to commendation and praise; to what was base and bad in men, rather than to what was noble and good; and this we see would make the mind morbid and sour, and *that* the Body, as vinegar will

sour the cask. Hereafter we will give the preference to things pure and good."

And the Tongue confessed:—"I have forgotten that there is 'a time to be silent,' and I have often spoken so unadvisedly as to 'set on fire the whole course of nature,' and more frequently still I have grumbled at small grievances when I ought to have been singing of great mercies. But I pray that hereafter I may never cease to interpret this ancient saying to all the members, 'A wholesome Tongue is a tree of life.'"

So the members resolved that night, without an hour's delay, to co-operate unanimously for the general welfare, and this they agreed could only be done by each member doing quietly, thoroughly, cheerfully, and constantly the work that God had fitted him for.

Just before the conference of the members of the Body broke up, the Brain said that one of his faculties, *Memory*, had suggested to him a fragment of quotation from an old Book held in the highest reverence amongst men; and that if the Tongue would aid Memory, this quotation might fitly conclude their conversation; and so these words were heard:—"The Body is not one member, but many.—And the Eye cannot say unto the Hand, 'I have no need of thee'; nor again the Head to the Feet, 'I have no need of you.' Nay, much more those members of the Body which seem to be more feeble, are necessary.—That there should be no schism in the Body; but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."

Instead of applause, there was silence, for each member was thinking of the peculiar honour and usefulness of *his own* work, and yet how utterly useless *it* would be alone, without the work of many co-operating brethren. And each was heartily content to be a useful part of an harmonious whole.

In that silence, the man himself fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

When he awoke in the morning, he had forgotten what he had heard upon his bed at night, but he was conscious of unusual vivacity and cheerfulness; his brain was active,

and his walk was brisk. There was no melancholy, nor dyspepsia, nor sluggishness—the man was all alive.

To friends who inquired for his health, he replied that he felt altogether a brand-new man ; but could not in any way account for the change. Nor did he ever unriddle the happy mystery, till one day the recollection of his dream gave him the missing clue.

But the several members of the Body, as they compared notes that night on the doings of the day, said, with the heartiest satisfaction they had experienced for many a long year, "*We* can account for the change, if *he* cannot ; we are now working happily, and harmoniously, and helpfully together, each doing well his part." And all agreed that from this simple cause, a happy and surprising change had come to pass, both for the whole Body and for each several member.

Let each member of our Churches consider this matter well. And may *we all* "grow up into Him in all things which is the Head, even Christ: from whom the whole Body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the Body unto the edifying of itself in love."

III. We Knew that Before. *By the* Rev. James Comper Gray.

Once upon a time,—so we read in most veritable bird-history,—the feathered tribes sent a deputation to their exalted neighbour, the magpie, humbly requesting his highness to give them a few lessons in the art and science of building. Having just dined most luxuriously, and being, therefore, in an excellent humour ; feeling, moreover, a little proud of the attention shown him,—for to whose stature does not a humble deputation add at least a cubit? —Sir Pie replied, that he would be only too glad to place his gifts, in the architectural line, at the service of his friends, whose homeless condition he had often deplored. The annals of the woodlands state that the hour at length arrived when representatives from all the tribes assembled at the trysting tree to take their first lesson. "First," said

the noble teacher, "you must take two sticks—thus; and lay one across the other—so: and then——," but before he could proceed, a blackbird on a neighbouring bough twittered out—"We knew that before." With à look that ought to have annihilated his sable brother, Sir Pie continued,—"And then you must be prepared with fibres and moss wherewith to bind the sticks together and to the bough on which you have placed them,—in this way." Hereupon there was a vast chirruping all round. The birds wagged their tails, and nodded their heads knowingly to each other, and said, "We knew that before." As soon as silence was restored, the august teacher continued but only to be assured at every step that all he showed them was known before. Rendered at last indignant by these repeated interruptions, the honourable baronet angrily exclaimed—"Why, then, if you knew it all before, did you send for me?" Hereupon he took his departure in a great dudgeon, advising them, as he went, to finish the house which he had only half built. This they were unable to do, "and that," says the chronicler, "is the reason why, to this day, Sir Pie lives in a ceiled house, while all his neighbours' dwellings are open to the sky. They were so proud of what they thought they knew, that they had not patience to wait for the explanation of things they did not quite understand."

Now, all good stories of the old-fashioned order finish with a moral. And if, in this case, the moral is longer than the story, the fault is his who recorded the history. What right had he to write a parable so pregnant with instruction and practical uses? He should have considered his readers, and made it less suggestive. Our moral is this. We are building for eternity, and are anxious to build well. We know a little of our craft as builders, but we do not know all. We have, so we think, begun in the right way, and on the right foundation, and are anxious to continue right, and bring the topstone on with shouting. To make sure work, as we proceed during this new year, we propose to call to our aid the wisdom and experience of master builders. We want their advice as to the site we should choose, the materials we should select, and the best method of combining them. We want our edifice to be, when finished, one harmonious whole, such as we can

contemplate with satisfaction. Entering on this new year, we will not, therefore, despise the things we knew before; but use them as so much vantage ground for the future. That is how the world has advanced in knowledge and civilization. Each to-day has used the knowledge of yesterday as the standing-points for to-morrow's achievements. If the world were to despise things known before it would each day begin *de novo*, and make no progress. Christian men, and Sunday-school teachers, too, may apply the lesson. Calling to our aid these master builders, as we enter this new year, they may see the wisdom of reminding us of well-known facts and acknowledged principles. It is not for us to cry out, "We knew all that before," but rather to note the process, while observing their instructions, by which things already known are to help us forward to the acquisition of unknown information, and the performance of hitherto unattempted works. The mathematical student, while pushing his investigations into the mysteries of numbers, constantly refreshes his memory of the elementary rules. The more frequently he does this, the more unerring is their application, and the more faultless his reasoning. The same rule applies to religious study and teaching. To advance ourselves, and to take others with us, first principles must be ever remembered, frequently applied, and often enforced, and illustrated by well-known facts. Recapitulation is the secret of successful study. Now we are very anxious that to all Sunday-school friends this year should be an eminently successful one. Therefore, we say, take all the good of the past with you; use it, and keep on adding to the store and in harmony with it, that the finished structure may be homogeneous. Some time ago we saw a mansion of quite palatial dimensions, but of most grotesque appearance. In some remote age it had been commenced by some one whose means were limited, or who did not live to complete it. The next heir, rejecting the previous design—as who should say, "I knew all that before"—commenced at one end of the original edifice with a new and more elaborate idea of his own. He was followed by another, and yet another, each regardless of the past, each ambitious for the future. We presume the mansion may now be regarded as finished. But what a strange conglomeration of material

and style: brick, stone, marble, Gothic, Tudor, Corinthian; certainly composite in every respect! The whole stands a stupendous monument to the folly of successive builders, who slighted "things known before."

IV. Good Listening.

MUCH is said now-a-days about the art of preaching, and very little of the art of listening. It is often assumed that good preaching will command good listening; but if good preaching is that which converts sinners and builds up Christians, there must be something more than mere passivity on the part of the hearer. Moral good cannot be poured into a man like water into a barrel.

Good listening requires attention; and to attend to anything means to hold one's self to it, and to abstain from doing other things. Don't count the rafters, nor the arches, nor the pillars in the chapel. If you remember the number of rafters, you will be pretty sure to forget the sermon. Never mind the embellishments on the walls or in the windows. The inscriptions can be read at any time, the sermon can only be heard now. Buy a hymn-book and read it at home; don't open it in chapel except when the hymn is given out, and then be sure and keep the place. It is amazing how many hymns some people read during sermon-time. A thorough inspection of your neighbours' bonnet, cloak, dress, overcoat, and the parting of their back-hair must be deferred until another time. In short, don't allow your eyes or your thoughts to be "wandering, like the fool's, to the ends of the earth." Remember you are in God's house, where inattention is irreverence, and irreverence is sin.

Besides these things which are to be left undone, there are certain things which ought to be done. Bear in mind that you are to be benefited by what you hear, and understand, and remember. You are to be benefited, not the preacher, nor your neighbour principally, but yourself.

The effect of good listening upon the preacher is simply incalculable—in fact, it is one of the prime factors of good preaching. Some one has said that three things are necessary for a great speech—a great theme, a great occasion, and a great man. A preacher always has a great theme,

but a great occasion can only grow out of the mental and moral attitude of his audience. No man can do his best, preaching in an empty house ; and the effect of indifferent listeners is often even more depressing than empty benches. No one who is accustomed to teach a Sunday-school class has failed to note the painful and almost paralysing influence of listless and inattentive scholars. We demand that the preacher shall declare the truth with earnestness, with tenderness, with affection ; but how can a man be earnest, or tender, or affectionate, towards people, many of whom are as insensible to what he is saying as blocks of wood? We have known speakers who have declared that they were obliged to select men, here and there in the audience, who gave attention, and preach to them, in order to feel that they were preaching to living beings, and thus avoid the depressing influence of an inattentive audience.

Nor is it in the pulpit alone that good listening helps to make good preaching. Say what we will about inward motives which should prompt the minister to make careful preparation, if he feels that he is preparing to say what few care to hear, he will lack that vital inspiration which the knowledge of another's want can alone supply. Open opposition arouses, indifference shrivels his powers. Even God does not teach His most precious truths, nor impart His choicest blessings, save to those who seek them ; and the man who continually preaches to inattentive hearers either becomes hardened to it, and does his duty perfunctorily, or he wears himself out with anxiety and self-accusation.

V. Our Unseen Allies. *By* Rev. R. H. Howard.

A good story is told of a certain English officer who, during Wellington's campaign in Spain, with a mere fragment of his original, but now sadly decimated command, was ordered at a given signal, during the progress of an important and decisive engagement, to attack a certain French battery that with terrific effect was pouring shot and shell into the ranks of the English. At the appointed moment, with the most desperate valour, the English officer

at the head of his slender column flung himself on the seemingly impregnable position of the enemy. He anticipated nothing but to be cut utterly to pieces. He felt confident that he was leading a forlorn hope.

"His but to do and die."

What, therefore, was his surprise, not to say amazement, as he neared the battery, but just now flaming and thundering in a manner most formidable and appalling, to find it silent and deserted. How was this? Though he had not been advertised of the fact, yet the prudent, far-seeing commander had taken care to order several other companies from as many different points to charge the same position at the same moment with the one afore-mentioned. The result was, the stronghold was carried almost before the valiant soldier, who had showed himself so ready to lay down his life for his country, had had an opportnuity to strike a blow; and all because those who were for him were so much more numerous, as well as invincible, than he had himself had any conception of. His unseen allies greatly outnumbered the members of his own command, and actually fought his battle for him.

Thus let the believer always bear in mind that, however difficult or perilous the task or duty assigned him, and however seemingly inadequate his own means or resources for its accomplishment, he has yet no occasion on that account for despondency or despair. There are always more, in every crisis whatever, to sympathize with and to help him than he dreams of. His unseen allies, as in the case of the gallant captain above referred to, vastly outnumber his own visible forces. The very stars in their courses fight for him, and hence of course, against his enemies. All the activities of nature and providence conspire to give effect to his deeds. The mightiest angels in heaven, we are assured, are enlisted under his banner—encamp nightly round about, and deliver him. We believe that the old Revolutionary patriot uttered no less truth than sentiment when in a moment of inspiration he cried: "Besides, sir, we shall not be left to fight our battles alone. There is a just God in heaven who, if we do our duty, will fight our battles for us."

VI. Consistency.

CONSISTENCY is a jewel. There is a good story told which has passed from mouth to mouth until it has become public property, of a clerical meeting not a hundred miles from New York. A certain temperance movement was under discussion, and it was Brother A.'s turn, and he said: "These brethren mean well in their imposing of total abstinence upon us under penalty of not being regarded as Christians; but the fact is I do not believe in their cause nor their principles. I very much doubt, in fact, if the practice of total abstinence is a duty for us. That is all I have to say." Then it was Dr. B.'s turn, who began, solemnly and slowly: "I am profoundly grieved to hear the brother express himself so. I believe the practice of total abstinence would be of advantage for the world, for the Church, and I may say for the brother himself. I have made total abstinence my practice for forty years, and—" Here Dr. C. broke in: "Why, Dr. B., you don't mean to say that you do not drink a glass of wine at a wedding? I have seen you do it myself." "Well—hem! hem!—I have sometimes made an exception of a wedding." "But, Dr. B., do you mean to say that you do not now and then take a sip of cognac? You certainly do." "Ah! well—hem! hem!—perhaps I do occasionally—hem! hem!—when I think—hem! hem!—it would do me good. But, as I was saying, for forty years total abstinence has been my practice, *generally!*" It was another Dr. C., who knew how to use the English language vigorously and who was once reading a very strenuous paper on total abstinence before the same clerical club—so the story goes—when the entertainer went out to tell his wife how many she was to provide for at supper. "What are they doing?" she asked, and was told the subject of the essay. "What shall I do?" she cried, "Here I have brandied peaches, and it is too late to change." "Make no change," said her husband. "It will be all right." The essayist had the post of honour at the right of the lady of the house, and she presented him with a dish of the peaches. After a while she said to him: "Dr. C., won't you allow me to give you some more of these peaches?" "Thank you," he replied. "They are very excellent." A little later she said: "Dr. C., may I

not give you another peach?" "No, I thank you," said he, apologetically, "but I will take a little more of the *gravy*." How different the story of President Fairchild, of Oberlin, who was about to visit Europe, and a guest at the table told him that there he would certainly have to drink wine. "No," cried out Dr. Fairchild's little son, "my father can be trusted when he is away from home." And he did not taste wine on the trip. He would not disappoint the confidence of his boy.

VII. The Religious Mosquito. *By* THE REV. C. A. STARK.

WHO has not been tormented at some time by that pestilent, persistent fellow whom, for want of a better name, we will call the Religious Mosquito? The Religious Mosquito is very small, but he has a wonderful sting. He is hard to see, but you can always hear him. Here he comes. What a contemptible, vicious song he sings—hum-m-m, buz-z-z. You put out your hand to brush him away; he has gone; no, he has only shifted to the other side. You make another pass at him; but he has eluded you, and there he is back again. You catch yourself a ringing slap on the cheek, but you did not catch *him*. There is silence a moment; and here he is again, singing his dreary song louder than ever. You will not get rid of him till he has had his fill of your blood, or you have fled.

The Religious Mosquito is a man who has got lodged in his head a small idea (generally erroneous) on some point of doctrine, experience, or practice which he hums over and over, and makes the accompaniment to a vicious attack on his fellow Christians. There are many beasts of prey encountered on the road to heaven, but nothing so bad as the Religious Mosquito. The lion, the loud-defiant infidel; the wild boar out of the woods, fierce, headlong passion; the tiger of revenge; the stealthy, gliding serpent of secret sin; all these may be met and vanquished; but who ever came off more than second best from an encounter with this contemptible, buzzing unwearied fellow? He has an army of texts, a whole artillery train of wonderful, plausible comments, arguments, and explanations of the simplest

passages of Scripture, that he dexterously draws up and manœuvres till we would not be surprised to see him prove, by skilful exegesis of the Scriptures, that the moon is made out of green cheese.

Is there any profit in the Religious Mosquito? Can we discover any possible design in his creation or permission? Dr. Bushnell, an American writer, says that gnats, wasps, sandflies; and all the small stinging tribes, were designed to read us a sharp lesson on the pestilent, irritating character of sin. Surely here, if anywhere, do we find the end served by the Religious Mosquito. He teaches us by a most painful practical lesson what a plague a diseased petty worrying of some small fragment of truth may become. Each of these pestilent fellows has got hold of a piece of truth, sometimes an infinitesimally small piece, yet a bit of truth. With this he makes a sting and a song, and goes after his fellow-Christians, probing their patience, poisoning their hopes, spoiling their peace. The Religious Mosquito teaches us to prize the breath and light of the whole truth.

He is also a means of grace. Possibly Paul's "thorn in the flesh," his "messenger of Satan sent to buffet him," was a Religious Mosquito. Certainly he met the tribe; for does he not ask the prayer of the Church that he might be delivered from "unreasonable," or, as the margin has it, "absurd men"; and what can be more absurd than a full-fledged Religious Mosquito? Still he may be a means of grace. It is a trial of patience and faith to have the Religious Mosquito come with his venomous sting, turning the sweet savour of the noblest passages of God's Word into the vapidness or bitterness of some small theological crotchet. When the harpies in Virgil's description came down on the feast of the Trojan refugees, they defiled more than they ate; and the Religious Mosquito has spoiled many a good morsel of the bread of life, There are some texts that insensibly bring to mind these imitators, so that one can hardly taste the mind of the Spirit in them any more

The Religious Mosquito prepares us for heaven. There will be no more buzzing, stinging, pertinacious propagator of small doctrine there. *There* will be rest from theological criticism and pious vagaries. "The inhabitant shall not

say, I am sick"; how often the Religious Mosquito makes us say that here! He also makes us sick at times of the name of religion. Among the many scourges which drive us away from our resting-places here, this whip of very small cords, the Religious Mosquito tribe, may prove at last not the least efficient.

Let us bless God for his permission even of the Religious Mosquito. Does he not often make us take up the longing cry of the Psalmist, who must have met this pestilent tribe in his day—"Oh! that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest."

VIII. *Zeal.*

RICHARD NOLLY was a famous prairie preacher, and often came upon bands of white heathen in his work. On one occasion he discovered the track of an emigrant family, and followed it. "What!" said the man who was leading it into the wilderness, "a Methodist preacher! I quit Virginia to be out of the way of them, but in my settlement in Georgia, I thought to be beyond their reach. There they were, and they got my wife and daughter into their church. Then I come here to Chocktaw, find a good piece of land, feel sure that I shall have some peace from the preachers, and here is one before I've unloaded my waggon!" "My friend," said Nolly, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in the world. I'd advise you to come to terms with God, and then you'll be at peace with us."

IX. Youth.

A MINISTER may be young, but "let no man despise thy youth." The youth of William Jay was not despised; nor was the youth of John Angell James. When a testy old gentleman said to William Jay, when he first began to preach, he "had no notion of beardless boys becoming preachers," he said, "Pray sir, does not Paul say to Timothy, 'Let no man despise thy youth.' You remind me, sir, of what I have read of a French monarch, who had received a young ambassador, and complaining said, 'your

master should not have sent a beardless stripling.'" "Sir," said the youthful ambassador, "had my master supposed you wanted a beard he would have sent you a goat."

X. Pioneer Preachers.

VERY wonderful is the story of the progress of the gospel in the varied regions of the United States. From some of the outlying parts they wrote thus for a preacher: "Be sure and send us a good swimmer." There was considerable wonder as to what this could mean, till it turned out that the district was full of bridgeless streams, and the last minister had been drowned because he could not swim. George Roberts was one of these intrepid and heroic preachers. "George," said Bishop Ashbury to him on his appointment to a circuit, "Where are your clothes?" "Bishop, they are on my back. On receiving my appointment at your hand, sir, I am not compelled to return to my circuit for my clothes, but I am ready at a moment's warning to go whithersoever you direct."

XI. Doctors of Divinity.

JACOB BRUDER was a Methodist preacher of the American prairie, and was a witty, eloquent, Lancaster man. On being asked "How is it you have no Doctors of Divinity," he replied, "Our divinity is not sick, and does not need doctoring."

XII. Textual Preaching.

MR. BRISBANE, minister of Dunlop Church, was a remarkable character, who lived in the beginning of this century. Many stories are told of his peculiarities. He had a great dislike of all preaching that was not textual. On one occasion after hearing a weak sermon from a young preacher, and being asked how he liked it, he exclaimed with great point, "The man might have said to the text at the beginning what he said to the folk at the end, "We'll maybe meet again and maybe no." On another occasion he heard a sermon by a young minister on the text, "The angel did wondrously, and Manoah, and his wife looked

on." Some one said, "What did you think of the sermon?" Mr. Brisbane said, "The sermon was not unlike the text, the lad did wondrously, and the text lookit on."

XIII. Profession of Religion.

THE pioneer preachers of America are a remarkable race, men of stamina and men of humour, urgent men whose souls are on fire with their message, speaking right out what they have to say. They have their faults. They are inferior in the eloquencies, and refinements, and beauties of civilized society, but withal are men mostly of great hearts. James Craven was one of these preachers, and a man who had an intense hatred of slavery and of alcohol. One day when preaching in Virginia he spoke thus, "There are many professors of religion here to-day; you are sleek, fat, good-looking, yet something is the matter. You have seen wheat, which was plump, round, and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it you found it only came to forty-five pounds to the bushel, instead of sixty-three. Take a kernel of that wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up, squeeze it, and pop goes the weevil. Now for good-looking professors of religion, you are plump, round, but you only weigh some forty-five pounds to the bushel. What is the matter? When you are taken between the thumb of the Law and the finger of the Gospel, held up to the light and squeezed, out pops the whiskey bottle."

XIV. Peter Cartwright.

PETER CARTWRIGHT was one of the pioneer preachers of America, and a remarkable character. One day on approaching a ferry, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatening that if he ever had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognised, said to the ferryman. "I want you to put me across." 'Wait till I'm ready," said he, and pursued his conversation and strictures on Peter Cartwright. Having finished, he took the preacher on board, and on reaching the middle of the stream, Peter told him to let go his pole. "What

for?" asked the ferryman. "Well, you've just been ill-using my name, and now you have a chance of doing what you threatened." "Are you Peter Cartwright?" "Yes." Instantly the ferryman closed on the preacher, but he did not know his strength, and he quickly had the worst of it. Plunging him into the river, Peter asked, "Did you ever pray?" "No." "Then it's time you did." "I never will," said the dripping wretch. Splash, Splash, and down goes the ferryman again. "Will you pray now?" asked Peter. The gasping man cried "I'll do anything you bid me." Then follow me—"Our Father, which art in heaven." Having repeated the prayer, the ferryman cried, "Now let me go!" "Not yet, you must promise me three things. 1. That you will repeat that prayer morning and evening, as long as you live. 2. That you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this. 3. That you will put every preacher over free of expense. Do you promise?" "I promise," said the ferryman; and, strange to say, that same man became a shining light in that district.

XV. Dr. Moffat.

On Dr. Moffat's revisiting Carronshire, the home of his boyhood, many amusing incidents occurred. He was told of an old tailor, Andrew Johnstone by name, who remembered him. He called and found the old tailor cross-legged on his board, busy at work. An old woman, a schoolmate of Moffat's, acted as guide, and introduced him thus, "Andrew, man, here's Moffat come to see ye, the great missionary frae Africa" "Aye, aye, maybe he is," replied the cautious Andrew, "but there are plenty of folks ganging about the country noo-a-days, passin' themsel's aff as great men, and they are just a wheen impostors." This was rather staggering, but it was met with, "O man! Andrew, are ye no believin' me, and I've kenned him mysel' a' my days." On this, Andrew stopped his needle for the first time, looked round on Dr. Moffat, and in an oracular tone said, "Are you aware, sir, that if you were really the person you say you are, you would be the father-in-law of Livingstone, the African explorer?" "And so I am." This quiet reply from Dr. Moffat roused the

tailor. Andrew got up, raised his spectacles to get a better view of his visitor, and exclaimed, "Is it possible that the father-in-law of Livingstone stands under my humble roof?" His doubts were dispelled, and he tried by effusive expressions of respect to make amends for his rudeness.

XVI. Religious Differences.

LORD MACAULAY made the remark, on his return from India, that he had been living so long in a country where the people worshipped cows, that he was unable to attach any deep importance on the minor questions which separate Christians.

XVII. The Sleepy Hearer.

IN the most conspicuous seat in church! A rough-headed, good-natured brother, fat and forty-five. When he sings, his eyes open as wide as his mouth—*almost* as wide—and his voice, smooth as a file, is heard above the notes of the silver-tongued choir. But when the text is announced, how marked the change! His eyes close devoutly, and his head nods a gentle approval of every sentence. Happy brother! the cares of the world do not worry, and the greatest trials fail to ruffle his inward peace. It does him good, he says, to dwell under the refreshing sound of the Gospel. He leaves the church, if not a wiser, certainly a stronger man.

A kinder critic you will never find; though you may a more intelligent one. He likes the way the gospel food is served. It is more to him than food; it is soothing syrup, such as no druggists' shops contain. We met the other day, along the dusty road, not far from Fletcher's barn. He took my hand and kindly said: "Sorry you are going to leave us. I never yet have heard you preach a sermon that was poor."

"True, indeed! nor a sermon that was good."

He took the hint; he smiled a curious awkward smile, and silently he vanished.

What makes a man sleep in church? Come right down to the practical question without further preliminaries.

My dear underpaid sexton, it may be your fault; would that your brains were equal to your hands. You keep out the fresh air as though it were a deadly poison. You keep the stoves too hot in early spring and autumn; sometimes in winter. In such an atmosphere as this, Gabriel might blow his trumpet, and, after the novelty of the first five minutes, people would grow drowsy. Air! dear sexton! give us fresh air, sexton! and keep the foul, close air for your own consumption. You are welcome to it! It may be that the sleepy brother is sleepy from disease. Like one-half of creation he is the happy owner of a torpid liver. He must be active, or he cannot keep awake. To be quiet is to be sleepy. Quakers never suffer thus, for they always keep awake in their silent meetings. Such a sleeper do not scold; but have for him a world of charity. What he needs is not a withering rebuke—only a box of pills!

Sometimes the people sleep and it is the preacher's fault. Not always. Under Paul, one man fell asleep, and in consequence gave his name to history, and became the immortal patron of all church sleepers. Not always the preacher's fault, but sometimes. When the voice is low and monotonous, and the matter heavy, and the manner dull, it is hard to keep awake. "Which," as Lincoln used to say, "reminds me of a little story." Archibald Drowsy, D.D., was once prosing over his sermon in the pulpit. In the middle of it he looked up, and all his hearers had turned to sleepers, save one staring idiot in the front seat in the gallery. "Too bad!" cried Mr. Drowsy; "all are asleep save this *poor, grinning idiot.*" Then came the unexpected response: "An' if I were not a poor, grinning idiot, I'd be asleep too."

XVIII. The Faults and Foibles of Sunday School Superintendents. *By the* Rev. Vernon J. Charlesworth.

Having seen a great many superintendents at their work, and believing they will be glad to have their faults indicated in a kindly spirit, I have ventured to write a few pages upon the subject. It is not my intention to wound their feelings, and that suspicion may not fasten upon any

individual in particular, I have avoided the mention of names and localities. To every reader who sustains the honourable office of superintendent of a Sunday-school, I would suggest the exercise of that charity which "beareth all things," and a determination to "wear the cap if it fits well."

1. The first of the series I shall designate Mr. Fastman. He seems to have received his inspiration from telegraphs and express trains. He is always in a hurry, meet him where you will, and comes as near perpetual motion as anything you are likely to see for the present. He never feels the sweet sense of repose, and despises slippers and an easy chair. Meditation and reflection are terms to which he is a total stranger, and the habits they define have no place in his arrangements.

As Sunday brought no rest to his unquiet spirit, he entered the school as a teacher, and soon got promoted to the office of superintendent as a man of marvellous activity. He prides himself on his reputation, and justifies it by the speed with which he prosecutes the duties of his office. Entering the school, out of breath, he rushes up to the platform, bangs the desk with his Bible two or three times in rapid succession for order (?), gives out the opening hymn, and before any one has had sufficient time to find it, leads off the tune in true vigoroso style. The result is a very irregular fugue, as the teachers and scholars take up the various lines. Before the school has resolved itself into order he is some distance ahead with the prayer, and before the eyes of the more devout are opened he is at the end of the room to welcome a new teacher and conduct him to his class. "Glad to see you, my dear sir, amongst us. That will be your class. Boys, this is your new teacher." And before the bewildered novice is duly seated, Mr. Fastman has almost been the round of the school, which he succeeds in keeping in a state of ferment during the whole time of teaching. The teachers wish he could be chained up for awhile or made to sit still, but he, good soul, thinks his activity most exemplary, and regrets his teachers are very slow. Could he but see himself as others see him, his crowning virtue would lose its charm, and he would come to the conclusion that all this haste hinders true progress, and that a bustling superintendent

destroys that peace and quiet which are essential to order, devotion, and successful teaching.

2. In a neighbouring school is Mr. Fogey, a man about fifty years of age, short and thick-set, and very round-shouldered. The advancing tide of improvement has rolled on leaving him altogether unaffected. He wears a swallow-tail coat, with almost enough stuff in the collar to make a vest to match. Being a staunch conservative in everything, he deprecates change, and believes it as impossible to improve the methods of our ancestors. His habits are regular, and his movements so uniform that he has worn a deep rut from which he never deviates. Precedent is everything with him. His creed has been aptly defined as "As-it-was-in-the-beginning-is-now-and-ever-shall-be-ism." Faithful to his trust, he preserves everything as he found it twenty years ago, and denounces the new-fangled notions of his juniors. So dull and lifeless is he in the school, that the scholars are forced into a very natural protest by their playfulness and vivacity. The teachers find him a great obstructive, for he is opposed to the introduction of new class books, the rearrangement of the classes, and the modification of the dull routine of the school. In his own mind he regards himself as a martyr, and holds the belief that, after he has gone, the school will become the hotbed of infidelity, or be shut up with "Ichabod" written on the walls. Alas! poor man, could he but see the reflection of his own image as projected upon the minds of those around him, he would be convinced that his modes of thought and action are too antiquated to be of service, that old-fogeyism hinders prosperity, and that it is time enough to be conservative when there are no improvements possible.

3. The next on our list is Mr. Fidgets, a man of slender proportions, with razor-like features, and a restless eye. He took the fidgets when he was a child, and they have never left him. Few people give him credit for his goodness, because he fails to give it expression. All about him feel uncomfortable for his presence. He is satisfied with nothing, and is always introducing alterations, which he calls improvements. During the teaching hours he annoys the steady-going teachers by his fidgety ways—altering the blinds, re-adjusting classes, directing attention to the

most trivial affairs, which might be left till the school was closed, and in a thousand ways meddling with the teachers, to their discomfort and disgust. Our fidgety friend boasts that he has never been absent from school excepting on two or three occasions, when he was unwell, and then he made his family unhappy by his irrepressible fidgets. We scarcely like to pronounce his disease incurable, for "while there is life there is hope," and "it is a long lane that has no turning." We would advise him to "study to be quiet," and to "let well alone." Should this advice be refused, then we think he should be called upon to resign, for his fidgets and fussiness have proved him incompetent for the discharge of the duties of his office. Our judgment may be deemed severe, but we contend it is just. Why should voluntary teachers suffer unnecessary discomfort in their work, and be thwarted in their earnest endeavours, by a superintendent who lacks that calm and quiet dignity so essential in a ruler?

4. Mr. Fretful must not be omitted from the catalogue. He was born early in the month of April, 1823, and was brought up by a teetotal nurse, a member of a "Hyper" church. He had water on the brain when he was very young, and was treated hydropathically for the disease. He was thus surrounded by the aqueous element from infancy, and always had a large reserve of tears for every occasion. From the age of fourteen he entered the employ of his maternal uncle, who brought him up as a hair-dresser, and ultimately left him his business. When he joined the church he undertook to teach the seventh girls' class. His addresses were based upon pathetic narratives; and, being delivered in a most melancholy tone of voice, converted the school into a juvenile Bochim. On the death of the old superintendent he was elected successor. From the day he took office a gloom settled upon the faces of both teachers and scholars, which was rarely relieved by a smile. He moves about the school with the slow, solemn, measured step of an undertaker at a funeral on a dull November day. An awful sense of the solemnity of his office is depicted on his countenance, and he is always brooding over the darkest phases of human life and character. He has had the school walls hung with such texts as these:—"The wicked shall be turned into hell,"

"Flee from the wrath to come," "Prepare to meet thy God," etc. The hymns most frequently sung are funereal in their character, the changes being rung on the following:—

> There is a dreadful hell,
> And everlasting pains,
> Where sinners must with devils dwell
> In darkness, fire, and chains:

and—

> Oft as the bell with solemn toll
> Speaks the departure of a soul,
> Let each one ask himself—am I
> Prepared should I be called to die?

These are generally sung to minor tunes, written in semibreves. The annual treat has been dispensed with, and entertainments are no longer tolerated. The school is about the dullest place in creation, and the children as miserable as they can well be. If the superintendent sees a boy playing at marbles, or leap-frog, he has a suspicion in his mind that he is not a Christian, and takes an opportunity the following Sunday of giving a homily on the sin of trifling, and concludes with the story of the children who left off playing to mock a prophet of God and were torn in pieces by two she-bears. Under such treatment the children associate religion with tears, and their idea of heaven is, that it is an awfully dull place, where they must sit still and be eternally singing uninteresting hymns. All this is pernicious in the extreme, and only a miracle of grace can prevent a reaction towards infidelity and ungodliness. But our good friend does not see the mischief he is working, he even ventures to hope the good seed may bear fruit "after many days." It is a lamentable mistake to put a hypochondriac into such an office, and no delusion can be more fatal than that which expects children to become disciples of Christ through the influence of those who have no sympathy with childhood.

5. The last I shall introduce to your notice is Mr. Forgetful He is in love with his work, and on good terms with the teachers, but he has a fatal facility for forgetting things. One facetious friend suspects him of having swallowed a piece of sponge, which, having got into his head in some mysterious way, erases from the tablet of

memory every impression that is made. He is quick in promise, but tardy in fulfilment. Many of his scholars have been promised books, but they have been disappointed so often that they do not expect them. Lectures and entertainments have been promised but never given. The teachers have been led to expect books and seats and other necessaries, but, alas! how rarely has their expectation been honoured! The order of school is frequently forgotten, and sometimes the prayer is omitted from sheer forgetfulness. Notices are left on the desk until the school is dismissed, and the teachers are annoyed that an important meeting has passed by which they would have gone to had they known it in time. The anniversary is forgotten till the time has gone by for making due preparation. This weakness, or disease, or call it what you will, makes the teachers' work difficult and annoying. Were they not gifted with a large measure of charity, they would throw up the work in disgust, or seek a more congenial sphere. If a man cannot remember his duties, how can he possibly discharge them?

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